Missing the Last Train

Everon

There's a willing crowd
In a distant land
Clinging to the words of their leaderThere's a censored press
Printing propaganda
Disguised as the truth for the readerFor food or religion
For land or for pride
For traditions or just for the gloryThe page is turned
For another chapter
Of the same old storyAgain we see how they are marching on
To the beat of the same old drum
Don't they know this mad story has
No happy endingSo far, so good
Here we are
The clean slate is showing a red stainSo far, so good
Here we are
And hope that we're not missing the last trainBut as life makes no deal
We can't turn back the wheel
And the last train leaves right on timeAll of them have their own reasons
All of them have their own fears
All of them pray to some God
To make it turn out rightAll of them leave their own families
And think it's worth the price
Because everyone thinks it's him
Who's fighting the good fightSo here they are in the same old church
There's a priest who's blessing arms one more time
They say their prayers to a wooden cross
But who will listenSo far, so good
Here we are
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