

# Passenger

## Nevermore

All passenger prepare the game ritual:  
There once was a man on this train, he was born into this world alone  
Hands never laid on the wheel, content, he will never know more  
He was a quiet man in pain, his tears I fear are closing in again  
What you lose in years you again in perspective  
And the passenger pauses to see his mistakes  
For with nothing to follow he'd lived all his life in vain  
But then, who here among us is without shame?  
His way was divergent and cold, defaced, this mask he must create  
And the circle unfolding still, unscathed, he will turn a blind eye  
He will miss the last train home this day, recycled in the flow reborn again  
The cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing  
And the passenger pauses to see his mistakes  
For with nothing to follow he'd let all his will decay  
But then, true wisdom comes in learning pain  
And I have known pain  
And the passenger pauses to see his mistakes  
For with nothing to follow he'd lived all his life in vain  
But then, the lesson unlearned he will begin again:.

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