

# The Prize

## Magnum

There are no secrets under the sun  
All our troubles are rolled into one  
    Early warning get ready to run  
    But it's hard to see clear  
    For we might disappear  
With the prize hardly wonWhen books and theories daily contest  
    It's like a welcome from the chapel of rest  
    No salvation no one is blessed  
    While in private we shake  
    There's no time to make  
One small requestNo more winners or losers  
    To talk into the night  
No more beggars or choosers  
    They're drawn into the fight  
    They don't belong  
    The race is on

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