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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