

Turning the page, write to cease new ideas  
Thoughts, all duly recorded  
Maybe someday, all the rhymes, given time  
Would get justly rewarded

So long ago, you don't even know how it started  
So there you go  
Stashing the sketches and drafts of what has become an

Encyclopedia of all the things you've done  
Expect the media to bother when you're gone

Hours and hours of sacrifice, no compromise  
Forced as if under orders  
Planning to take land sea and skies, but can't decide  
When to cross the borders

Encyclopedia of all there is to know  
Encyclopedia, but what is there to show

The piles just seem to grow  
Is this ambitions one man show  
There's only one man watching you, John Doe  
He's both on stage and in the front row

Encyclopedia, your one and only friend  
Encyclopedia, will pay off in the end

Turning around, the objective of the way you lived  
Hypothetical fortune, suddenly found  
You're at the gate, it's too late  
Psychological torture

So long ago, since you should have put it all out there  
So now you go  
Leaving for us to discover the paths you have tread

Encyclopedia, all written by his hand  
Encyclopedia, will we ever understand

Now he will never know  
Swept away by the undertow  
The world is listening now, John Doe  
Come back and reap what you have sown