

## 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 won

When 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 request

No 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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The race is on  
They don't belong  
They don't belong in this place any more