The Game

Nightingale

The two of us, so young and so wild We can't find the cure to what has led us astray Far apart from what we once were and we both made a choice there's no turning back from here There's no turning back from here

But we have no aim, just keeping up the pace Who's the best of us, who's the stronger one Will it ever end? This escalating game

We're reborn to live on the edge Who's the bravest of us? Who will live to tell? I'm so scared of what we've become As we double the bets, the proportions exceed ourselves The proportions exceed our sanity

We have gone from meek to brave And we're chasing a dream that never will come true Letting go of all our fears The unavoidable end is the enemy we defy

But we have no aim, just keeping up the pace Who's the best of us, who's the stronger one Will it ever end? This escalating game There can be only one