

## End Of Tradition

Woods of Ypres

It's never too late to admit that you were wrong, when the journey has made you wise enough to know the time has come, to end the tradition.

We came this far, to admit that we were wrong and the time we wasted, has made us who we are.

Though the recovery has just begun, it will one day be complete,  
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For we are forever in transition, blazing paths of radical change.

With our interest in good intentions, satisfied.  
We leave with peace even though we failed, knowing at least we tried.

Lessons learned, perspective earned, clear sight on the highway drive at night.  
A bigger picture is on the horizon, and the view is easy on the eyes.

It was what it was but it will be no more.  
From now on we are only going forward (without you).  
For no more will we invest our time.  
Repairing unions or rekindling old fires.

The highway was once the only thing between us, but it is all that connects us now.  
Sever all ties! Cut your losses and run!  
One thing we have learned, from the cycle of repetition,  
Patterns of negative thought always bring you back to the same old places.

No more will we waste our time, with those who have lost touch  
No more will we reach out to them, or let them come to us  
Let the void of your presence, be the voice that speaks in your turn  
Let the ashes of the past be sifted by those who let it burn.

No more will we gather, on occasion in the same place  
No more will we continue to recognize a common faith  
No more will we travel, long distances to maintain our bond  
No more will we unite as one, this is the end of tradition.

At the opposite ends of a void, the highways divide us forevermore!