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**Runaway Train**

**Suggested A-list Recording and Performing Artist(s):**

**Lisa Marie Presley, Taylor Swift, Bon Jovi, Heart, Demi Lovato, Guns N Roses,  
Eric Clapton, Aerosmith, Metallica, Def Leppard, Van Halen, Billy Joel, Green Day,  
Phil Collins, Bruce Springsteen or Paul McCartney, etc.**

### **Verse 1**

Train shaking, all alone, not a soul in sight.

Dream-like existence; stopping abruptly in the night (or in the middle of the night).

Pausing at the crossroads, yielding to passersby.

A Samaritan flashing bright lights, reflecting images (may delete the words reflecting images, if need be), against the dark sky (or dark night sky).

Of yesterday and yesteryear, past truths seen now with blurry eyes.

Faith-shaking memories of shaken faith, rush past the window of my mind (or the windows of our minds).

Awakening to a new belief, could this (or could it) really be the truth?

House betraying master, and his legion of faithful followers, too.

### **Chorus**

Sitting here, thinking of you wondering whether it's all (may delete the word all, if need be) real or make believe?

Believing in what you had (or what we had), now making believe that it was real.

Fantasy lived for so many years, a reason, I suppose, to feel so mad, so sad.

Lifetime of memories, fragmented past, an improbable act by an invisible hand, not some deity, certainly, not an act of God.

God could never be so untrue, incomprehensible, dark and downright cruel.

Evil, been to hell and back, the devil, I've seen his deeds, and it's him, clearly at work, down here, among the most wretched of the pack.

## Verse 2

Safe haven, sanctuary with secrets, hidden vices, all its own.  
Perched atop a hillside (and/or situated in a land of grace), in direct line of sight, to the false god unknown.

Mount Sinai, his Kingdom, a throne, flashing lights atop towers, the stage his very own.  
His creation, music, signals in transmission, morning, noon, and night.

Messages and songs in the air, under, over, through walls, nothing could arrest him, not even the Rule of Law.  
Glass half-empty, or was it half full, thirsts for greed, sights squarely fixed upon this dwelling near the hills.

Madmen with a mission (or on a mission), their crusade without a cause.  
Praying for more than surreal existence, now, runaway train, an inevitable wreck in the making, another destination than their unholy war without God.

## Chorus

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### **Verse 3**

Religious convictions, a thing of the past, archived memories, recollections, recounting Saturday evenings, at the local chapel, to celebrate Holy Mass.

Covenant broken, invalidated one summer afternoon, sometime, after twelve and before three, a vow, words never truly uttered, it was never meant to be.

Most sacred of moments, happy memories, now forever broken, a heart full of tears, this sensitive spirit is left to mourn in eternity.

Harsh awakening to reality, numbing sensation, angels singing from the hymnal, twisted thoughts of Holy Redemption, forgiveness.

Rise from your sleep, nothing was real, so nothing's been lost, no need to grieve any longer, move forward be free for I am alive, their fate not my destiny.

### **Bridge**

Around the bend, another jarring turn, shaking faith as we (or I) travel.

Sharp turns and bends, circling, round and round, traveling, swiftly, like my childhood merry-go-round and imaginary friend.

Facing backwards, moving forwards, the train car is still shaken.

Passengers, unattended, trust forevermore evasive.

The social contract's been broken (or The social contract was broken), social fabric, once clean, pressed, and folded in the chapel sacristy.

Now lies in a pile, dirty laundry, stained rags upon the family crypt, his only dynasty.

The train tracks have shifted, changing direction, yet, again.

Passengers unattended driver's 'rounding the next bend.

A run-away train, destruction was in tow

Putting things back on track now, impossible, time to let go.

Feeling sick to the stomach this veritable, never-ending motion sickness.

An inevitable train wreck, a living hell, inflicted by none other than the un-holiness of the business.

## Chorus

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