

In a split second of time, I realize it is over at least that is this life  
And in my mind, where ever it was, I rolled it over  
How had I lived? And what had I done with my life in Christ?  
Just then a smile came in, to the half that was not fried  
The smile looked at me and whispered, "Well done", "by the way, my name is  
jester"

Raegoul, now to wonder  
Raegoul, always on his mind

He was, as he was, when he was, walking down the stairs  
The stairs, where the lair, of deception had taken place, there  
But from this he was spared through the truth, as the truth was, for those  
who cared  
But a trap is a trap, and I guess only the unsuspecting are snared  
Others are not, but are there, scared, bared, dared, pared, teared  
He saw with his eyes, and the his eye, what was, what is, and what will be  
And it was moments before, through-out the ages of history

Raegoul, worked toward eternity  
Raegoul, did today

Raegoul thought about his mother who was about to die  
A tear was dried by the speed and the heat of the time  
The pressure of it all was really not there  
Because only what was done for Christ at this point really mattered  
Perspectives, perspectives, the way an event can make you see  
That which is now, and that which will be  
The river of time has currents that are winding toward an ocean it is  
already a part of  
However until the last turn of the bend, those floating downstream never  
really seem to believe that  
Mind, fried, sizzled, snap - and yet stronger than before

The tears of compassion, causing me to curl on the floor  
Reaching out from within yet not reaching, yet reaching  
Knowing the end long before you get there, is a comforting thing in a time  
like this

Raegoul, God watches you  
Raegoul, you've won

This is it, and this it is, this is just what it is, what is it, just what  
is, just this what  
And with answers too, no need to ask, there's plenty here, just don't ask  
about, what it's about  
And round about then, it'll all sort out