Are we born to win or born to lose,

Should we be warned if we want to choose?

Winning is for sinners who find the truth,

Loosing is amusing when there's never any proof.

Some think that God will answer all their prayers,

Others just pray away all their cares;

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Some will write books and sell a million copies,

While others win in running and find it hard to top these.

How wonderful it is to win and have the glory,

But so sad to fail and have to tell the story;

Victory is the answer to this question in life,

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For it's wrong to think negative and end up in strife.

The problem is solved when we learn not to fear,

And in truth and in trust we live and draw near;

Now the thing you can't beat is the heart of God,

Whose mind is supreme and will lead all the odd.

We think we can win by waiting forever,

But the lazy aren't patient and will try hardly never;

The question of winning is solved very easily,

For those who will listen and think things out feasibly.

Now the loser is lost and the winner lives on,

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And the achiever has life and slovenly has none;

Well the winners will pass and the losers will fail,

Though some will have heart and still find the trail.

You see paradise is the prize at the end of the path,

When all loses meaning like a heavenly bath;

And those who win still win when they're dead,

Because the taste was sweet and they used their head.

Signed,

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For Lohengrin.