

Marillion "Born To Run"

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It's a quiet sadness
Of the people of the north
Echoes silently
Around cold grey places

Ecstasies undared, tremble upon them
Edge of the tightly, respectably unfulfilled
Who drink to excess
In order to forget what never happened

Brave faces
Well dressed, ordered minds on suicide's edge
Reflected in the rain skimmed
Slate grey, battleship grey, hardship grey

And further South and homeless
Here I am, globally altered and dishevelled
Oh, darlin', I've done it all
An antithesis of sorts

And get bound together
And hopelessly in love
With the inevitable loss and the end
How can we run from ourselves?

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