

Alexipharmic

"Run"

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Six AM sunrise shine, define through my eyes
As I dust off the memories of my second life's lies
Another Autumn day forgotten, coalesce and fade
away
Start to shimmer with vibrance, vacate, then fade to
grey
So I run... I run away

I run until it feels as though my toes will fall off
Until it seems that they've been covered up in frost and
then lost
I run until the year is 1998
Standing in the oval office, beg Clinton to vacate
Prevent the trip from being taken down to the cigar
store
Prevent Bush from ever getting his foot in the door
Inform Bill of the next years of Hell he'll unleash
Should Republicans ever find the stains on the sheets
Armed guards start towards me, each one drawing
their guns
B.C. turns to me and tells me "You'd Better Run"
So I... I run

I run until it feels as though my feet are on coals
Until it seems I have no arches, til I burn off my soles
I run until the year is 1971
In the Vietnam jungles, looking out for Vietcong
Bodies bloodied and bare, strewn about on the ground
Mortars drop through the air, silence screams all
around
I place my hands on the eyes of 'blessed' soldiers still
alive
The images of war wont always burn in their minds
Behind the enemy lines, separate from Patrol One
The soldier in the foxhole screams, "You'd Better Run"
So I... I run

I run until it feels as though my knees are split in half
Like for hours I've been using a concrete hackey-sack
I run, I'm in Versailles, the year is 1919
Tell Italy, France, and England the future I've seen

I beg them not to be egomaniacal pricks
To look further down the road, not for a simple quick
fix
Let Ho Chi Min in, treat Germany better - no question
And effectively quell decades of war and oppression
I'm drawing blank stares from the leaders that have
won
Woody Wilson turns to me and tells me "You'd Better
Run"
So I... I run

I run until it feels as though my shins are caved in
And I haven't got a clue how I'm running or standing
I run, and now the year is 1618
I'm standing on the shores of Angola between
The first Dutch trader to turn African's into slaves
And the first potential slaves that I'm destined to save
I tell him no way in hell he'll take these people today
And he gets on his ship, never to come back, and sails
away
At this point my body's numb, but with countless deeds
undone
Get up, dust myself off, and decide I'd better run
So I... I run

I run until it feels like my legs are spaghetti
Until it seems as though my tank has been perpetually
empty
I run, and the year is 14 hundred 92
I'm on the lone maiden voyage, sailing the ocean of
blue
Columbus' crew crouches, crowded, shrouded,
covered in small pox
Disease infested rats crawling in the pine box
Split second before the never seen land peaks
I drill a hole in each ship so every last one sinks
Save the natives from decimation, I stand beneath the
sun
A voice in my head tells me "You'd Better Run"
So I... I run

I run until it feels like my lungs will collapse
Until it seems as though I'm forever on eternal last laps
I run, it's only one day prior to year one
Hour before the last supper of supposed God's Son
Stop Judas from betraying, keep Jesus alive
So all can see that true God is really found on inside
Jesus no longer a martyr, now a simple prophet
No more future crusades... I ceased it, I stopped it
Pontius Pilate peers perplexed at just what I'd done
Sets sprinting after me, shouting "You'd Better Run"

So I... I run

I run until it feels though my heart will implode
Like my blood's reversed direction, 'til my heart
explodes
I run I reach a time before time was invented
Before the modern man hustled, before the earth was
indebted
In the land of the Sahara, the first prehistoric man
Sits next to me in awe, in his little plot of sand
Displays to me the genesis of modern bombs and guns
I look at him, sullen, destroy every single one
Then, completely content with just what I had done
I sit down on the ground, I no longer have to run

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