

## **Dear And Departed, The "Running Against The Wind"**

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Don't try to understand the fault.  
It's bound to make things ten times worse.  
When it all comes screeching to a halt.  
Then in the end it will feel much better anyway.  
Skilled in the act of making faces grey. You leave  
reality for another day.  
Just concentrate on digging your own grave.  
I'll try not to think of what's been thrown away.  
Just tell me, guarantee the things you think I need to  
hear  
And I will return them to you.

The cry will deliver an invitation you can just throw  
away.  
The cry will deliver the expectation that you can't be  
afraid.

When you're running against the wind  
You run the possibility of dust getting in your eye.  
And yes, I think you're stunning to say the least.  
But I just, I just don't have the time.  
Just tell me, guarantee the things you think I need to  
hear  
And I will return them to you.

You see the flood wash it all away.  
You're trying hard to hide this disarray.

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