

# Race The Sun, 460 To Nowhere

my heart plays a metronome  
and my mind is trying to keep tempo  
though my hands are on the wheel, my feet stomp down  
and the gas burns faster through every yellow light  
and i wonder if i went even faster than this speed,  
would my mind just stretch to the point where the pressure wrinkles my face  
either way i go, i will still gain a year  
never would i had thought i'd write so deep  
but considering that in this state that i thought this night  
i will drift to sleep to the applauding rain  
and i'll attempt to remember the dream i'll have  
it could take days till it eventually turns into deja vu  
and i know i'll roll over and extend my arm as though  
here we'll toast to unfamiliar faces  
in dreams richmond does this to me  
to us and this map uncharted  
in dreams richmond does this to