

# A Global Threat, The Running Man

Spectators clog the walks  
Expressions null  
All just a flash at my peripheral  
Can't pause for you so reach out for my hand  
Or I'll pass you by cause I'm the running man  
When muscle governs with absurd, cliché command  
In line with greeds' voice growling for us to stay the plan  
It's all surreal to me  
Don't drag me down into that plot  
At least not just because you can  
Where plastic people clutch their phones  
Where I'm an antiquity alone  
Just reach out for my hand cause I won't watch you fall  
Cause I'm the running man