

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, clichéd 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