

IAMX, Running

You sing for me my friend,
Brave and confident,
And there is comfort between your breaths,
And I use sense to help.
But when the days beneath me,
Scream into my present,
I must always run the race on my own.
Your warmth is in my bed,
Your voice above the stairs,
And then the touching that comes regret,
Becomes my mercy chair.
Even when the sun is burning,
Saving graces,
I must always run the race on my own.
Oh the sinking and the scent,
Of every saving word.
And the destruction of all convention,
And all corrupted thought.
Dig their nails into my art
And instinct shows,
I must always run the race on my own.
I must always run the race on my own.
I must always run the race on my own.