

Kirsty Hawkshaw, Running Down The Way Up

The lower center's in me
revolve around.
Derive their meaning
from my self will.
As I watch the sun highlight your Midas touch.
Conscious light gets through somehow.
Yet I always fail to notice
Yet I always fail to notice
That I'm still heading for the ground.

From conditioned red
To condition red
Heading for the ground.
(Then amber flashes)
From conditioned red
To condition red
Yet I always fail to notice,
I'm always heading for the ground.

Running down the way up.

The visible effect
runs through my blood.
As I watch the sun
highlight your Midas touch.
Conscious light gets through
somehow.
I always fail to notice
I'm heading for the ground.

Has desire found a shady avenue?
(Standing above - below me)
Has desire found a shady avenue?
(Standing above - below me)
And I always fail to notice.
Yet, I always fail to notice.

Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.
(Running down...)
Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.
(Running down...)
Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.
(Running down...)
Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.
(Running down...)

And if we doubt
we can hardly hope to shine
And the sun
could eventually be outshone
And if we doubt
we can hardly hope to shine
And the sun
could eventually be outshone

Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.
(Running down...)
Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.

(Running down...)
Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.
(Running down...)
Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.
(Running down...)

...down the way up

Some conscious light gets through
somehow
Yet, I fail to notice.
Then I'm heading for the ground.
Some conscious light gets though
somehow
Yet, I fail to notice.
Then I'm heading for the ground.

Running down the way up.

Always running down the way up
and you're standing there.