Saint, The Runner

Running on empty
Running at the borderline
The screams in the night
You know you'll lose your mind
Temptations come easy
Sometimes you wonder
Who's in control
I know how you feel
I've been there before
And I'm not turning back...no! No!
Cause I'm a runner
Spirits willing flesh is weak
Runner
I'm running from the man in me
Runner
Spirits willing talk is cheap
runner
If you want to survive
You've got to run for your life
Smoke on the firing line
Drives you over the edge
Confusion fools your mind again
Like a thief in the burning night
To rob you blind when he can
Well I know how you feel
I've been there before
And I'm not turning back...No! No!