

Artist: marillion

Title: Born to Run

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The quiet sadness of the people of the north  
Echoes silently around the cold grey places  
Ecstasies undared tremble upon the edge of the tightly, respectably unfulfilled  
Who drink to excess in order to forget what never happened  
Brave faces  
Well dressed ordered minds on suicides edge  
Reflected in the rain skimmed slate grey, battleship grey, hardship grey...

And further south, and homeless,  
Here I am. Globally-altered and dishevelled  
Oh darling, I've done it all  
An antithesis of sorts  
And yet bound together and hopelessly in love  
With the inevitable loss  
And the end  
How can we run from ourselves?