

Running

IAMX

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 descent
Of every saving word
And the destruction of all convention
And all corrupted thought
Dig their nails into my optimistic shell
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