

Born to Run

Marillion

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 suicide's 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?