

Machine Run

mind.in.a.box

I step out, hit the street.
take in air, feel the need.
yield to it. yield to it.

I want to yield control,
I am not holding back.
I will not stay on track.

I step out, and let go.
to get lost, in the flow.

but everything seemed to end up in endless circles,
what had come right before coming back over and over again.
and everything seemed to lead me right back to the start,
running and running to make me forget and to live and cope with the pain.

driven by the need to forget,
you had lost all your dreams.
running from your pain and regret,
you wanted to escape their web.

torn by the fate you had met,
you had turned into pure need.
tearing apart the last net,
you were not able to hold back.

I will obey the machine,
doing what has to be done.
I fade out what I have seen,
and then I start to run.

I will suffocate my dream,
stall the blood in my veins,
to feed the machine,
until none of it remains.

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and everything seemed to lead me right back to the start,
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you had lost all your dreams.
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you had turned into pure need.
tearing apart the last net,
you were not able to hold back.

I had become a machine,
feeding on the need to run.
I was lost in a dark dream,
my end to blot out the sun.

I had become a machine,

feeding on the need to run.
I ran into a ravine,
my mind was to come undone.