

Running From The Whole

Sarah Fimm

Mr. Cripple man, do you still feel your hands?
The light you never fill, she's waiting by the door.
While atoms play around, you sit here to obstruct.
I never thought to think that what goes down does not come up.
We're hostage on the gravity train, just when we move forward w
e fall back again.
The sharpness of his nail, it hammers down the fold.
In all this time, we're just Running from the Whole.
Enter woman, girl.
Enter to your left, stage right.
The chaos it ensues, beneath the coating of your skin.
Her boa it constricts, the spotlight on a barren soul.
She needn't ask the stars just what it's like to feel star cold
.
We're hostage on the gravity train. Just when we move forward w
e fall back again.
The sharpness of his nail, it hammers down the fold.
In all this time we're just Running from the Whole.
And when I leave again, I'll cycle through this atmosphere.
Past a marching band of souls, who scrape me with their human e
yes.
A taste of bitter earth, I'll just bring with me a dollar's wor
th.
My face burns from the wind and it's time to shed my second ski
n.
We're hostage on this gravity train. Just when we move forward
we fall back again.
The sharpness of his nail, it hammers down the fold.
In all this time we're just Running from the Whole.