

## The Race of Standing Still

Zao

I'm racing racing towards it  
Like when I was a small boy  
Cutting through a waving field  
Decorated by summer sunlight  
Unable to remember  
Unable to forget  
Unaware yet at peace  
Unaware yet scared  
I'm racing racing towards it with fear and excitement  
They seem unseperable  
They seem so far apart  
They are my close friends  
They are my very ghosts  
I'm racing towards it  
Holding perfectly still  
In the race of standing still