

Running Out of Time

I was swimming down the barrel of a fish, of a throat, of a circus, of a highway.

I was searching through the stream, for some dinner, for a lady, for a respite, for a way to get to you.

You were flailing, you were dangling, you were waiting, you were hanging, and then I came.

Now we're walking and we're running and we're singing and we're sunning, all in the name of some forgotten blame.

Doesn't matter if it's your fault, doesn't matter if it's mine.

All that really matters is we're running out of time.

I was flying out the window from the fire and the walls came down on me and I was far away.

I was fleeing from desire and the passion and the hire til I was cornered and the fucker captured me.

I was in interrogation, in the fortress, in the station, and the pigs were asking why.

No I didn't have an answer cause they didn't have a question, so I had no choice but to lie.

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And the sun and the trees and stars and the seas, came all at once to grab me
Yeah, the sun and the trees and moon and the weeds, said it would be all right.

So I unleashed my love, took it out and I sprayed it, all over the station. Oh
Yeah.

Yeah I unleashed my love, and I brandished it all around.

So they couldn't take my love, No they couldn't take my love and I watched them expire one by one by one.

And I sat with my people in my heavenly steeple under my lover, our God-given sun,

The light that shines for everyone,

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