460 to Nowhere

Race The Sun

my heart plays a metronome
and my mind is trying to keep tempo
though my hands are on the wheel, my feet stomp down
and the gas burns faster through every yellow light
and i wonder if i went even faster than this speed,
would my mind just stretch to the point where the pressure wrinkles my face
either way i go, i will still gain a year
never would i had thought i'd write so deep
but considering that in this state that i thought this night
i will drift to sleep to the applauding rain
and i'll attempt to remember the dream i'll have
it could take days till it eventually turns into deja vu
and i know i'll roll over and extend my arm as though
here we'll toast to unfamiliar faces
in dreams richmond does this to me
to us and this map uncharted
in dreams richmond does this to

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