

Running from the Whole

[Sarah Fimm](#)

Mister 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 we fall back again
The sharpness of his nail, it hammers down the fold
And 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 we fall back again
The sharpness of his nail, it hammers down the fold
And in all this time we're just running from the whole
When I leave again, I'll cycle through this atmosphere
Past the marching bands of souls, they'll scrape me with their human eyes
A taste of bitter earth, I'll just bring with me a dollar's worth
My face burns from the wind and it's time to shed my second skin
We're hostage on the gravity train, just when we move forward we fall back again
The sharpness of his nail, it hammers down the fold
And in all this time we're just running from the whole

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