

Runaway

Eleven

Back at home in glowing caves
He filled the walls in a Shaman's haze
The hunt was good His fellow beings
Layed down their bones for no extremes
He was cursing at the sky
With carving on his skin
The wind and thunder howling
And yet there was no sin
But soon his mind expanded to let more symbols in
Now drowning in his choices
The future makes him grin
A runaway, runaway train getting off the track
A runaway, runaway brain with too much on his back
He cast the net on nature's shore
And in excess he wanted more
He burned the land to have more room
In ugly towns he planned his doom
He was laughing at the few
Who saw what was ahead
And a corporating crew lived for today instead
Now the bridge can fall
It leads him back to reason
Ignoring this here ball
He signs a pact of treason