

Running

Mourning September

You always smile, But there's a frown, inside.
Travel a mile, to capture a crown, Only to hide.
What are you running, running from?
What is it you escape?
What are you running, running from?
You could be so great.
Running again, must feel like sin.
For the wear on your soul, Has taken a toll.
Your eyes deceive, what you know to believe.