

Rat Racing

Pallas

The call of the wild, brings me to my window-sill, eyes to the dawn.
A tug on a heartstring by soft, unknown, fingers.
Leading me on, But there's only a streetlamp,
Standing guard to my soul,
In the morning air.
A silent companion, waiting like me for the dawn...
Faint stirrings of life are heard 'cross the rooftops,
Breaking the spell,
Echoes of footsteps that call down the pavement,
With stories to tell,
And Chimney-smoke towers reaching out on the grey,
Of the morning light,
Passionate fingers, outstretched in welcome for the dawn...
The sound of the city,
Thunders around me,
Drags me along,
The babble of voices,
The roar of the traffic,
Drown me in their song,
I'm only a heartbeat keeping time with a pace,
Set by marching feet,
A pulse that beats stronger as the new day unfolds from the dawn...
Can you feel it pumping?
Can you feel it flowing round and round?
Can you feel it through your fingertips?
To your head it flows up through the ground...
Does it scare you?
When you feel the scenery closing in...
Adrift on the street,
I merge with confusion,
And I feel complete,
Swelling with the human tide,
Heart and mind electrified.
--I'm swaying like the ground beneath my feet,
We can stand and watch with pride,
Or maybe scorn and cricise,
How people seem like rats at running pace,
But you and I are runners too,
There's nothing more that we can do,
But join the rats down at the starting gate,
But you and I are runners too,
There's nothing more that we can do but run.
The final strait lies round the bend,
But I don't want this race to end...!