

Run

Patty Gurdy

A spiderweb pulling back each movement that I make
Poor spider, I will burn your home in order to escape
And when the darkness grows onto my heavily loaded back
I'll shake it off my shoulders and I'll follow my own track

Run, run, run from the drag and from the treason
Far enough 'til I reach a warmer season
Run, run, run, in the long run I'll recover
Pull myself out of this, demand no other
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Once and for all I find my way through forests at night
Might seven years be all I have, for seven years I'd fight
When everything behind of me has finally disappeared
My body shall be put to rest, my spirit shall be freed

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Far enough 'til I reach a warmer season
Run, run, run, in the long run I'll recover
Pull myself out of this, demand no other

A dark year before dawn, when no one is at hand
Before the time is gone, run for your life again

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Far enough 'til I reach a warmer season
Run, run, run, in the long run I'll recover
Pull myself out of this, demand no other