

There's something else circling overhead now,
A different kind of creature, bigger, out in the distance.
I'm following, watching, and I find myself again
Underneath churning winds that draw me in.
Inside, a microcosm forms as emotions imitate the clouds,
Twisting themselves into a rope, knotted at my heart
And anchored in the manic horizon.
Let's free ourselves from this stagnant mess for a while.
I've grown so tired of the same damn crises.
Let's leave a trail of debris in our wake,
We'll watch the birth of catastrophes, nightly.
I need to be a part of this wild machine.

I don't care where it takes me, or if I make it out alive.
I'm going to chase it til it breaks me, not giving up until I get inside.

I can feel the electricity being pulled from the sky
Into the eye of this storm, and spit back out with a violent force,
Terrifying with it's indiscriminate reach,
Echoing in my bones, thrilling me to my very core.
It cracks open time, and all the pressure in a moment is released.
The sound of it pounds the earth, then throbs through the ground.

I live this life always running to keep up,
With the wind following, driving forward,
Or in front of me, pushing back.
Sometimes, I'm moving so fast, as if weightless,
Other times, it feels as if my body's being dragged.
I'm racing my hopes along the veins of the country,
It's so hard not to fall behind.

I bury a drop of my blood beneath the soil of each city,
So that I can return and find myself, even if there's nothing else left.