

## Why We Run!

They speak of the wind of change  
But nothing has really changed,  
The same things awakens each day and plays again,  
They say that the worst is over,  
But now we are nearing the end,  
The same thing awakens and plays again,

I need something to steal my pain,  
Something stronger than the wind and rain,  
Something that will command the hurt to reframe,  
Take the emptiness and leave me sane,  
Out of my losses no profits to be gain,  
Crying out for something to steal the pain!

[J.R.@THOUGHT/2012](#)

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