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The Run

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His ribcage rattled hollow
A heartless jest which proved at best
A liquor hard to swallow

The paper-hearted man returned
No love that she imparted
Although her love was never spurned
A romance never started
So she would see the tinder burned
That left her broken hearted

And all the outrage she suppressed
Rose now to confrontation
Engulfed the man of tissue flesh
In total condemnation
Now facing death without parole
His bride had lost all self-control
An empty promise took its toll
He knew this day was dawning
She burned the poor boy's wicker soul
Beneath the autumn awning

The Run

Josh Kunowski

I'm running in the rain
The clouds of guilt pouring onto my withered mind
With each rain drop I feel a needle go through my sanity
The shadows of paranoia lurking behind me
With each step the shadows grow darker and darker
I reach a forest
The branches of depression scratch away my skin
I trip and fall
Damp mud of agony splashes and burns my eyes
I get up and run blindly through the forest
The rain stops
The mud dries and falls off
The clouds and shadows disappear
I make my way back home
The rain dries
And all that's left
Is the sun shining down on me

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