

21 Run

Tom Mody

I fight black & white wars with bloodless decors
Against Harvard and Oxford and Russian elite.
And now I'm left my last man via the slip of my hand,
Or should I say my mind. I wonder.
I've only 21 spaces to run from defeat
Across checkerboard squares, mathematical retreat.

They treated my pawns like pawns.
My castles crumbled at dawn.
After hours of tension it's down to the chase, stalemate.

{chorus}
Run king run, 21 run.
Never look back and
run king run, 21 run.

Hells bells are ringing the start of my play
Their sound gets sweeter the longer I stay
15 & 14 & 13 I count
Now a halo of angels has circled about
I see dusk, dawn, planning and plots
Now I'm tired of running I'm tired of thoughts
To the borders I run, disarray has begun
My equations are useless and useless is logic now shun

{chorus}

I'm dodging the angels that pass through my space
And watching the corners where horses do race
Their queen is like Medusa, I can't stand in her stare
This greatest of players is faced with despair

Undefeated I must maintain, fall to no man
Look for an answer in the opposing eyes
But no man graces the opposing side
Only lights blinking, circuits thinking
Now man kind rests on my shoulders
Will technology be taking us over
The 21 run's down to 1
How long can we hold it back

{chorus}

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