

Homicide: The Game
Presents
Painseeker

"Runaround"
by Raychel Vanderhoff

Runaround
Runaround
Up and down and all around
all the while lying on the ground
Bleeding
Seething
Pulling off these chains
and off I go flying in the rain
In pain
Again
Weeping and weary
Streaking through the dreary clouds I ride
Floating
Choking
Crashing to the earth
and with it goes my worth into the sea
This is me
Drowning
Sliding down the undertow
You know it's all in flow
so here I go
into the runaround
Welcome to the runaround
Spineless and mindless
Follow me I'm climbing up the vine
Along the walls
I crawl
Sticking to the ceiling

Now I've got the feeling
We're trapped
in the runaround
This is just a runaround
pointless and painless
Nothing but brainless
You're the fool. . .

Raychel Vanderhoff
Approx. August 1997

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