Deathrace

Razor

Rebel racer speeding on Will you ever reach the sun? Blazing chrome, gleam machine Fastest thing you've ever seen Melting rubber clear a turn You can smell the tires burn Rapid speed, really steaming Beyond the realms of death With each unspoken breath There's nothing you can't face In a death race Straightforeward course not hard to hold Into the mists, nights so cold You create a battle zone Engine grinds to the bone Smell of gas fills the air Fuel leak, best beware Driving hard, no second thought Warning lights, don't get caught Aiming for the blazing sun So close he thinks the battle's won Fuel blows from a single spark Fireball lights up the dark Rebel racer is no more Battle's lost, black smoke and gore Time forgets another soul One more mark on the death toll Beyond the realms of death With each unspoken breath Explosion leaves no trace In a death race

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