## **Truck On Fire**

## White Zombie

Dead in the back, midnight sun taking all that money can buy Human wreckage electrica man's first approach Death takes a ride taking a holiday Slick and clean a murder machine Tracks off the road skidding towards thunderhead Teasing the rail sparks from his brain slashing Yeah crib death, killing the cradle Crunching the baby in a dashboard light Yeah, like some cheesy ass figurines Jesus, Mary Joseph crushed into her fuck'n head Sprayed against the windshield Profit or pleasure, I swear, I swear Blasting away a bitch in the back 18, yeah 14 child bride sunshine sex Big day exit whiskey o'women winning, winning spree so long Skin bone fabulous path fireball fun radio on cranking saying Some kind of portable radio melted into her screaming legs Keep on keeping, remote images, serious discomfort A story of more than cheap thrills Incestuous demonized desire made to be broken Made to be broken, made to be broken

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