

Ride On Death Riders

Coliseum

There's a smell down on the street of rotten flesh and shit on dreams. Once great voice of desperation left our ears and hit the ground. In my town the heroes die from self infliction. Ride on, ride on, ride on death riders. Take your dream out to the streets. Follow the road to sights unseen. Ride on into hell's heat. There's a lie that lives in the street, ladders climbed to reach the peak of cash waved motivation. I can't take it. My stomach turns. In my town the heroes die from their pretension. Ride on, ride on, ride on death riders. Take your dream out to the streets. Follow the road to sights unseen. Ride on into hell's heat

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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