

## Warrior Soul "Trip Rider"

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Service sector populate  
I bail out on your hate war  
Disparity's sweet justice  
On the rock of sarcasm

This is dark nothing you  
Can do to stop this damn thing now  
Onward constant push  
Primal vision amped to destruction

Trip rider psychedelic sin into the sun  
Trip rider screw the nation

I hate your dying state  
Man you could recharge hell  
The carbon holograms  
Five billion suckers all

Protect the status quo  
The relics of your progress  
Third world your starving child  
Your comfort won't address

Trip rider my sonic sin into the sun  
Trip rider I hate your nation

Conditioned mortal  
Keep your smile as your coma devours  
Soul suckers motherfuckers  
Take it all 'til you have none

Dream joy while they get rich  
The country's corpse to ground and flowers  
Epithet, thought we were free  
Misery to pass eternal hours

Trip rider my work is never done  
Trip rider I hate the nation

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