

## **.Crrust "Test Drive"**

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This was a test drive heading the lane  
The sound of the tollbooth pride shook up this grey  
frame  
In this we all are flapping our body's fame  
Shaking off the remains of the vigorous blame

I pollute everything I see  
I pollute everything visible  
I see everything  
So therefor...

Fly away, bolt off to the air  
There's nothing to it  
Fly away, bolt off to the air  
There's nothing to it

Like the crowd out front the mausoleum  
Never different never alike  
You remain a quiz for yourself and the others  
Just like me but sadly though I haven't found you yet

Fly away, bolt off to the air  
There's nothing to it  
Fly away, bolt off to the air  
There's nothing to it

Push me away

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