

Reville "Id"

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When I needed a fast car, I stole away to be the thief.
Climbing through branches, I spin my way down
through cogs.
Having the time of my life, I stand on open fields.
Blow away these old roads, and touch the rivers bed.
Buried in my head, Rested on my life support machine.

Ad-lib
(Always)

I once stole an engine, from an open field.
It rested on my shoulders, a torso of pistons.
I was under a cloudless sky, rested on my red speed
machine.
Rested.
Rested.

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