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## Revile

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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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