

## White Wizzard

### "Truck On Fire"

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Dead in the back. Midnight sun taking all that money  
can buy human wreckage electrica man's first  
approach. Death takes a ride taking a holiday. Slick and  
clean a murder machine. Tracks off the road skidding  
towards thunderhead. Teasing the rail sparks from his  
brain slashing. Yeah cribdeath, killing the cradle,  
crunching the baby in a dashboardlight. Yea like some  
cheesy ass figurines, Jesus, Mary, Joesph crushed into  
her fuck'n head, sprayed against the windshield, profit  
or pleasure I swear I s wear. Blasting away a bitch in the  
back 18 yea 14 childbride sunshine sex. Big day exit  
whiskey o'women winning winning spree so long. Skin  
bone fabulous path fireball fun radio on cranking  
saying. Somekind of portable radio melted into her  
screaming legs. Keep on keeping, remote images,  
serious discomfort, a story of more than cheap thrills,  
incestous demonized desire made to be broken, made  
to be broken, made to be broken....

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