

Razor "Deathrace"

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Rebel racer speeding on
Will you ever reach the sun?
Blazing chrome, gleam machine
Fastest thing you've ever seen
Melting rubber clear a turn
You can smell the tires burn
Rapid speed, really steaming
Beyond the realms of death
With each unspoken breath
There's nothing you can't face
In a death race
Straightforward course not hard to hold
Into the mists, nights so cold
You create a battle zone
Engine grinds to the bone
Smell of gas fills the air
Fuel leak, best beware
Driving hard, no second thought
Warning lights, don't get caught
Aiming for the blazing sun
So close he thinks the battle's won
Fuel blows from a single spark
Fireball lights up the dark
Rebel racer is no more
Battle's lost, black smoke and gore
Time forgets another soul
One more mark on the death toll
Beyond the realms of death
With each unspoken breath
Explosion leaves no trace
In a death race

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