

Rob Zombie

"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
Skidding towards thunderhead. teasing the rail spar ks
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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