

No Command

Hangar

RD 35, Black Widow, the bitch
No overhead commands
Just engine, no breaks
The gas going like beer
No junk yard wants it
It will take us to hell
No command, the engine turns
No command, the black widow runs
My choice is "two strokes engine"
Turns more and it's smelly
I go as fast as I can
Making noise like hell
No command, the engine turns
No command, the black widow runs
In the winter, the engine freezes
In the bottle the wine heats my mind
I take it all, I need fuel to ride
No, I can ride the wheels of fate
No command, the engine turns
No command, the black widow runs
Zeno went forward
But no one could see
In the crossroads at one hundred miles
Just time for a last repentance
No command, the engine turns
No command, the black widow runs
Without helmet - with the head on the road
The brain - all over the place
Standing still - without a tear or a smile
Totally smashed - Half a grave is enough
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