

## Deathrace

Razor

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  
Heavy metal really screaming

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