

SideSixtySeven, On A Roll

Just a little out of nowhere in the middle of the night
My head on loose and shoes on tight
Anticipations burning
Just a little further yet
I want to breathe fire and be soaking wet

Got a message from a master that I couldn't learn in school
He said son if you want to run cool
Got a message from a master that I couldn't learn in school
He said son if you want to run cool, you must run on heavy fuel

Ignorance is bliss to all those hiding in their homes
So I slash tires, light the fires, always cast the first stone
Good times are flying by
I take as much as I can get
Nothing better out there that I've seen yet

We eat punk rock for breakfast
Your place or mine
Make bread from bones
Devour clones
Wash them down with bloody wine
We eat metal for breakfast
My place or yours
Destroy with ease your ill disease but save your leg to kick down doors

Can I write this song before the coffee's all gone
Brewing in the back, coaxing me along
Percolate perception
Feel my veins outstretchin'
Now that we warmed up bring on the cold ones
Try and relax, eyes fall out of focus
All the adrenaline, surprised I noticed
Terminal velocity
Rolling thunder
Think fast, go faster, don't look back

Days Of Plunder x2