

Swervedriver, For Seeking Heat

You seem to circle miles above me
Never hearing any word that I say
Eyes reeling from deadly pleasure
The last second don't count anyway
Without the safety net you're freed
To find serene pleasure of speed

A blur of beauty, intoxicating
Existence outstripped, outshined
Head clear cold chassis shaking
Encounter of body and mind
Erupting violent machine
Precise exultance so serene

Poised between risk and calculation
In a kind of wide-awake alert daze
Pretty pirouette accelerating
Beyond living in so many ways
Without the safety net you're freed
To find serene pleasure of speed
Erupting violent machine
Precise exultance so serene