

Myslovitz, Drive Blind

Can't see the lights or the blue orange signs
Can't see the road or the long white lines
Feeling the ground through the pedals in the floor
Feeling death pounding at the door
Windows all open, chaos in my hair
Driving me round and leaving me there
Cover my eyes and we'll die driving blind
Cover my trail and we'll leave this life behind

Drive blind

All at once, too much light
Captured and frozen, hear no sound
Bright flashes penetrate
Glowing, flowing, lifting off the ground

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Drive blind