

# 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