

Night Drive

Kingcrow

Driving in the cold of beaten paths
Cutting through the fog of my own breath
Take me down below to chase the sun
Take me far away to shake the pain

Staring into the void in front of me
Thin and worn out skin just like my wheels
Welcoming the wind like an old friend
Grant me just the chance to meet myself

What remains attached? While the world slips down the window glass
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