

## Splitting Lanes

Kryptor

A war of sharp edges  
senses at maximum capacity  
a gladiator in a rampage  
of sheet metal and blurred nerves.  
Reflecting white lines  
tripping wheels from side to side  
terror on two wheels of fire  
broken glass on a barefoot trail.  
Reflection of chrome pipes  
against those tinted windows  
reverberation of straight pipes  
against this thin-walled steel.  
Men can pass no law against it  
like the sun won't shine no more  
but our bros will never show down  
as long as there is a white line.  
Racing the jagged steel gauntlet with certain death just inches  
away  
we love every minute of this thrill - born to ride, ride to live.  
Rolling the endless highway with cold wind blowing in our hair  
gotta keep our engines running, welcome baby to the splitting lanes.