

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.