

## At Races

Messa

Judge and watch  
Time to shine  
Dust on soil  
Their poisoned wine

Concrete blocks  
Under the sun  
And all keeps  
Spinning around

Waiting for me to run...  
Waiting for me to run...

Panting dream  
Silent cry  
Rush my dear  
Galloping time

Fiery eyes  
Stubborn tonight  
And all sweeps  
Below the ground

Waiting for me to run...  
Waiting for me to run!

Biting like a horse  
At races  
Every stare  
Weights on my saddle bags

Kicking like a horse  
At races  
Every stare  
Weights on my severed head

'Cause I'm cursed  
And I run  
'Cause I'm cursed  
And I run  
'Cause I'm cursed  
And I run  
'Cause I'm cursed  
And I run  
'Cause I'm cursed  
And I run

I am the air  
You fail to grasp  
Through hell and high water  
My will to last  
Wide open eyes  
Nowhere to crash  
Heartbeat goes up  
Nothing to prove

Biting like a horse  
At races  
Every stare

Weighs on my saddle bags

Kicking like a horse

At races

Every stare

Weighs on my severed head