

Don't always avoid
the dark side of the town
lose, lose the riddim
at least one more time

Street glitters reflecting the moon.
World glazed with recent rain
From passing by unfriendly crowd drifts a familiar smell
Sniffing shoes soaked
in forgotten puddles leads obediently but unsure of the way;
The right path is being chosen by pulse or rather by the throbb
ing riddim within the head

Riddim is a guide which will
lead you through the life.
And the pulse is a friend
which will give you helping hand.