

Trials Fusion

Dan Bull

I'm sitting on the saddle of my motorcylce
Kicking up the gravel that'll poke your eyeball
Making roads though only sideways
Go to the right 'til I pawn my rivals
My bike can fly, I'm rising skyward
You wouldn't like to try this but I would
Go higher
No wires
'Til my bones are broke like plywood
Two wheels and a health care policy
When I ride, there's a health scare, honestly
With the hospital costs that I've got
Every third world debt could be dropped and forgot
Look chum, between me and you
There must be an easier route
But if I took a bus for an easy commute
Then I wouldn't see the scenery too
My team is a beaut
Fifty nifty people who
Who can easily do maneuvers
That need to be seen to believe to be true
We'll leave it to you
To see a futuristic mystic misfit
Do the sickest flip trick in the district
'Til I break stuff like the dude that's in limp bizkit
You're too simplistic to risk it
You could sit and sift through statistics
And never see another human who's sadistic
Masochistic
Through ballistics
Kick in the ignition 'til my boots are twisted
True peristence and brutal quickness
Rips through resistance of stupid nitwits
It's a twist of the wrist and the gears are shifted
Give me a kiss
Oops, I smeared your lipstick
Clearly gifted, considerably
We're here to get lifted, literally
If you're in my vision even peripherally
I'll rip you to little pieces deliberately
Plenty more fish in the sea, I'm throwing nets out
Picking a team, only the best, wow
Collectively we're going to leave you stressed out
'Til evidently you gonna need a rest
Pow
I apologise for my intrusion
But I want to fight with Isaac Newton
When I ride my bike disproving his life's delusion
I'd confuse him
Sir
Gravity is a trite illusion
That tries reducing my skyward movement
But my conclusion is I'm going to fly
It's trials fusion