

# Trials Rising Theme Song

Dan Bull

Somehow you did it  
Somehow you landed the impossible  
But it'd be a fib to brag  
That you never fell off at all  
You broke enough bones  
To fill a flipping hospital  
But on the way, you toughened up  
'Til you'd become nothing but balls  
Or ovaries  
Depending on your chosen metaphor  
The point is that you've grown your gonads  
'Til they won't fit in your drawers  
You straddled the saddle  
Like trying to wrangle a camel  
You've chipped your teeth a couple times  
Slightly cracked the enamel  
But so what it's not anything  
That a little ragdoll couldn't handle  
I want to put my name in the game  
With no shame  
So I'll say it now  
Dan Bull  
I grab the handle  
And I ramp it up to full throttle  
Twisting it  
Like I'm trying to get up  
In a cola bottle

The wheels and the world  
Complete another revolution  
Another step  
A giant leap forward  
For human evolution  
A clever fusion  
Of the past and present  
Ever moving  
Shaving a second off the record  
When they cut the groove in  
The wheels and the world  
Complete another revolution  
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You'll get to ride left to right  
On tracks of the best designs  
Until you wreck your bike  
Excuse me while I check the sky  
Hmmm yep, it's high  
Quelle surprise  
C'est la vie  
Seizing life by the y-fronts

Ride so high need a pilot's license  
So you better bail quick and jump ship  
If you're the kind of guy that says  
"I don't like bumps"  
The vibrations of the bolts  
And the nuts  
Are causing palpitations  
And a jolt in your guts  
Bleh!  
Assaulting your senses  
You should have told me you were sensitive  
Suspension sits beneath  
The suspension of disbelief  
So lean forward  
Lift your knees  
Don't let me see your bum cheeks  
Hit the seat  
Or you could end up shipped to the morgue  
As little more than a bit of mystery meat  
But somehow you did it  
Somehow you hit the checkered flag  
Without being sent back  
Through the entrance  
In a zip-up bag

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A super duper  
Loop the looper  
Cool tune dude  
Who's the producer?  
Oxygen Beats pushing buttons and keys  
With enough of the heat  
To knock you off of your feet  
A rocket-fueled velocipede  
With impossible velocity  
Hopping of drops  
Like you'd pop to the shops  
With a nonchalant kind of philosophy  
Must have been chomping on broccoli  
You're rocking and look a bit wobbly  
You're landing all clunky and sloppily  
Start again and accomplish it properly  
It's not about speed

It's about precision  
Persistence  
And committing to keep up the grit  
For the distance  
From England to Finland  
Cylinders and pistons  
Are messing up  
Existing understanding of systems  
The physics is ridiculous  
We study it meticulously  
'Til we hit the finish line  
We never will accept defeat

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