

Hand Over Fist

Defleshed

Death, tragedy and despair
for such things I don't care
Nor do I mind the past
I live my life in the fast

To tuning up my engine
is all I can imagine
To me there's nothing that feels
like the burning of my wheels

High speed I can't resist
I go hand over fist

Being trimotored I'm flawless
Superior all laws
I'm flawless, I'm lawless

High speed I can't resist
I go hand over fist
On hyper-speed I insist
I go hand over fist

The power surge
The power surge
when these four wheels and I will merge

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