

Crash Into Oblivion

Puffball

The speedometers glowing, my target's in lock.
Running like a bullet from a red hot Glock.
I've been chewing my nuckles, I've been biting my tongue.
Outsmarting every sucker, just wanna get it done.

I see the wall coming, I choke on my last breath
I crash into oblivion, a supersonic death
A thousand thoughts they come in a mess.

Steering with precision, A 4 wheel hurricane.
Faster, faster, faster. I wanna roast my brain.
It's according to my plans, not much long till the crash.
Turn my body into landfill, transforming steel to trash.

I see the wall coming, I choke on my last breath
I crash into oblivion, a supersonic death
A thousand thoughts they come in a mess.
This is my way of handling the stress. Yeah.

Going full throttle against a cement wall.
It may seem pretty stupid when you have it all.
But I'm living with a deathwish and a musclecar.
Wanna crash into oblivion like a shooting star. Oh yeah.