

COSMIC DRIVER BY FLEET GRIFFIN

The bloom of the universe expands time. A forward gear spins in a cycle of energy. Black coffee in the sky with cream and sugar, the clouds are the gate to infinity. Light strikes the ground and terrorizes mankind. The earth cradles its killers. Environmentalists drink to the notion of death. A future fate is grueling for those of find obligation to the world. Everyone will take from their planet, regardless of constraint. Let the good times roll, put away the pain. Come out of the shadows that cloak you from happiness. Pull off your shoulders the unnecessary weights of your guilt. The bravery must still exist in all of us. Live for something that drives a passion for progress. The dice lands on the table we call sin. Let the luck begin for those who live outside the law, pigs can't play against the aces you have in hand. You play with the assassin of spades, the maiden of clubs, the angel of diamonds, and the devil herself, an international harem. From country to territory bring the guns that everyone will buy. Smoke up the joint you rolled and hide behind your green aviators. With hands on the wheel release the humor of your fortune. The law has their pace and you have the gadgets to blind all the cameras. With a summer lover, a great pair of friends, and a star above you live in joy. The coffin of your past is sealed. Inhale the moments of air.