Dead Wrestlers

Bis

I can't tell the difference
The soap box or the stage
It's just like the process
When wrestling became fakeGenuine believers
Are shunted and sheltered
Who will be remembered?
When they fall and they die by submissionWe sing the songs
The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers
My hope is gone
It's gone, it's goneBelieving in something
Can sometimes mean nothing
Conviction can be tamed
Why do you feel ashamed?Diluted and dumbed down
The edit, the voice sound
My TV, no volume
I can't hear, I just see the lips movingWe sing the songs
(The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers)
My hope is gone
(It's gone, it's gone on dead wrestlers)We sing the songs
(The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers)
I don't belong
(In songs, in songs of dead wrestlers)Dead wrestlers
Dead wrestlers
Dead wrestlersWe work hard
We live hard
We work hard
We live hardWe sing the songs
(The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers)
My hope is gone
(It's gone, it's gone on dead wrestlers)We sing the songs
(The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers)
I don't belong
(In songs, in songs of dead wrestlers)We sing the songs
(Your politics are pantomime)
(The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers)
My hope is gone
(Your punches miss me every time)
(It's gone, it's gone on dead wrestlers)We sing the songs
(Maybe I'll see you on the other side)

(The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers)
When we have nowhere left to hide

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