

Death or Glory

Ironsword

Now every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world

And ends up making payments on a sofa or a girl

Love an' hate tattooed across the knuckles of his hands

Hands that slap his kids around 'cause they don't understand how

Death or glory becomes just another story

Death or glory becomes just another story

An' every gimmick hungry yob, digging gold from rock 'n' roll

Grabs the mic to tell us, he'll die before he's sold

But I believe in this and it's been tested by research

He who fucks nuns will later join the Church

Death or glory becomes just another story

Death or glory becomes just another story

Fear in the down sex, they say lie low

And you say okay, don't wanna play a show

No other thinking, would you get that boy now

Playing the blues of kings, sure looks better now

Death or glory, just another story

Death or glory, just another story

From every dingy basement, on every dingy street

Every dragging handclap over every dragging beat

That's just the beat of time, the beat that must go on

If you've been trying for years, we already heard your song

Death or glory becomes just another story

Death or glory, just another story

Gotta launch long way

Fight a long time

Get to travel over mountains

Got to travel over seas

We gonna fight your brother

We gonna fight 'till you loose

We gonna raise trouble

We gonna raise hell

We gonna fight your brother

Raise hell

Death or glory becomes just another story

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