

Birgit

"Dead Wrestlers"

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I can't tell the difference
The soap box or the stage
It's just like the process
When wrestling became fake
Genuine believers are shunted and sheltered
Who will be remembered?
When they fall and they die by submission

We sing the songs
The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers
My hope is gone
It's gone, it's gone

Believing 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 moving

We 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 wresters

We work hard
We live hard
We work hard
We live hard

We 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 wresters

Your politics are pantomime
Your punches miss me every time
Maybe I'll see you on the other side
When we have nowhere left to hide

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