

Karkadens, The

"Hooligan"

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Out of sight, into the night
Our town becomes alive
Those running for the border never see the end, can't
survive the night
This gun that fired from the fright
The grave's still six feet under as we're standing here
tonight

Miles from home, a desert road
The one place that I know
The fire never burns the bodies in the ground, just
those who march up high
This fire marks the fallen men
The hooligans who always rise again

(Hey) This, that, and everything left
We rise like bread in the oven and then
These people (rise again), this villain of
A land with no homes is like a man with no bones
We fight (rise again), heroes of the night
Villains of tomorrow can't see wrong in the right
We fight we fight we fight
Tonight we're hooligans

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