

# Dead Wrestlers

Bis

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 dumbled 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 wrestlers)

Dead wrestlers  
Dead wrestlers  
Dead wrestlers

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 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