

Life Of A Fighter

Chrome Division

There's dirt on your face and there's
Blood on the floor
You've done something bad, but you
Don't know for sure
The fists are all swollen
You're going insane
Hopefully someone is waking in pain

You don't know why
You can't stop

Fight it all
Obey your call

You don't mind the bruises,
But you do mind the talk
Conscience is coming,
And it feels like you choke
No turning back,
Well you're aiming ahead
You keep on going, until you are dead

It wasn't always like this
No longer know what you miss

Sometimes it's wrong,
But you love it too much
It's the closest you get to some
Sweet human touch
Nobody knows that you're
loosing control
You hide it away behind: Rock and Roll!

Till the day that you're dead