

An old man stiffed with cold
Tearing his fishnet out of the hole
A broken ice pick thrown away
The fat is in the fire

Thousands bittered swear words spitted out
Wished all into the deepest hell
Has pounded the ice to distraction
Still the snare stays frozen-in
Poor man in the world has changed
Humus ties your fishnet now
Water control lowers the lake
Be careful what you're fishing for
Why can't you see, why don't you believe
Those days have gone when you caught haul

Pikemaster - what are you after?
Take it easy - or you'll stumble
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Why can't you see, why don't you believe
Those days have gone when you caught haul

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Who told you that you have to pull?
Who told you that you have to push?
Don't you ever get enough?
All right if you want to die

Why can't you see, why don't you believe
Those days have gone when you caught haul
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