

Cut down in their prime,
In silence, on that day,
February 58, they got what they need,
From Belgrade and back home to sleep.

More than a name, to millions,
What could have been changed,
By all the boys leaving Munich on that day,
The snow came and sent them to sleep.

(This, fall, was, greater than them all)
News and tributes come leaking (in)
As all eyes turn to Rome,
I forgotten the sadness (feel)
Voices turn us towards.

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In silence, on that day,
February 58, they got what they need,
From Belgrade and back home to sleep.

(This, fall, was, greater than them all)
News and tributes come leaking (in)
As all eyes turn to Rome,
I forgotten the sadness (feel),
Voices turn us towards.
They're still singing despite the (years)
Sending them back into Rome,
There's a ringing in the (ears),
That lasts them here to war.

News and tributes,
(Lick it in
Lick it in,
Lick it in)