

That won't become Valentine's Day  
You have aimed too high  
Now you are going to pay

Enter the field and toe the mark  
We are up and steady  
Waiting for ignition spark

At the top of the food chain  
Everyone plays your game  
This is a god-damned blood-sport

You want to fight for glory  
And you are going to die for fame  
This is a god-damned blood-sport

There will be always someone stronger  
But a fool who cares about the croaker

Face the pain  
There is no way to quit  
You won't get out  
So grin and bear it

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