

Fat boys sweat over glossy queens,  
Pouring love into their favourite magazines,  
Too old!  
Jealous cos we're free,  
Cos we still have a dream to believe,  
Don't want to be like them,  
Too tired to care!  
Don't want to be like them,  
Fight for my share.

God forgives!,  
Men forget,  
Forget who they are,  
And where they're trying to get,  
We stand defiant in their face,  
To them we're just a wicked disgrace!  
Don't want to be like them,  
Trailing bad luck,  
Don't want to be like them,  
They're just a greasy whore's fuck!

Gunning for glory!  
On the path to war!  
Gunning for glory!  
Take it all!

A fireball lights up the night,  
Live in misery or fight!  
Show no weakness!  
Stand your ground!  
Bastards!  
Glory bound!  
Glory bound!