

# Chrome Division, Life Of A Fighter

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