

Bloodsport

The Retrosic

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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