

Underdogs

Madder Mortem

Wake a beast that sleeps
Feed it right: Love to wake it, pain to make it grow
And feel it claw its way up through the dirt
until the beat is running through you

Puns and whispers, words that weep:
This is what I chose to be
Name yourself to run with the underdogs

It withers if you tame it
It withers and is gone
And no matter how you play it,
it's still my song

We've died to give it life
Down below, where the music is relentless and the truth is colder
Where old kings fall apart we tore our gods to shreds
and fed the bitter pieces to each other

Break your back on entropy
and swallow down the legacy
Pay your dues to howl with the underdogs

It changes as you name it
It changes and moves on
And no matter how you play it,
it's still my song
So take my love and fear and dreams
and all the secrets that my tomb will hold
Make from the ghosts that crowd my mind
a single thing that will hold

The bruised and seething hearts believe
and bleed for it so faithfully
And when it grows and roars, it feeds
back into to those who made it be
to be eyes for those who lost their sight,
and strength for those who lost the fight,
A tongue for what you cannot speak
and life for all that couldn't be
And nothing you can say or do
will ever take that away from you
But it can't be shared with anyone
who doesn't know or won't belong
'Cause all your soul is what it takes
Hold your heart out 'till it breaks
Then you own the music of the underdogs