

# Armored Saint, Book Of Blood

Voted in I'm just the spokesman here  
A robot I'm not I feel the same fears  
Pressure on my back and I must respond  
Say the word and I'll be gone  
I'm gone

I say attack while the world is trembling  
Then get criticized cause we felt the sting  
An indecisive mind cannot be a judge  
Stand by your fighting words  
Your words

Everybody is a Book of Blood  
Subverting society with a magic touch  
Well I refuse to engage  
Don't condemn the judgement of another  
Cause it differs from your own  
You may both be wrong

Pressure on my back and I must respond  
Say the word and I'll be gone  
Gone, I'm gone

No end  
No friend  
No end  
Defend  
God send