

Armored Saint, Crisis Of Life

Intruder alert continues to flirt
And stagger and trip up my life
The sinister thoughts unfairly rots
My brain can't put up a fight
Oh the nightmare
Can it be put to an end
The fact is I know I'm not dreaming again

Steel on my skin
Oh carve with that knife

Crisis of life
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis of life
Carving my mind
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis of life

Mentally, Physically draining my skull
Of every thought entering (how)
Feelin' just like a voodoo doll
About to be struck by a pin
Oh the threshold comes to a staggering halt
Even though the guilty don't know it's his fault

Steel on my skin
Oh carve with that knife

Crisis of life
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis of life
Carving my mind
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis of life

Oh the knives dug in
Carving my life
Oh the life is him
Overflowing amount of impatience

Crisis of life
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis of life
Carving my mind
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis of life
Crisis of life
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis of life
Carving my mind
I'm falling, I'm falling
Crisis a crisis of life
I'm falling, I'm falling Crisis of life
I'm losing it, Crisis of life
Crisis of life