

# 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