

Armored Saint, Deep Rooted Anger

Before all else, better get yourself armed yeah
Watch as they gravitate to your irresistible charm
Yeah - irresistible, irresistible

Who is going to guard the guards themselves
If you always lay down in the name of help
The paupers learn quick or fall to the side
It's all me myself and I

Who is going to guard the guards themselves
When all you do is try to survive the pelts
The paupers learn quick or fall to the side
I live me myself, me myself and I

Don't look to heaven, cause you think that
Your due reward
You think you do?
In my hand is a chisel
For the chip on my shoulder
I can't afford no

Spewing energy
You say the sky cries along with me
Passive aggressive man
Trying to trade in human misery
Let go of better wisdom