

Armored Saint, In The Hole

The wind
The war
I'm burning out
Is this the end
The bombs are raining hell

I see
the real me
Floating out to space
Blown to bits
Where's the human race

Slave
Well it's immortal right
But I'll give it a try
As they fly through the air
Doubters beware

My home
Below
A blissful place
Stuck in this silo
I live alone
Make the best of what i own

Trusty
Gold key
Ready to kindle the globe
Please lay these arms to rest
My will is running low

Slave
Well it's immortal right
But I gave it a try
While the faces stare
At the hideous glare

Better turn and run
I've unleashed the sun
You say you wanted it done
I'm the man to count on

I'm in the hole for life
These subtle words fit right
Lord knows man needs a vice
On my knees in pain