

# 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