

Armored Saint, Pay Dirt

That's when I hit pay dirt
Sink or swim
I'm jumpin' in
Huddled masses cling together
But the herd gets thin
Self assured
With those fighting words
Your so-called figure of speech
Won't be hard

I'll never lose my shirt
Someday I'll hit pay dirt

I'd rather die of thirst

Fast-moving fast-ducking fast
Running fast from the blast
I'm here to carry my weight
Murder will out the ingrates
No tampering with the soul
I'm sidestepping your phony idols
That's when I'll hit pay dirt