

Armored Saint, Released

Aren't you
waitin' for me to take command
Well listen
Woman
I would if I could make me stand
Don't you
Think I
Feel so downright low
To think I'm nude with you
And can't even make the show

Ooh she waits for me
With open knees

At last
I find
That I am ready to go
Impatient
She lies there
With an anxious hole
I last
And last
For two hours straight
But I can't
Seem to
Release this tired prostate
First it wouldn't salute
And now it wont shoot

Release me