

Armored Saint, Control Issues

Beat my bloody fist to a pulp
Then I'll switch hands
Gotta prove that I'm a worthy man
Privileged to be in god's domain
A monumental task
So listen obey and better never ask

Good at making the call
Bent over backwards
Good at breaking the fall - repair me
I mourn your blighted life
Bent over backwards
But on this we'll agree
We hate people that we don't like

Control, control - control issues

Force fed until I hurt, regurgitate
Indulgence is my mate
Honest righteousness, public to be damned
Throw in the towel and give the king a hand
Can't control my choice
A waver in the voice
Gotta cut the ties that bind

Can't get grounded