

# 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