

Armored Saint, Upon My Departure

When the final bell is rung
And the game's declared over
We speak the words goodbye
And I know it's forever
An empty pit inside my chest
Was more than a small clue
No you'll never see me again
Something I gotta get used to
But you left much behind
Some peace and vital signs
Food for a busy mind
And souvenirs to hold tight

Just a passenger on your jetliner
Crashing to the ground
But the impact doesn't make a sound

Well a lesson to be learned
From your departure
Funny thing but when you went away
I lost part of my cure
And now I'm searching hard
Underneath every card
Hoping with best regards
You'll bail me out of this dream state

Oh but what I feel
Unfortunately is real
Feeling the sting of pain
Not a damn thing can erase the stain