An Exercise In Debauchery

Armored Saint

He never killed anyone but he hurt some
Body's feelings once
Pushed in the corner with his shame dressed
Up like a dunce
Is it crowth or decay when
You peel off the skin
Magazines dvds jeez
Where have you beenEasy to spot the perverts today
They're ripe like low hanging fruit
Keep dirty secrets tucked away or lie and
Murder all with the truthAn exercise in debauchery
If all's revealed a grim catastrophe
Bizarro ways ends up in misery
It's an exercise in debaucheryYou won't care about this later
When you're finished I'm sure
You need to figure things out
But your vision's a blur
Will you come out of this phase
Is what I ask of myself
It's your addiction to smut man
You really need helpHard not to run from creeps today
They're cross so give him the boot
You claim your actions are
Safe and sound
But that's not getting down to the rootNo it's an exercise in debauchery
Hanging out with ugly company
We should talk and deal accordingly
With your exercise in debaucheryIn fairness and kidding aside
Your choices are something to hide
In fairness it's painful to watch
Won't be there the day you get caught
You're hiding behind the sun
Look at what you've become
When darkness gives way to glare
You'll be there
BewareAn exercise in debauchery
If all's revealed a grim catastrophe
Bizarre ways a form of sorcery

It's a exercise in debauchery

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