

# Control Issues

## Armored Saint

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

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