

Book of Blood

Armored Saint

Voted in, I'm just the spokesman here
A robot I'm not, I feel the same fears
Pressure on my back and I must respond
Say the word and I'll be gone, I'm gone I say attack while the world is trembling
Then get criticized 'cause we felt the sting
An indecisive mind cannot be a judge
Stand by your fighting words
Your words Everybody is a book of blood
Subverting society with a magic touch
Well, I refuse to engage
Don't condemn the judgment of another
'Cause it differs from your own
You may both be wrong Pressure on my back
And I must respond
Say the word and I'll be gone
Gone, I'm gone No end
No friend
No end
Defend
God send

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