In the Hole

Armored Saint

The wind, the war
I'm burning out
Is this the end?
The bombs are raining hellI see the real me
Floating out to space
Blown to bits
Where's the human race?Slave
Well, it's immortal right
But I'll give it a try
As they fly through the air
Doubters bewareMy home below a blissful place
Stuck in this silo
I live alone
Make the best of what I ownTrusty, gold key
Ready to kindle the globe
Please lay these arms to rest
My will is running lowSlave
Well, it's immortal right
But I gave it a try
While the faces stare
At the hideous glareBetter turn and run
I've unleashed the sun
You say, you wanted it done
I'm the man to count onI'm in the hole for life
These subtle words fit right
Lord knows man needs a vice
On my knees in pain

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