

Stricken By Fate

Armored Saint

(John Bush/Dave Prichard/Phil E. Sandoval/Joey Vera/Gonzo)
Damage to my head, peace stays in the bed
Making love the only thing we can do
Otherwise in our lives, all we do is fight
Never stop enough to call a truce
The only time that you find satisfaction is in our physical play
You love me in the course of the evening but so bitter in the day
Think you'd wipe the smudge, but just carry on the grudge
Nothing gets forgiven from you
Soon I'll lose the cure, and you'll thirst so much more
Somebody fresh I wonder who
Now I think it's time for me to walk straight out the door
And leave you here
But my pride hurts too much for that you
Wouldn't even shed a tear
Got to pack my bags, and leave behind the past
Living with you was worse than hell
Still I feel blue, and I wonder do you
With the look on your face you could never tell
Never thought I'd wish somebody death or I'd feel so much hate
Hopefully you'll get what you deserve and be stricken by fate
I hope that you, you get what you want
That's right
Ahhrrrrghh!!!