

Unstable

Armored Saint

I've got it all, every single inch,
Everything is meant in this resultiveness
I'll find some pack, player of the year
Dead in mind, a fuck is just another taste

This shallow living, life's misgivings
all this fitting in, all deflects

I've got it all, I'm asking well
Hope that that don't go before when I'm in hell
To be asked a granted wish

Unstable...unstable...
Your moves are...unstable
Makes me flee in doubt
I'm unstable
I'm unstable
I'm unstable
Worn out and disabled.

I got it made, latchin' in the shade,
Barking out odd orders like a renegade
Out in the wind, floating as I do
Flyin' that is possibly a masquerade

Shallow living, life's misgivings
all this filling in all the holes

I've got it all, I'm asking well
Try to hold my breath and not exhale
To be asked a granted wish

Unstable, unstable
Your moves are...unstable
Makes me flee in doubt
I'm unstable
I'm unstable
I'm unstable
Disabled!

Worn out!

I had it all, total arrogance,
better deconvince me that it all made sense
The here and now, livin' off the man
Consumin' on my knees with self-indulgence

Shallow living, not forgiven
always suiting with all defects

I've got it all, I'm asking well
Got a reservation for incest in hell
To be asked a granted wish

Unstable...unstable...
Your moves are...unstable
Makes me flee in doubt

I'm unstable
I'm unstable
I'm unstable
And it's clear, this life is a fable

This life is a fable
This life is disabled