

# An Exercise in Debauchery

Armored Saint

He never killed anyone but he hurt some  
Body's feelings once  
Pushed in the corner with his shame dressed  
Up like a dunce  
Is it growth or decay when  
You peel off the skin  
Magazines dvds jeez  
Where have you been

Easy to spot the perverts today  
They're ripe like low hanging fruit  
Keep dirty secrets tucked away or lie and  
Murder all with the truth

An exercise in debauchery  
If all's revealed a grim catastrophe  
Bizarro ways ends up in misery  
It's an exercise in debauchery

You won't care about this later  
When you're finished I'm sure  
You need to figure things out  
But your vision's a blur  
Will you come out of this phase  
Is what I ask of myself  
It's your addiction to smut man  
You really need help

Hard not to run from creeps today  
They're cross so give him the boot  
You claim your actions are  
Safe and sound  
But that's not getting down to the root

No it's an exercise in debauchery  
Hanging out with ugly company  
We should talk and deal accordingly  
With your exercise in debauchery

In fairness and kidding aside  
Your choices are something to hide  
In fairness it's painful to watch  
Won't be there the day you get caught  
You're hiding behind the sun  
Look at what you've become  
When darkness gives way to glare  
You'll be there  
Beware

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If all's revealed a grim catastrophe  
Bizarro ways a form of sorcery  
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