

Black Feet

Armored Saint

Barely rise in the morning need my serving plate
Hoping that an intervention won't greet me this day
Have the strength of a newborn once was a lion here
Counting down the sins of my mother and fathers fears

Oh been humbled every waking hour
Is that chariot a comin' to devour
Wish my three offspring would get off my back
And let this mini pill quickly take effect

Time to sleep
Time to dream
Now

Got me on the ropes
Running out of hopes
I'm a model citizen don't you know

But these black feel won't connect to legs

So I struggle to walk now and I struggle to stand
And I barely have any feelings within both my hands
Bodies breaking down been depleting for years
And I'd love to figure out what you said but I can't hear

In my own undoing all the effort is gone
I wonder if the motivation button was ever on