

Head On

Armored Saint

Loss of nerve man
Ain't no way to make wrongs right
Never want to seek competition
But don't you stand too close to my knife
I got a lot of thorny thoughts
Going banging till my arms are shot
Poor friendless Raymond I give all I got

I won't roll over
I won't play dead
I won't keep dining on the insides of my head

Like an ol' dog
With no burden of ignorance
Never want to make lame excuses
Or keep my nose in the air like a prince
Some terrible beauty
Like Machiavelli
Poor friendless bastard
But I've got a skeleton key

And I won't roll over
I won't sit down
I'll keep on following the scent like a driven
bloodhound

Be the real deal
If it hurts at least I can feel
An easy target without a weapon
Sometimes wound too tight
But I'm digging in with all of my might
And I'll plunge into life head on
head on head on
head on head on
Head on

I won't roll over
I won't play dead
I'd rather take it from the hands of some villain
instead

Be the real deal
Every injury is gonna heal
So bring on the bite from any python
Sometimes wound too tight
But I won't go down without a good fight
And I'll always plunge into life head on