

## Ar.Mour

UNKLE

I put my armour back on  
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From bad to worse  
Now met by disaster  
Distraught at the thought  
Won't bow to the master  
Ready and braced  
Look on my face  
Disguised by the armour  
Steady I wait  
Now it's too late  
Bitten by your karma  
(Every time)

Watch the face now I'm braced  
(I lose the one)  
For the war like the taste  
(My broken heart)  
An appetite for the rage  
(Has armour on)  
Now I'm stood center stage  
(Every time)

Life on the battlefield  
(I meet the one)  
You hold me against my will  
(My broken heart)  
Chained and shackled rattled still  
(Is on the run)  
I won't surrender have me killed  
(Is on the run)

Don't hold out your hands for nothing  
Mind rots when times are low  
Kill all those who close in  
For the throne  
(Is on the run)  
(Is on the run)  
(Is on the run)  
(Is on the run)  
Don't hold out your hands for nothing  
For the throne