

## Bandit Country

### Armored Saint

I don't think that we'll last as burns  
But as brigands we can give it a try  
Trudging through life's distraction  
Here's to some mud in your eyes

Meander in a three dimensional world  
In a salad bowl of racial genes  
She's knitting my doom with a hook for a hand  
And a smirk that's so pristine

Dirt thick as cake batter  
Covering wounds and skin  
Mother Mary our common thread  
And next of kin

Wake up quick  
Wake up sick  
Bandit bandit  
On easy street

A prude beneath my rapist fur  
Sweet as a bag of splendor  
Quite at home in bandit country  
Always told smug aren't ya

To strangers I'm adored to ignored  
From pity to pure disgust  
We lay in pollute this makeshift bed  
But we never ever ride the bus

Fierce like a badger  
Snapping from a case of rabies  
The launching pad to deliver this load  
Is all I see  
Wake up quick  
Wake up sick  
Bandit bandit  
King of the street

MIA is my partner in crime  
She doesn't feel safe from herself  
It's a beautiful twosome that we male  
As we fold another hand we've been dealt

Scum of the nation  
Scattered and poor  
Calls of support are muted  
But never premature  
Wake up quick  
Wake up sick  
Bandit bandit  
Ain't easy  
Bandit bandit  
Someone king me  
Bandit bandit  
Bandit bandit  
Bandit of the street