

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