

## 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