

## Stricken By Fate

Armored Saint

(John Bush/Dave Prichard/Phil E. Sandoval/Joey Vera/Gonzo)  
Damage to my head, peace stays in the bed  
Making love the only thing we can do  
Otherwise in our lives, all we do is fight  
Never stop enough to call a truce  
The only time that you find satisfaction is in our physical play  
You love me in the course of the evening but so bitter in the day  
Think you'd wipe the smudge, but just carry on the grudge  
Nothing gets forgiven from you  
Soon I'll lose the cure, and you'll thirst so much more  
Somebody fresh I wonder who  
Now I think it's time for me to walk straight out the door  
And leave you here  
But my pride hurts too much for that you  
Wouldn't even shed a tear  
Got to pack my bags, and leave behind the past  
Living with you was worse than hell  
Still I feel blue, and I wonder do you  
With the look on your face you could never tell  
Never thought I'd wish somebody death or I'd feel so much hate  
Hopefully you'll get what you deserve and be stricken by fate  
I hope that you, you get what you want  
That's right  
Ahhrrrrghh!!!