

## Upon My Departure

Armored Saint

When the final bell is rung  
And the game's declared over  
We speak the words goodbye  
And I know it's forever  
An empty pit inside my chest  
Was more than a small clue  
No you'll never see me again  
Something I gotta get used to  
But you left much behind  
Some peace and vital signs  
Food for a busy mind  
And souvenirs to hold tight

Just a passenger on your jetliner  
Crashing to the ground  
But the impact doesn't make a sound

Well a lesson to be learned  
From your departure  
Funny thing but when you went away  
I lost part of my cure  
And now I'm searching hard  
Underneath every card  
Hoping with best regards  
You'll bail me out of this dream state

Oh but what I feel  
Unfortunately is real  
Feeling the sting of pain  
Not a damn thing can erase the stain