

## Armour

Madder Mortem

I'm handing in my guns now  
I will stop slipping away like sand between your fingers  
For better or for worse,  
I yield to you

I will lay my armour down, claim the hunger and the words that  
were always on my mind  
Any triumph breeds defeat  
Any blessing holds a curse but for once I won't let go

You laugh at all my twists and turns  
The stories I tell find a home in your memory  
And by now it is too late to run, so I yield to you

I will lay my armour down, claim the hunger and the words that  
were always on my mind  
Any triumph breeds defeat  
Any blessing holds a curse but for once I won't let go

You see me like no other  
And I have tired of staring it down, tired of turning to find i  
t all too strong, too strong to let it go