

## **Armor For The Broken "Land Barracuda"**

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Theirs nothing left of me  
So come on in and enjoy the party  
Theirs nothing left of me  
So IÂ'll exit quietly

Well been treading along this beaten path  
For far too long  
ItÂ's not our first time singing this nauseous song

Last chance to shoot him  
First impressions are always second guessed  
But IÂ'd march towards that romantic tune  
Playing in the background of the gun fire

LetÂ's start with anxiety on our mind  
Hide your guns and knives  
Tell the orchestra to keep on playing  
Were inhaling smoke with an iron lung

Sing this requiem as if it was to be the last song  
Sung by man, until birthed again  
I think I know you all to well

Looks like IÂ'm in line for the guillotine  
At least I look rather charming this time

This accident has left me reckless  
And now holding on breathless

Three doctors next to me  
The syringes can call this a party  
Three doctors next to me  
IÂ'll go out silently

You fled the scene with guilt breathing on your neck  
The witches watched you from every angle  
Where do you go when  
Everyone knows your name  
Where do you go when  
Everyone knows

ThereÂ's a hungry wolf in the crowd and heÂ's looking

at you

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