

Madder Mortem **"Armour"**

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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 it all too strong, too strong to let it go

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