

We'll Grind That Axe for a Long Time

Pantera

Wear 10 crowns, dragons heads
Southern are the sons, the lords unmatched
Their eyes down don't look right, should they be trusted now
Trash mouthed Gods, avoiding kings
With the spirit of revolt, the ghost of the youth Every fucking year it stays the same
Everybody changes to suit the day
Out of pride I'll isolate my fears
Never turned our backs on why we're here
We'll grind that axe for a long time Follow close the train of fools
Just like them (could be) just like you
Their eyes don't seem right
Easily impressed plague, for dressed up fakes
(I have) no respect Every fucking year remains the same
Everybody sucks up to suit the day
Out of hate I'll isolate myself
Through the worst we still march into hell [Repeat: x2]
We'll grind that axe for a long time The smell in the air is chicken shit Every fucking song remains the same
To everyone who sucks up for the fame
Out of strength you know we speak the truth
Every trend that dies is living proof
We'll grind that axe for a long time

Songwriters

ABBOTT, VINCENT PAUL / ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE / BROWN, REX / ANSELMO,

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