10's

Pantera

My skin is cold, transfusion with somebody morose and
old, drop into fruitless dying
It was tempting and bared, the whoring angel rising
Now burning prayers, my silent time of losingMy foes, they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itselfLong for the blur, we cannot dry much longer
Cement to dirt, disgusted with my cheapnessMy foes, they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itselfMy foes, they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itselfReaching down, staring up (at the forgiver)

Songwriters
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