

Hard Lines, Sunken Cheeks

Pantera

As a child I was given the gift to entertain you
But through blood I inherited a life that could destroy you
I drink all day. I smoke all day. I've done it all but tap
The vein
These hard lines and sunken cheeks are text book reasons
All these Christians come alive and try to sell you
My soul for a goat, yet I'll outlive the old

You know it's bad, some may say sad, a hangover is
Inspiration. Like a junkie I hurt for it. A bad trip, the
Emptiness. I never sleep, or always sleep a lack of
Fulfillment to me is me. The big picture
These hard lines and sunken cheeks are part of
What the Christians mean to immortalize my situation
My soul for a goat. Yet I'll outlive the old

Embrace some religion. To get close to some
Undivine ejaculation point
Simply to thy ghost I cling
Simply to thy ghost I reject
Simply to thy ghost I give spit
Tempter, tempting, tempt me. Molest me. You know that I'll
Submit. For this is my weakness and it saves me from relationships
With those Christians. You know they'll sell you my soul
For a goat. Yet I'll outlive the old

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written by ABBOTT, VINCENT PAUL/ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE/BROWN, REX
ROBERT/ANSELMO, PHILIP HANSEN
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