

# Fucking Hostile (Biomechanical mix)

## Pantera

Almost every day  
I see the same face  
On broken picture tube  
It fits the attitude  
If you could see yourself  
You put you on a shelf  
Your verbal masturbate  
Promise to nauseate  
Today I'll play the part of non-parent  
Not make a hundred rules  
For you to know about yourself  
Not lie and make you believe  
What's evil is making love  
and making friends  
and meeting God your own way  
The right way To see  
To bleed  
Cannot be taught  
In turn  
You're making us  
Fucking hostile We stand alone The truth in right and wrong  
The boundaries of the law  
You seem to miss the point  
Arresting for a joint?  
You seem to wonder why  
Hundreds of people die  
You're writing tickets man  
My mom got jumped -- they ran!  
Now I'll play a public servant To serve and protect  
By the law and the state  
I'd bust the punks  
That rape steal and murder  
And leave you be  
If you crossed me  
I'd shake your hand like a man  
Not a god To see  
To bleed  
Cannot be taught  
In turn

You're making us  
Fucking hostile  
Come meet your maker, boy  
Some things you can't enjoy  
Because of heaven/hell  
A fucking wives' tale  
They put it in your head  
Then put you in your bed  
He's watching say your prayers  
Cause God is everywhere  
Now I'll play a man learning priesthood  
Who's about to take the ultimate test in life  
I'd question things because I am human  
And call NO ONE my father who's no closer than a stranger  
I won't listen  
To see  
To bleed  
Cannot be taught  
In turn  
You're making us  
Fucking hostile

Songwriters

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

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>