The Great Southern Trendkill (Remastered)

Pantera

It's wearing on my mind, I'm speaking all my doubts aloud
You rob a dead mans grave, then flaunt it like you did create
If I hit bottom and everythings gone
In the great Mississippi, please drown me and runIt's digging time again, you're nurturing the weakest trendThose with the heart and the brain to get past this
Can spot a pathetic without even askingFuck your magazine, and fuck the long dead plastic scene
Pierce a new hole, if Hell was "in"
you'd give your soulTHE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL
That's right,
THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILLBuy it at a store, from MTV to on the floor
You look just like a star, it's proof you don't know who you areIt's bullshit time again, you'll save the world within your trendPolitically relieved, you're product sold and well received
The right words spoken gold, if I was God you'd sell your soul to...THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL
That's right,
THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL

Songwriters
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