

10's (Early Mix)

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 losing My foes, they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itself Long for the blur, we cannot dry much longer
Cement to dirt, disgusted with my cheapness My foes, they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itself My foes, they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itself Reaching down, staring up (at the forgiver)

Songwriters

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