

# P.O.W.

## Pistol Grip

I prayed everyday while I was stuck in this hole  
But no god ever came to save my soul  
I was conflicted in beliefs I was scared of the wrath  
Locked in this cell no questions asked P.O.W. my jugular bled, they spent eleven fucking years trying  
to drill in my head  
P.O.W. I spit on your crown, they spent eleven fucking years  
slowly breakin me down  
P.O.W. I'd rather be dead, then spend eleven fucking years  
with you drilling my head  
P.O.W. I spit on your crown, they spent eleven fucking years  
slowly breakin me down I was too young to be in your crusade  
I should have had a choice but it was yours to make  
I'm no longer sane I'll never be the same  
One more year I'll put a bullet in my brain Water and bread, you could never starve me  
Did what you said, you could never change me  
Know your stealth, you'll never win  
Now lets drink to my health  
Here's to all the fallen souls

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>