# P.O.W.

## Pistol Grip

I prayed everday 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 askedP.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 downI 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 brainWater 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

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