By Demons Be Driven

Pantera

Serving the faith
Abduction the oath
It lie in wait for the offering
Religion is old
For drawing the young
Purity withers and dies
Never return to the ones that provided
Children draining parents of will
I hold out my hand to bloodless child
I'm taken by the one I was saving
From death

By demons be driven
Beckon the call

With decline in mind
End not far
We're left hanging alone here
He pulls us from nails
Shatters our bones
Leaving us crippled and strewn
Boiling my corpse in the blood of his children
Praying for his god to prevail
Burying us with loved ones
To sleep with shelled children of the sixth dimension

By demons be driven
Beckon the call

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