

# Pantera, Hard Lines, Sunken Cheeks

As a child I was given the gift to entertain you.  
But through blood I inherited a life that could destroy you.  
I drink all day. I smoke all day. I've done it all but tap

The vein.

These hard lines and sunken cheeks are text book reasons  
All these Christians come alive and try to sell you

My soul for a goat, yet I'll outlive the old.  
You know it's bad, some may say sad, a hangover is  
Inspiration. Like a junkie I hurt for it. A bad trip, the  
Emptiness. I never sleep, or always sleep a lack of  
Fulfillment to me is me. The big picture.  
These hard lines and sunken cheeks are part of  
What the Christians mean to immortalize my situation.

My soul for a goat. Yet I'll outlive the old.  
Embrace some religion. To get close to some  
Undivine ejaculation point.

Simply to thy ghost I cling.  
Simply to thy ghost I reject.  
Simply to thy ghost I give spit.

Tempter, tempting, tempt me. Molest me. You know that I'll  
Submit. For this is my weakness and  
It saves me from relationships  
With those Christians. You know they'll sell you my soul

For a goat. Yet I'll outlive the old.