Pantera, Live In A Hole

Full of grief I scream at the wind
Thought I heard the words of others
Imprison myself
And stay in a shell
I won't let you in to have a story to tell
Things tend to drag me down
Don't understand so they hate me now

My fear grips the will of stone
My fear grips I'll die alone

I promised myself somewhere in the teenage life
I'd never submit to the ones I will not be like
Live in a hole
But stay close to my kind
Cause they understand what burns in my mind
I still feel incomplete
Friends are few and far between