

# Pantera, Living Through Me (Hells' Wrath)

I cannot take the take,  
Your condition was nod awake  
A selfish cryer, boldface liar,  
Robbing all of what you could take in

Stabbed towards a death,  
A dirty smelling girl  
Shit decisions, no provisions,  
Filling veins with juice of chaos

Painted face, olive drab, swollen hole,  
Empty bag, sunken eyes, whining dog,  
It's times like this you should pray for never

I broke your fucking mold  
Then threw away the cast,  
New religion and new provisions,  
It's amazing you're alive

Drop the needle and stop what you're changing into  
Erase the end dissolving, disgrace is needed more

So I mended severed ties,  
Through flesh we cauterized  
The undeserving, sliming, writhing,  
I filled you up with watered promise

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Empty bag, sunken eyes, whining dog,  
It's times like this you should pray for never  
Spitting teeth, oral lust, alley fuck,  
Angel dust, anal whore, bleeding knees,  
It's times like this to pray for murder

So now I've seen it all,  
Hells' wrath,  
No man has greater glory,  
Cause now you're living through me

I'm done with saving you,  
A gift unto myself,  
A tired savior, a wasted favor,  
And I'm lucky I'm alive

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