

Pantera, Suicide, Pt.2

Out of my mind, gun up to the mouth
No pretension, execution, live and learn
Rape and turn
Fret not family, nor pre-judged army
This is for me, and me only, cowards only
Try it
Don't you try to die, like me
It's livid and it's lies and makes graves
It's not worth the time to try, to replenish a
rotting life
I'll end the problem, facing nothing, fuck you off,
fuck you all
Tortured history, addict of misery, this exposes me
for weakness is a magnet - watch me do it
Graves descending down
Why would you help anyone who doesn't want it,
doesn't need it, doesn't want your shit advice
when a mind's made up to go ahead and die?
What's done is done and gone, so why cry?