

Pantera, The Great Southern Trendkill

It's wearing on my mind,
I'm speaking all my doubts aloud
You rob a dead mans grave,
Then flaunt it like you did create

If I hit bottom and everythings gone
In the great Mississippi, please drown me and run

It's digging time again,
You're nurturing the weakest trend

Those with the heart and the brain to get past this
Can spot a pathetic without even asking

Fuck your magazine,
And fuck the long dead plastic scene
Pierce a new hole,
If Hell was "you'd give your soul

THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL
That's right,
THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL

Buy it at a store,
From MTV to on the floor
You look just like a star,
It's proof you don't know who you are

If I hit bottom and everythings gone
In the great Mississippi, please drown me and run

It's bullshit time again,
You'll save the world within your trend

Those with the heart and the brain to get past this
Can spot a pathetic without even asking

Politically relieved,
You're product sold and well received
The right words spoken gold,
If I was God you'd sell your soul to...

THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL
That's right,
THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL