

Pantera, You've Got To Belong To It

Build an inner door, drop and then explore
You smoke your head on straight, then drink
Your woes away -
Some might not understand possession
Controls your head

You recognize it, while some ignore it
Avoid the masses, you've got to belong to it

Your music is your friend? But the roof
Above my head. So seriously I take the will
That never breaks
Some might not understand, possession
Beyond your hands...

It's power and sin, and then you've got all the other habits
Whiskey and smoke
It's all that we could need, to plant the perfect
Seed, disembody me - yeah...