

Pantera, 10's

My skin is cold,
Transfusion with somebody
Morose and old,
Drop into fruitless dying

It was tempting and bared,
The whoring angel rising
Now burning prayers,
My silent time of losing

My foes - they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itself

Long for the blur,
We cannot dry much longer
Cement to dirt,
Disgusted with my cheapness

My foes - they can't destroy my body
Colliding slow, like life itself

Reaching down, staring up (at the forgiver)