Pantera, 25 Years

I vent my frustration at you old man, after
Years your ears will hear..You screamed that you
Tried, but it's words of a weakling and promises made
By a drunken liar (fucking liar).
Now you pick up that splintered
Chair, that was aiming for your head. A head that should
Have been long ago kicked in by me. Alone.
I won't lose a second of sleep for this...Don't touch me.
Orphaned to the dope and drinks, I learned my lesson well,
Somehow, from you. No tears. Can't clutch my regrets.
But these years of detachment have left me with
Demons now surfacing. But I'm becoming more than nothing.
You never knew the answers to any of my questions, did you?
You made up all the answers to my unimportant existence.
But now you don't have to dump me off, not again...

Don't touch me again.

I vow, lest I die tomorrow...

You'll never be the father I am. The bastard father to
The thousands of the ugly, criticized, the unwanted. The
Ones with fathers just like you. We're fucking you back.
I'm shoving my life right down your throat. Can I
Find the guts? Can I feel the heart? Look at the
Ground as you choke me up, does it taste like tequila?

Or failure?
We're fucking you back.