

Pantera, Hollow

What's left inside him?
Don't he remember us?
Can't he believe me?
We seemed like bothers
Talked for hours last month
About what we wanna be
I sit now with his hand in mine
But I know he can't feel...

No one knows
What's done is done
It's as if he were dead

I'm close with his mother
And she cries endlessly
Lord how we miss him
At least what's remembered
It's so important to make best friends in life
But it's hard when my friend sits with blank expressions

No one knows
What's done is done
It's as if he were dead

He as hollow as I alone now
He as hollow as I alone
A shell of my friend
Just flesh and bone
There's no soul
He sees no love
I shake my fists at skies above
Mad at God

He as hollow as I converse
I wish he'd waken from this curse
Hear my words before it's through
I want to come in after you
My best friend

Woahohooooooh Come back