

Hard Lines, Sunken Cheeks

Pantera

As a child I was given the gift to entertain you
But through the blood I inherited a life that could destroy you

I drink all day. I smoke all day.
I took Madonna's breath away. I've done it all but tap the vein

These hard lines and sunken cheeks are text book reasons
All these cristians come alive and try and sell you
My soul for a goat, yet I'll outlive the old

You know he's bad, some may say sad, a hangover is inspiration
Like a junkie I hurt for it. A bad trip, the emptiness
I never sleep, or always sleep a lack of fulfillment to me is me. The big picture

These hard lines and sunken cheeks
Are part of what the cristians mean to immortalize my situation

My soul for a goat. Yet I'll outlive the old

Embrace some religion. To get close to some
Undivine ejaculation point

Simply to thy ghost I cling
Simply to thy ghost I reject
Simply to thy ghost I give spit

Tempter, tempting, tempt me. Molest Me.
You know that I'll submit
For this is my weakness and it saves me
From relationships with those cristians
You know they'll sell you my soul for a goat
Yet I'll outlive the old