

Slaughtered

Pantera

One's own Kingman,
Christ person, Woman God.
At battle with a mass astrengent.
The bond that blends the weak to the wise.

It's a safe assumption
that you'd want to save me now.
But I'll never face castration.
For your sacred sow is left

slaughtered.

Brainwashed by me.
Myself influence I.
Bird brained
World saver.
A fake god rests dead inside you.

It's a safe assumption
that you'd want to save me now.
But I'll never face castration.
For your sacred sow is left

Slaughtered.

System destroyed. Exposed and unployed.
The fruit of intention
cry for their dead, but turning their head
to ignore reality's claw.
Knife to your wrist, syringe in your arm
is your ounce of prevention.
Give what you made,
And under your name on your grave, is salvation.

A big fucking joke.

Slaughter the pig, the self righteous king
for your own restoration.
God is in your chest and faith kills what is precious,
for death is unanswered.

Slaughtered.

Do sin (4x)