

# Strength Beyond Strength

Pantera

There is nothing.  
No education.  
No family life to open my arms to.  
You'd say that my job is today, yet gone tomorrow.  
I'll be broke in a gutter.

I know the opinion.  
A broken record.  
Fuck you and your college dream.  
Fact is we're stronger than all.

You're working for perfect bodies,  
perfect minds and perfect neighbors.  
But I'm helping to legalize dope on your pristine streets  
and I'm making a fortune.

You're muscle and gall.  
Naive at best.  
I'm bone, brain and cock.  
Deep down stronger than all.

A sad state of affairs.  
A crippled America.  
A pipe dream buttfucked.  
Immune. Stronger than all.

A lament for a rookie officer, punk ass weak little lamb.  
For the mob, truly, does rule at this particular time.

We've grown into a monster.  
An arrogant, explosive motherfuck.  
Hard as a rock. Shut like a lock.  
Finally, the president in submission.  
He holds out his hand on your television and draws back a stump.  
It's too late for some, far too late.

No more holdbacks. No more paying a cops paycheck.  
Let him bust his own child.  
The son that heeds my word and smokes my dope.  
The daughter that sucks me off and snorts cheap anything.

Hail Kings.  
The new Kings.  
Stronger than all.

A simple process to legalize.  
There would not be a choice but to take our side.  
Be there no question of certain strengths.  
Know this intention.  
Forever stronger than all.