

# We'll Grind That Axe for a Long Time

Pantera

Wears 10 crowns, dragons heads  
Southern are the sons, Lords unmatched  
- Their eyes don't look right, should they be trusted now?  
Trashed-mouth Gods, avoided kings  
With the spirit of revolt, the ghost of youth

Every fucking year it stays the same  
Everybody changes to suit the day  
Out of pride I'll isolate my fears  
Never turned our backs on why we're here  
We'll grind that axe for a long time

Follow close, train of fools  
Just like them, just like you  
- Their eyes don't seem right.  
"Easily impressed" plague, dressed up fake  
No respect

Every fucking year remains the same  
Everybody sucks-up to suit the day  
Out of hate I'll isolate myself  
Through the worst we still marched into hell  
We'll grind that axe for a long time  
The smell in the air is chicken shit.

We'll grind that axe for a long time

Every fucking song remains the same  
To everyone who sucks-up for the fame  
Out of strength you know we speak the truth  
Every trend that dies is living proof  
We'll grind that axe for a long time