

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