

## Pantera

### "10's"

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My skin is cold, transfusion with somebody, morose  
and  
old, drop into fruitless dying  
It was tempting and bared, the whoring angel rising  
Now burning prayers, my silent time of losing

My foes, they can't destroy my body  
Colliding slow, like life itself

Long for the blur, we cannot dry much longer  
Cement to dirt, disgusted with my cheapness

My foes, they can't destroy my body  
Colliding slow, like life itself

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Colliding slow, like life itself

Reaching down, staring up (at the forgiver)

My foes, they can't destroy my body  
Colliding slow, like life itself

My foes, they can't destroy my body  
Colliding slow, like life itself

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