

## Pantera

# "Hard Lines, Sunken Cheeks"

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As a child I was given the gift to entertain you.  
But through blood I inherited a life that could destroy  
you.

I drink all day. I smoke all day. I took your madonnas  
breath away, I've done it all but tap  
The vein.

These hard lines and sunken cheeks are text book  
reasons

All these Christians come alive and try to sell you  
My soul for a goat, yet I'll outlive the old.

You know it's bad, some may say sad, a hangover is  
Inspiration. Like a junkie I hurt for it. A bad trip, the  
Emptiness. I never sleep, or always sleep a lack of  
Fulfillment to me is me. The big picture.

These hard lines and sunken cheeks are part of  
What the Christians mean to immortalize my situation.  
My soul for a goat. Yet I'll outlive the old.

Embrace some religion. To get close to some  
Undivine ejaculation point.

Simply to thy ghost I cling.

Simply to thy ghost I reject.

Simply to thy ghost I give spit.

Tempter, tempting, tempt me. Molest me. You know  
that I'll

Submit. For this is my weakness and it saves me from  
relationships

With those Christians. You know they'll sell you my soul  
For a goat. Yet I'll outlive the old.

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