

Pantera

"Raining Blood"

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A lifeless object, alive
Awaiting reprisal
Death will be their acquisition
The sky is turning red
Return to power draws near
Fall into me,
The sky's crimson tears
Abolish the rules made of stone

Pierced from below, souls of my treacherous
Past
Betrayed by many,
Now ornaments dripping above
Awaiting the hour of reprisal
Your time slips away

Raining blood
From a lacerated sky
Bleeding it's horror
Creating my structure
Now I shall reign in blood!

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