

Floods

Pantera

A dead issue
Don't wrestle with it
Deaf ears are sleeping
A guilty bliss, so inviting (let me in)
Nailed to the cross
I feel you, relate to you, accuse you Wash away us all
Take us with the floods Then throughout the night, they were raped and executed
Cold hearted world
Your language unheard of
The vast sound of tuning out
The rash of negativity is seen one sidedly
Burn away the day
The nervous, the drifting, the heaving
Wash away us all
Take us with the floods
Then throughout the day mankind played with grenades
Cold hearted world
And at night they might bait the pentagram
Extinguishing the sun Wash away man
Take him with the floods Die

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