

# Pantera, You've Got To Belong To It

Build an inner door, drop and then explore  
You smoke your head on straight, then drink  
Your woes away -  
Some might not understand possession  
Controls your head

You recognize it, while some ignore it  
Avoid the masses, you've got to belong to it

Your music is your friend? But the roof  
Above my head. So seriously I take the will  
That never breaks  
Some might not understand, possession  
Beyond your hands...

It's power and sin, and then you've got all the other habits  
Whiskey and smoke  
It's all that we could need, to plant the perfect  
Seed, disembody me - yeah...