

This song is dedicate to the memory
of Dimebag Darrell.
Killed by a mother fucking head case,
Rest in peace.
Falling down we all fall down,
we're broken in two.
By demons be driven,
but tell us the reason,
why all became true?
Now we walk with a message in blood.
We're stepping nowhere in a mud.
New level for devil,
with that bloody spell,
killing cowboys from hell.
Death rattle in the air,
oh like a nightmare.
Oh what a fucking spell,
god bless you Darrell.
All that brings to cemetery gates,
this love is now hate.
Clash with reality,
shotgun fatality, fucking insanity.
Mouth for war with a gun in a hand,
the art of shredding man.
Someone is shooting
and someone is falling
psycho fucking holiday.
Death rattle in the air,
like a nightmare.
Oh what a fucking spell,
god bless you Darrell.
War of nerves making us
fucking hostile
No one deserve a spell so vile.
It's a tribute to the cowboy from hell
It 's our tribute;
we 're screaming your name
It is a tribute, goodbye Darrell
It is a tribute,
to the cowboy from hell, from hell
cowboy from hell, cowboy from hell
This world is fucking insane punk!
Darrell.