

Hatfield

Byzantine

Help I've been detained
By these mountains that so poorly raised me
Burned out huffing gasoline
The redneck that I'm sponse to be
Fuck that I'm stronger than my history
In pesticide I hide
These Virginia hills can't sedate me

Kill your family tree, this soil is diseased

My will is broken
The black lungs have swallowed me
Viva Villa Long live the picket line in me
You want a war you've got one
You want a state with poverty
Remember 1882 because there is no excuse

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Used to build monuments of nothingness
And those who specialize in the uses
Seldom achieve anything

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And those who specialize in the uses
Seldom achieve anything but excuses