Redneck War

Byzantine

Many a man bear the scars of laboring to pay a toll They lie just to exploit our miners and hell bent to export our coal Come step into our territory and our laws you shall not adhere They're gaining control through the voting and bribery built on your fear Lay down the bible and take up the rifle Our blood runs thick down the banks of the crooked creek These grass roots have all been tilled for generations next in line Our heaven will never be filled while death overfloweth the min es The backs that break under the strain of burdens brought on by their lives Are put out to fend off the rain oppression that cuts like a kn ife

Lay down the bible and take up the rifle Our blood runs thick down the banks of the crooked creek

Let's war

Take up arms for your mother there is nothing to lose Around the necks the union symbol hangs like a noose

It is autumn on the mountain and a Chafin is to fall Charged with murderous treason Harding declares martial law

Lay down the bible and take up the rifle Our blood runs thick down the banks of the crooked creek