

## 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