

Death March On Two, Ready?

Envy on the Coast

They say you're in the blood so you're runnin' through whatever
is in your veins...

Sew the pages shut, sew the pages so the colors still look the
same.

I say let 'em run, I say let the colors run through your Southe
r Hands.

And I could be a fist cause I wanna be an American...

We took the chains off...

But kept the rebels.

For the world, the flesh, and your devil.

Show me all your love, show me open all the calvary in my name
Raise it like a flag, raise it on the gallows if there's a pric
e they'll pay

So give me all your grace, give me all the good you crown with
your Southern Hands...

And I could be a fist cause I wanna be an American

We took the chains off...

But kept the rebels

For the world, the flesh, and your devil.

Hate the hand on my heart, you swept it under the flag
You stoop so low...

Smile, generals make the cross federal but my
God doesn't believe in America... ha ha

We took the chains off...

But kept the rebels.

For the world, the flesh, and your devil.