

The South Will Rise

The Famine

Drink it away
Medicate
A catalyst for it to operate
Sons of the fallen
Seed of the flies
The raven is calling
The south, it will rise

Crawling from darkness
Makes way to the surface
Feeding my weakness
Tells me I am powerless

Smoke it away
Medicate
A catalyst for it to operate
Sons of the fallen
Seed of the flies
The raven is calling
The south, it will rise

Its hand clutches ruin
Its grip laced with pain
Day in and day out
It's more of the same

The sins of the father
Bruise the back of the sons
No relief from the slaughter
I'm (you're) not the only one