

# Breath Of The Swamp

## The Showdown

This is the voice of disquiet  
A blue collar massacre  
Calling up from the belly of the south  
We will be heard

Throw it in gear  
You wanna drive us down  
Never to losin? it, you?re losin? it  
You?re losin? it in the curves

Put it in the red  
Outlaws on the run  
Straight outta the Southland  
Here we come

Put it in the red  
Burn the concrete black and run  
Straight outta the Southland  
It?s the breath of the swamp

This is the voice of a choir  
Well versed in songs of wrath  
Voiced in long hard days  
Voiced in helpless rage no more

Drop the hammer  
Still tryin? to break our backs  
But you?re losin? it, you're losin? it  
You?ve lost your grip on us

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Outlaws on the run  
Straight outta the Southland  
Here we come

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Burn the concrete black and run  
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Outlaws on the run  
Straight outta the Southland  
Here we come

Put it in the red  
Burn the concrete black and run  
Straight outta the Southland  
It?s the breath of the swamp

Get back  
We speak, it curls around your neck  
Just like the breath of the swamp

We speak, it curls around your neck  
Just like the breath of the swamp  
Just like the breath of the swamp