

# Exodus [Thrash Metal], Cajun hell

Down in the bayou where the alligators roam  
Live some people, you leave them alone  
Getting lost may be your last mistake  
Unfriendly strangers, unkindly they take  
Living off the fat of the land  
They hold their justice in the palm of their hand  
Lay down your gun and surrender quiet  
Or there's gonna be a Cajun riot  
Danger in the swamp, that waits for you  
There's nothing left that you can do  
Better watch your back, for the vicious attack  
'Cause they'll be looking for you  
Playing with your life, for your life is too short  
Pain is too good for you  
Your last breath, is all you have left  
Take it before you're doomed  
Cajun hell  
Before you're doomed  
Raising hell, and they're ready for fighting  
Huntin' gators and drinking white lightning  
Brewin' moonshine at a still in the swamp  
Playing Creole from dusk until dawn  
Protect their own is the law of the land  
Mess with their law it will get out of hand  
Keep it in mind if you're ever down there  
It might be fatal, you better beware