

# The Showdown, Breath Of The Swamp

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  
But youre losin it, youre losin it  
Youre losin it in the curves

Put it in the red yeah  
Outlaws on the run  
Straight outta the southland whoa  
Here we come  
Put it in the red yeah  
Burn the concrete black and run  
Straight outta the southland  
Its the breath of the swamp

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

Drop the hammer  
Still trying to break our backs  
But youre losin it, your losin it  
Youve lost your grip on us  
Put it in the red yeah  
Outlaws on the run  
Straight outta the southland whoa  
Here we come  
Put in the red yeah  
Burn the concrete black and run  
Straight outta the southland  
Its the breath of the swamp

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Straight outta the southland whoa  
Here we come

Put it in the red yeah  
Burn the concrete black and run  
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Git Bit  
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