

Black Label Society, Southern Dissolution

The quicksand is rising
I'll drown once more then do it again
Tired of fighting
My war is here, how long has it been?
Right on time
Right on time
All is good, all is fine
I hear you call
Southern dissolution
Come and take it away
First I trip
Then I fall
Sinking come save me
No need to pick myself off the ground
Falling to pieces
My misery is where I'll be found
Right on time
Right on time
All is good, all is fine
I hear you call
Southern dissolution
Come and take it away
First I trip
Then I fall
Southern dissolution
Come and take it away
First I trip
Then I fall
Sympathy is where I call my home
Spiraling stairwell where I choose to roam
Right on time
Right on time
All is good, all is fine
I hear you call
Southern dissolution
Come and take it away
First I trip
Then I fall
Southern dissolution
Come and take it away
First I trip
Then I fall