

Lamb Of God, Again We Rise

Store-bought attitude and spit
A sugar-coated piece of shit
An instant rebel, just add greed
Another useless commodity
Broken glass and a broken jaw
Lies are told in a southern drawl
Poor-house poverty's your schtick
The real thing would kill you quick

Rise
Again we will rise

Blood and fire used to fill the night
Burnt and drowned by our very lives
You missed a sinking boat by years
Dollar signs, crocodile tears
It's over now, it long has been
The face of God won't come again
Another name crossed off the list
The real thing would kill you quick

Rise
Again we will rise

There's nothing for you to fight against
You're so unreal it's evident
You'll never be one of our kind

This ain't yours
Fuck you
Don't try

The bridge was burnt before you could cross
You reap the benefits of what's lost
Go home son, hang your costume up
A goddamn insult to the rest of us
A thousand-yard stare across the south
A full belly and a lying mouth
Momma's boy plays heretic
The real thing would kill you quick

Rise
Again we will rise

There's nothing for you to fight against
You're so unreal it's evident
You'll never be one of our kind

This ain't yours
Fuck you
Don't try

Fuck you
Don't even try
Fuck you
Your time is nigh
Fuck you
I've had enough
Fuck you
Your time is up