

# Lamb Of God, Again We Will 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 by a southern drawl.  
Poor-house poverty's your schtick,  
the real thing would kill you quick.

Rise, again we will rise.(2X)

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.  
Another name crossed off the list,  
the real thing would kill you quick.

Rise, again we will rise.(2X)

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, f\*\*k 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.(2X)

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, f\*\*k you don't try.

F\*\*k you, don't even try.  
F\*\*k you, your time is nigh.  
F\*\*k you, I've had enough.  
F\*\*k you, your time is up.