

# Lamb Of God, In Defense Of Our Good Name

Returning to solace  
So sweet like honeysuckle on the tongue  
The sound of silence blesses my ears  
Enveloping like the earth I will one day lie in  
Metropolis is bad to wither the soul  
Roaring concrete and steel washes you in blood.  
So let you point and laugh  
Provincial ain't so bad.  
Take me back down to where I belong  
To rust in rivers.  
I do not covet any man's life  
I know my place all too well  
One man's paradise is another man's living hell.  
To each their own  
Generations ago made this place my own  
The roots are deep and strong  
Carry them wherever I go.  
Never wanted your approval  
Never wanted your acceptance  
Never wanted to be anything but me  
Never wanted to be anywhere but here.  
Carry me Southeast bound home  
To speak in defense of our good name  
Lay me to rest with my kin  
In the ground of God's country.  
Lash out at any who would smear you with hate  
Deify no one, Never crawl ashamed  
The past screams injustice on Southern night wind  
Whips Manacles Chains Musket balls  
A dark history never forgotten  
Only misconception remains.  
Speak in defense of our good name  
The blood of kin grants absolution  
I'll join them soon enough in the ground of God's country.  
Never wanted your acceptance  
Never wanted your approval  
Never wanted to be anything but me  
Never wanted to be anywhere but here.