

The Black League, Mad ol' Country

Sure we had a reputation
For being weak and rude
And I guess there ain't no saying
What's the truth
We used to rather mind our business
And take care of it too
Still we like to keep to ourselves now
How 'bout you?

Sing a song for a mad ol' country
No place like home
Just a song for this mad ol' towa
The north will rise again!
It's rising!

So we liked to drink our whiskey
For a forth sight in a row
And go raisin' hell down south
What a real bloody horrorshow
And yes, we take a lot of pride, man
In what we are and what we do
At least we have integrity, son
How 'bout you?

It's rising:
Can you hear it honey?

Now for all ye unbelievers
Just let the truth be knows
You can take a an out of here, girl
But never above

It's rising!