

Redneck War

Byzantine

Many a man bear the scars of laboring to pay a toll
They lie just to exploit our miners and hell bent to export our
coal

Come step into our territory and our laws you shall not adhere
They're gaining control through the voting and bribery built on
your fear

Lay down the bible and take up the rifle
Our blood runs thick down the banks of the crooked creek

These grass roots have all been tilled for generations next in
line
Our heaven will never be filled while death overfloweth the min
es
The backs that break under the strain of burdens brought on by
their lives
Are put out to fend off the rain oppression that cuts like a kn
ife

Lay down the bible and take up the rifle
Our blood runs thick down the banks of the crooked creek

Let's war

Take up arms for your mother there is nothing to lose
Around the necks the union symbol hangs like a noose

It is autumn on the mountain and a Chafin is to fall
Charged with murderous treason Harding declares martial law

Lay down the bible and take up the rifle
Our blood runs thick down the banks of the crooked creek