

Built By Nations

Greta Van Fleet

When a man must walk the devil's road
Churning up the earth below
He is bound to brothers built by nations
With no pride to call his own

Whoa the trouble gets so loud
When all of hell tries to drag you down
Whoa the wounded warrior
On this battleground

Who is he to think of his survival
When a man must kill his home
Standing naked in the breast of canyons
Where companions are alone

Whoa the trouble gets so loud
When all of hell tries to drag you down
Whoa the wounded warrior
On this battleground

Whoa the trouble gets so loud
Gets so loud
Whoa the wounded warrior
Warrior