

Black Label Society "Southern Dissolution"

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The quicksand is rising
I'll down once more then do it again
Tired of fighting my war is
Here how long has it been?

Right on time
Right on time
All is good, all is fine
I hear you call

Southern Dissolution
Come and take it away
First I trip
Then I fall

Sinking come save me
No need to pick myself off the ground
Falling to pieces
My misery is where i'll be found
Sympathy is where I
Call my house
Spiraling stairwell
Where I choose to roam

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