

## Byzantine "Redneck War"

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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 mines  
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 knife

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

[Solo: Tony]

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

[Solo: OJ]

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

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