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The Famine "The South Will Rise"

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Drink it away Medicate A catalyst for it to operate Sons of the fallen Seed of the flies The raven is calling The south, it will rise

Crawling from darkness Makes way to the surface Feeding my weakness Tells me I am powerless

Smoke it away Medicate A catalyst for it to operate Sons of the fallen Seed of the flies The raven is calling The south, it will rise

It's hand clutches ruin It's grip laced with pain Day in and day out It's more of the same

The sins of the father Bruise the back of the sons No relief from the slaughter I'm (you're) not the only one

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