

# Southern Dissolution

## Black Label Society

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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