Strife

The Oliver Moore Band

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In the swamps of Alabama Is a family
Waiting for their home boy to come home

While they wait among the gators something greater
Always seems to come along

Though surprising, the water rising, The mighty miss
Didnâ€™t cause much harm

But when I took away their farm
Took away their home
And pinned it on the brokers
Greasy greedy lending holders
That was charm

Can you see I'm full of life, Can you see I'm full of life
My name is strife, strife, strife...and thou will
flee me, flee me

Murder on the high seas, keeps me faring along
all 3 stages of a rare disease, will keep me singing along
My name is strife, thou will flee me
Lot's wife had turned her head turned to see me

Can you see I'm full of life, Can you see I'm full of life
Can you turn your head around
and see me, and see me

as the earthquake rumbles, I will kill you
look up to the heavens, it's nibiru

Edgar Cayce warned you of the paw
I will bring upon you martial law
No wandering Jew is going to save you

Can you see I'm full of life, Can you see I'm full of life
My name is strife, strife, strife ...and thy will

bill you bill you

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