

# In the Branches

## The Builders and The Butchers

They left angels singing in the branches of a burning tree  
Said it was all a game  
And your daddy got bent and twisted in the bed that he made  
You'll end up the same You went down, down, down  
You went down, down, down in the sugar and the corn  
You went down, down, down  
You went down, down, down where the fire is born Old men living on cheap cigarettes, cherry pie and apple  
wine  
He died in the house where his daddy died  
You died in the house where your daddy died  
The AM crackin'  
The comin' storms, the economy and crime  
The brave rain man that swelled up tight  
The green man doing time with signs  
They left angels singing in the branches of a burning tree  
Said it was all a game and your daddy got bent and twisted in the bed that he made  
You'll end up the same You went down, down, down (down down down)  
You went down, down, down in the sugar and the corn  
You're goin' down, down, down (down down down)  
You're goin' down, down, down where the fire is born  
Down, down, down (down down down)  
You're goin' down, down, down in the sugar and the corn  
Down, down, down (down down down)  
You're goin' down, down, down where the fire is born An eye for an eye to fight fire with fire  
It was hard to take sides  
We were all burnin' alive And my branches are waitin' for you like arms  
My branches are waitin' for you  
And my branches are waitin' for you like arms  
My branches are waitin' for you  
Does the night time hold you tight?  
Is your heart like a pound of steel?  
Will the darkness kill the light  
Closer to the bottom of a turnin' Does the night time hold you tight?  
Is your heart like a pound of steel?  
Will the darkness kill the light  
Closer to the bottom of a turnin' Down, down, down (down down down)  
You're goin' down, down, down in the sugar and the corn  
Down, down, down (down down down)  
You're goin' down, down, down where the fire is born

Down, down, down (down down down)  
You're goin' down, down, down in the sugar and the corn  
Down, down, down (down down down)  
You're goin' down, down, down where the fire is born And my branches are waitin' for you like arms  
My branches are waitin' for you  
And my branches are waitin' for you like arms  
My branches are waitin' for you  
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And my branches are waitin' for you like arms  
My branches are waitin' for you  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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