Hatfield

Byzantine

Help I've been detained
By these mountains that so poorly raised me
Burned out huffing gasoline
The redneck that I'm supposed to be
Fuck that I'm stronger than my history
The pride is instilled in me
In pesticide I hide
These West Virginia hills can't sedate meKill your family tree, this soil is diseasedMy will is broken
The black lungs have swallowed me
Viva Villa! Long live the picket line in me
You want a war you've got one
You want a state with poverty
Remember 1882 because there is no excuseExcuses are just tools of incompetence
Used to build monuments of nothingness
And those who specialized in the uses
Seldom achieve anythingExcuses are just tools of incompetence
Used to build monuments of nothingness
And those who specialized in the uses
Seldom achieve anything but excuses

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