

# Again We Rise (Live, Walk With Me In Hell)

## Lamb of God

Store-bought attitude and spit  
A sugar-coated piece of shit  
An instant rebel, just add greed  
Another useless commodity  
Broken glass and a broken jaw  
Lies are told in a southern drawl  
Poor-house poverty's your shtick  
The real thing would kill you quick  
Rise, again we will rise  
Blood and fire used to fill the night  
Burnt and drowned by our very lives  
You missed a sinking boat by years  
Dollar signs, crocodile tears  
Its over now and long has been  
Those days are gone won't come again  
Another name crossed off the list  
The real thing would kill you quick  
Rise, again we will rise  
There's nothing for you to fight against  
You're so unreal its evident  
You'll never be one of our kind  
This ain't yours, fuck you don't try  
This bridge was burnt before you could cross  
You reap the benefits of what's lost  
Go home son, hang your costume up  
A goddamn insult to the rest of us  
A thousand-yard stare across the south  
A full belly and a lying mouth  
Momma's boy plays heretic  
The real thing would kill you quick  
Rise, again we will rise  
There's nothing for you to fight against  
You're so unreal its evident  
You'll never be one of our kind  
This ain't yours, fuck you don't try  
Fuck you, don't even try  
Fuck you, your time is nigh  
Fuck you, I've had enough  
Fuck you, your time is up

Songwriters

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CHRIS

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