

Breath Of The Swamp

The Showdown

This is the voice of disquiet
A blue collar massacre
Calling up from the belly of the south
We will be heard

Throw it in gear
You wanna drive us down
Never to losin? it, you?re losin? it
You?re losin? it in the curves

Put it in the red
Outlaws on the run
Straight outta the Southland
Here we come

Put it in the red
Burn the concrete black and run
Straight outta the Southland
It?s the breath of the swamp

This is the voice of a choir
Well versed in songs of wrath
Voiced in long hard days
Voiced in helpless rage no more

Drop the hammer
Still tryin? to break our backs
But you?re losin? it, you're losin? it
You?ve lost your grip on us

Put it in the red
Outlaws on the run
Straight outta the Southland
Here we come

Put it in the red
Burn the concrete black and run
Straight outta the Southland
It?s the breath of the swamp

Put it in the red
Outlaws on the run
Straight outta the Southland
Here we come

Put it in the red
Burn the concrete black and run
Straight outta the Southland
It?s the breath of the swamp

Get back
We speak, it curls around your neck
Just like the breath of the swamp

We speak, it curls around your neck
Just like the breath of the swamp
Just like the breath of the swamp