

Below

The Acacia Strain

I come from the water
I will drag you down below
I can make sure you don't see tomorrow
We live the low
We are below
I don't believe in you
Your pain is slow
Deep down below
Follow the buzzards
What have I done?
Follow the buzzards
So much blood
In the cold grip of a hole in the floor
You are forsaken
Forever scorned
There are no feelings in my black fucking heart
Loathing and panic as you die in the dark
You want to die, but you don't want to feel it
Don't fucking cry
I don't want to hear it
We will drag you down below
I will drag you down below