

Global warming

The Acacia Strain

The only reason I want to be on top of the world is so I can crush it underfoot
At least you can pat yourself on the back
We can't destroy fast enough
And you've taken away my lungs
You were the lesser of two evils
Now I'm not sure who is worse
You had your day in the sun
We can't all protect and serve
This is a very convenient truth
Deviants in a world of heroic conformity
You will never alter the way we live our lives
Traded tropical climate for nuclear winter
I despise you for including me in your plans
And he won himself a god damned prize
The blackest clouds can't stop me now
You are all guilty
We are all pieces of shit
We are all wastes of life
You'll never amount to anything
I'll make damn sure of that