

Graveyard Shift

The Acacia Strain

I cut out her tongue when she said my name
My eyes are open but I am not awake
They found the knife buried deep inside her
The sky seems higher
The sun seems brighter
Black and blue broken bloodied and bruised
Just like a dream from which you never wake up
I am in hell
Trapped inside myself
Ignorance is bliss
And there is freedom in carelessness
I sleep,
But I refuse so dream.
Don't you ever pray for me
Coming apart at the seams
There is no good inside of me
One day a storm will come and wash away the weak
Someday death will come and wake me from this sleep
We are defined by the burdens we keep
The burden I see is the burden of sleep
I am still in hell
Trapped inside myself
Regret unconsciousness as we spiral into the abyss
She told me she wanted to meet the reaper
I had only done her a favor
She didn't deserve to die
But I deserved to kill her
Grinding my teeth to dust
Prison bars have begun to rust
On the line between living and dead,
As your eyes roll back into your head.
This fog will never lift
Wide awake in nothingness
A mountain of torture a waits
I'll see you at the pearly gates