

# I DON'T THINK YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE IT

The Acacia Strain

When I open my wrists as I lie in the dirt  
The ice in my veins will freeze the fucking world  
God and the devil are one and the same  
All the demons are here, and we've given them names

They are fertilizer  
Turn them to ashes and throw the ashes in a fire  
Wherever they land, I promise nothing will grow  
Life cannot exist wherever they do

(Slaughter the so-called children of God)  
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All problems are nails  
If your hammer is big enough  
Knife in my hand, I'm lunging towards the abdomen  
Eviscerated, I don't think you are going to make it