

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