

## Solace and Serenity

### The Acacia Strain

It's not the dying that hurts  
It's the waiting to die  
Crippled existence

Fire fueled with gasoline  
Life is beautiful, the world is pristine  
We have been bound unseen  
The walls of existence remain unclean

No solace, no safety  
Remain calm; we lack serenity  
No burn  
We all slowly decay  
Slowly decay

The final sores have opened. Weeping wounds  
It's worse than we were hoping. Seeking doom  
We built a dungeon but we locked ourselves in  
Now we are the monsters dripping with sin

No solace, no safety  
Remain calm; we lack serenity  
No burn  
We all slowly decay

Slow decay of reality  
Slow decay of reality

Left floating somewhere God will never find  
Left floating somewhere God will never find  
Slow decay  
Left floating somewhere God will never find  
Left floating somewhere God will never find

(In the beginning it is always dark)

Gravity takes over and we fall  
May God have mercy on us all