

The Acacia Strain

"Dear Interceptor"

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Get out of the city if it hurts
You're too blind, move it over
Try to get closer to the lifestyles of the gluttons
Seem so seamless and perfect
I've been the secret that you've been keeping
Ears to the wall, eyes on the prize
See that you've made a mistake
And we all know what you've done here
Dear interceptor, i've been waiting
Show me something, hold the phone, we've found an
answer
Full moons and minor keys to get there faster
Mirror, mirror, see this as clear as crystalline
Secondhand interpreter
The spoken word for change
Wait for me, i wanted to feel this safe
I can't hear you scream, hold the phone to make it
better
I can't hear you scream, i wanted to feel this safe
I can't hear you
Blood to the beat, this thirst of the lion can't be
quenched by
Cigarette strewn cubicle air
Dear diluted, while you're dreaming
Show me something, hold the phone, we've found an
answer
Full moons and minor keys to get there faster
Mirror, mirror see this as clear as crystalline
Secondhand interpreter
The spoken word for change
Wait for me, i wanted to feel this safe.
I can't hear you scream, hold the phone to make it
better
Deep into the red we need a change
Just look at this cardboard cutout
This puppet that you've become
Let me be the first to acknowledge
You've no pride, you've no purpose
It's so typical to think less is more
When you're out of the lead
Don't hurt yourself, settle for less

It's so typical to think less is more
When you're out of the lead
Secondhand interpreter
The spoken word for change.
Wait for me, i wanted to feel this safe
I can't hear you, hold the phone, we've found an
answer

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