

The Acacia Strain

"Doomblade"

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Behold the hydra, an endless source of blood and
brain.

Lies from lies you liar.

Hang your head, hang yourself in shame.

My heart is made of wasps and my brain is made of
flies.

I can read your thoughts and I can hear your lies.

My lungs are filled with fire and my fists are filled with
hate.

By the time you start running, it will already be too late.

I hope they leave you to die.

I hope the rats eat you alive.

I hope they leave you to die.

I hope the rats eat you alive.

Stop chasing your dreams they will never come true.

And when she screams, she will be screaming for you.

Reality is only as far as you can see.

Give me room to breathe.

Give me room to breathe.

Give me room to breathe.

Stop chasing your dreams they will never come true.

And when she screams, she will be screaming for you.

Reality is only as far as you can see.

Give me room to breathe.

Give me room to breathe.

Give me room to breathe.

And as you're lying face down in the dirt,

I hope you felt it, I hope it f*cking hurt.

And as you're lying face down in the dirt,

I hope you felt it, I hope it f*cking hurt.

I hope you felt it, I hope it f*cking hurt.

