

The Acacia Strain

"Dr. Doom"

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Take this job and shove it.
I'm not here to break ground, I'm not dressed to
impress.
I'm here for me and the few who care to listen.
I'm not dressed to impress.
I hope your ears bleed.
I hope your skin crawls.
May you live forever.
You say jump we say how high.
720 and face down on the interstate.
I can't see my legs, I can't feel my arms and my vision
is blurred.
White lines on a white road under a white sky.
His head was crushed.
What good is this thing if you can't use it to call for
help?
No headlights, no sirens, no eulogy.
Four funerals, no fucking wedding.
And the blood runs down the mountain.

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