

## The Acacia Strain

### "The Author"

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The search has begun, this is page one  
Men meet your maker, i give you the author  
He may seem familiar because he looks like your  
mirror  
You've lied like a lawyer, but don't deny it  
When you're face to face with demons  
Dancing off mirror images, reflecting all that you  
wanted  
So far from perfect  
Onward, we will strive  
Take it for what it's worth  
This truth that you've realized  
You're not who you thought you were  
It's time you see the other side of what you have  
become  
Nothing but your single serving selfish chapters  
Of sacrificial moral standards  
No stranger to apathy in bold situations  
Take your time to make it happen  
Leave your mirror and spare your excuse as a self-  
serving actor  
So close to perfect  
It's all the same, no face or complexion  
You're not worth what you're spending  
When you're screaming "danger, danger!" don't stop  
Go on alone  
Desperate endeavor, you've got to take it or leave it, if  
you will  
Not so convincing that you're the only one here who  
can't be like me  
The search has begun, leave your letters but it won't  
matter  
Take back what is left before your death  
But is it really you that they suspect  
You take shots, who's the figure before the flame  
It's not hard to spark, but it's hard to master  
So look for the answer  
Single serving selfish chapters on your condition  
Lust and liars  
So get out, stop dreaming, if you're one for breathing  
Sacrificial moral standards of two reflections

Truth and fire  
Something you'll live for  
So close to perfect  
It's all you've got, one chance for conviction  
Lies fuel fires, and your suspect won't walk  
You're screaming "danger, danger!" don't stop  
Go on alone  
Desperate endeavor, you've got to take it or leave it, if  
you will  
Not so convincing that you're the only one who could be  
like me  
From this point on, the way you thought it would all  
work out  
But we've hit autumn, just follow the story  
The fall of the author  
Just one more year, and you'll cease to regret  
One on one to repent, all eyes are fading  
Sleep alone

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