

The Acacia Strain

"The Chambered Nautilus"

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It is never fucking over.
I don't need to explain myself to anyone.
Let the icecaps melt.
May none survive.
No chance of hell.
The seas will rise.

This is a house, it is not a home.
I always knew I would die alone.
Put up without a fight.
And when I drive, I drive at night.
Miles to go, it only gets darker.
I count the dotted lines, not the mile markers.

A man without a nation.
A king with no crown.
Where there's no place left to go but up,
I will only bring you down.

We were a mistake.
We have miles to go before I wake.
The left hand of god holds the hammer and the snake.
We have miles to go before we wake.
You all speak like desperate men, all living in the lion's
den.
This is the end of the line, and everything's fine.
Everything's fine.

Let the icecaps melt.
May none survive.
No chance of hell.
The seas will rise.

This is a house, it is not a home.
I always knew I would die alone.
Frozen minds, we stare ahead.
Everyone I ever loved is dead.

