

The Acacia Strain

"The Combine"

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I thought I was dead.
I thought I was dead.
Nothing moves in the land of death.
Nothing moves in the land of decay.
This is something I have always wished for.
Complete extermination.
A bruised and beaten mongrel gasping for her final
breath.
Ultimate extinction.
No remorse for anything.
No remorse for anything.
No salvation for anyone.
No remorse for anything.
No salvation for anyone.
Fuck.
No remorse for anything.
No salvation for anyone.
You want a war motherfucker?
Survival of the fittest was a bullshit lie.
The stench of rot owns the earth.
Survival of the fittest was a bullshit lie.
The stench of rot owns the earth.
You want a war?
I'll give you a fucking war.
You wanted a war, so I gave you a fucking war.
I thought I was dead.
I thought I was dead.
I thought I was dead.
I'm the only one left..

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