

The Acacia Strain

"Time And Death And God"

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The spinning you feel is not of the earth, it's all in your head.

The blue in the sky and green in the grass, unwillfully imagined.

Everything you know sparked by unbelievable coincidence.

Sub consciousness.

Never any consequence.

The twinkle of the stars you see is your mind wishing to believe the magic of nonsense.

We are dealt a hand and we act like there's a dealer.
You can't define life without speaking to the reaper.

Your belief that death is an option hinges on the fact that life is a reality.

We started the fight for survival and now we wanna quit because we are losing.

And we cannot define life without always uttering death.

We cannot define life without always uttering death.

I wear a watch even though I don't believe in time.

The idea is false, just like the rest of the ones in your mind.

I don't fear death because I refuse to believe in life.

Genius of design.

Fooled by your own mind.

Size is infinite.

Reality is never explicit.

Genius of design.

Fooled by your own mind.

Simplicity

Simplicity so impossibly complicated.

Genius of design.

Fooled by your own mind.

Infinity too dauntingly sophisticated.

I am not real.

