

Acacia Strain

"Brown Noise"

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This is chaos theory simplified and stretched out
before a jury. No warning has been issued. No
compliments have been wholesomely handed out. The
time hasn't been used up until it burns. Fear the
wounded for they walk the earth stronger. Destroy the
loathsome for they only weaken the machine. Running
the tightrope until the rope runs out. Run it all into the
ground then rebuild. The constructs on the boundaries
we've been given are unfair. And mother earth doesn't
love you. Our remorse has gone far beyond
forgiveness. Until the rope runs out. Run it all into the
ground. For when in Rome we shall do as the Romans.

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