Acacia Strain "The Impaler"

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We are the wolves who are starved close to dying, clinging to life for our urges to kill We prey on the weak and we listen for crying This is the closest we can bring you to hell We are the wolves who dress as the sheep, never resting and refusing to sleep Leave no survivors, we devour the dead Scream while you can while we rip you to shreds While we rip you to shreds

Rip you to shreds

Rip you to shreds

We destroy the things that make the world go Â'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground We destroy the things that make the world go A'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground We destroy the things that make the world go A'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground We destroy the things that make the world go A'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground

Oh my god

Oh my god

Oh my god

Oh my god

We destroy the things that make the world go Â'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground We destroy the things that make the world go A'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground

You'll survive, but you won't want to

Oh you'll live, but you won't want to

You shouldn't be outside in your condition, she shouldn't be walking in her condition

You'll survive, but you won't want to

Oh you'll live, but you won't want to

You shouldn't be outside in your condition, she shouldn't be walking in her condition

We destroy the things that make the world go A'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground We destroy the things that make the world go Â'round,

we are the reason there is blood on the ground

I have stolen the innocence of humanity, I can't forgive myself for the things that I've done

I don't feel the least bit bad, I won't apologize

I'm not fucking sorry I'm not fucking sorry

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