

## Acacia Strain, The "Smoke Ya Later"

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The searching lights have stopped.  
That means the helicopters have stopped searching for  
me.  
And I finally got to see the sky.  
Bright red with brilliance, just like the blood that came  
shooting out of your eyes.  
And I finally got to see the sky.  
If you won't look at me, you won't look at anyone.  
The comparison is astounding.  
As the grass turned the color of the sky, you told me  
you were sorry.  
As the grass turned the color of the sky you told me  
you were wrong.  
But that's what they all say.  
On your knees and tell me you can't live without me.  
Your empty sockets will serve as my love.

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