

Bay of pigs

The Acacia Strain

As we drown in doom
No one is coming back for you
I am the 21st century Jim Jones
I am the dog that told the son of Sam to kill
I will set the fires that make the ocean burn
I am the one who will poison the world, some day you'll thank me
We are wormwood, and I'm the mourning star
Dead bodies as far as the eye can see
I look to the gallows, my mother begins to cry
I spit upon the crowds, you're all going to fucking die
We are the kings and queens of tragedy
We are the brothers and sister dependent on the pigs of humanity
Just because you're breathing, doesn't mean that you're alive
Just because you're human, doesn't mean you have to die
Just because you're breathing, doesn't mean that you're alive
Just because you're human, doesn't mean you have to die
Your heart is a fucking liar, dead weight of the fucking world
We are oblivion, we are oblivious
Just because you're breathing, doesn't mean that you're alive
Just because you're human, doesn't mean you have to die
Just because you're breathing, doesn't mean that you're alive
Just because you're human, doesn't mean you have to die
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