

Doomblade

The Acacia Strain

Behold the hydra, an endless source of blood and brain.
Lies from lies you liar.
Hang your head, hang yourself in shame.
My heart is made of wasps and my brain is made of flies.
I can read your thoughts and I can hear your lies.
My lungs are filled with fire and my fists are filled
with hate.
By the time you start running, it will already be too
late.
I hope they leave you to die.
I hope the rats eat you alive.
Stop chasing your dreams they will never come true.
And when she screams, she will be screaming for you.
Reality is only as far as you can see.
Give me room to breathe.
And as you're lying face down in the dirt, I hope you
felt it, I hope it fucking