

Dust And The Helix

The Acacia Strain

I have lost all faith in the human race.
Every man, every woman, every child is a disgrace.
We don't deserve to live.
We don't deserve to die.
Because life is worthless.
Don't bury me unless you're sure that I am dead.
No one will notice the absence of time.
It is the difference between the sheep and the swine.
Slowly chewing away and resisting.
Slowly we rot in the mouth of existence.
Bury my body at sea.
So the dogs won't be able to find me.
Burn all the remains and scatter the ashes accordingly.
Drop down, drop down.
Grind your knees in the glass as you drown.