

## Global warming

### The Acacia Strain

The only reason I want to be on top of the world is so I can crush it underfoot  
At least you can pat yourself on the back  
We can't destroy fast enough  
And you've taken away my lungs  
You were the lesser of two evils  
Now I'm not sure who is worse  
You had your day in the sun  
We can't all protect and serve  
This is a very convenient truth  
Deviants in a world of heroic conformity  
You will never alter the way we live our lives  
Traded tropical climate for nuclear winter  
I despise you for including me in your plans  
And he won himself a god damned prize  
The blackest clouds can't stop me now  
You are all guilty  
We are all pieces of shit  
We are all wastes of life  
You'll never amount to anything  
I'll make damn sure of that