

Nailgun

The Acacia Strain

I poisoned the rat
Left her dying on her back
She had no plague or sickness left to give
I had no reason to let her live
Open wounds have no stories to tell
Walking corpses
Living dead shell
I gutted the pig
No funeral plans, no graves to dig
A plague of snakes
No pity for your fucking mistakes
Dead eyes
Buried bodies used for fertilizer
Always a liar,
I fucking despised her.
Mind of a snake,
Mouth of a pig.
Slither in your swill swallowing shit
I've never seen vermin with such smooth skin
Put lipstick on a pig and it's still a fucking pig
I noticed you wanted to run
That's when you noticed the gun
I guarantee that won't make you any safer
Sayonara - see you later
On the clearest of days
Not a cloud in the sky
I cut off her beautiful face with a broken kitchen knife
No blood,
No tears,
No stress.
All smiles
You didn't survive
She didn't survive
Her hair smelled like burning leaves
Execution
On your fucking knees
So blind
Losing my mind
So weak
No sympathy