

## Servant In The Place Of Truth

The Acacia Strain

Grab life by the throat and tear out it's eyes.  
Victims of the myth that everyone dies.  
Buried alive from the inside out.  
The maggots will crawl from your pretty mouth.  
You dig the hole, I'll find the bodies.  
Silent lies.  
Quiet eyes.  
No surprise.  
Dead will rise.  
You dig the hole, I'll find the bodies.  
I feel like I am losing my breath.  
The weight of the world is crushing me to death.  
Cursed are the living we envy the dead.  
There never will be a light up ahead.  
When the sun sees it's final set,  
And we all choke our final breath.  
Underneath all the coughing and hacking;  
You will hear me, I will die laughing.