

The Impaler

The Acacia Strain

We are the wolves who are starved close to dying, clinging to life for our urges to kill
We prey on the weak and we listen for crying
This is the closest we can bring you to hell
We are the wolves who dress as the sheep, never resting and refusing to sleep
Leave no survivors, we devour the dead
Scream while you can while we rip you to shreds
While we rip you to shreds
Rip you to shreds
Rip you to shreds
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god
Oh my god
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
You'll survive, but you won't want to
Oh you'll live, but you won't want to
You shouldn't be outside in your condition, she shouldn't be walking in her condition
You'll survive, but you won't want to
Oh you'll live, but you won't want to
You shouldn't be outside in your condition, she shouldn't be walking in her condition
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
We destroy the things that make the world go 'round, we are the reason there is blood on the ground
I have stolen the innocence of humanity, I can't forgive myself for the things that I've done
I don't feel the least bit bad, I won't apologize
I'm not fucking sorry
I'm not fucking sorry