

The Mouth Of The River

The Acacia Strain

She was shot in the head!
Burning bridges. hiding bodies.

I'm not a murderer but I'm sure I could try.
The day you find comfort in the arms of another could
be the day that you die.
I told myself to take her head.
I'd rather take her arms instead.

Desolation.
Extermination.
Execution.
Determination.

No depth perception.
I pulled out her eye to teach her a lesson.
I give up because you gave up on me.
I am a failure and no one can save me.

Her entire head was sitting in my freezer.
Everyone thought I was going to eat it.
I don't know why, I just wanted to keep it...

Give em an inch, they take a mile.
All you were was a big butt and a smile.
"I have the gun, so I am the fucking boss."
You will rethink what you said when you realize how
much blood you've lost.

Grasping reality and shaking my head I don't need
sleep,
I'll sleep when I'm dead.
Just when I thought it was over they found the bodies
at the mouth of the river.
Sick but smart. I ate their hearts.

SHE WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD!

Days growing colder.
Wind whips to shiver.
I lost all I knew at the mouth of the river.