

Unabomber

The Acacia Strain

We control the minds of the weak, I'll be the one who decides when you speak

If your cable went out, you would lose your fucking mind

If you lost all power, you would end your fucking life

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Dependency is commonplace, easy eradication of the human race
Technology has an iron grip, we are swimming against the tide in this sea of shit

We are the tools of our tools, we must liberate ourselves from the shackles of fools

We made the machine, we made the end, the world wide web is no longer your friend

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Born to kill, live to die, no one mourns, we won't survive

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