

Victims Of The Cave

The Acacia Strain

Victims of the cave, we are drawn to the light
We will never be saved!
The sun without the eye
Existence is atoms and the void
Head in the sand
We bury our problems with our head in our hand
The world is covered with demons
And the eye sees everything

There is no end, there is only pretend
You are decay, I let you in, you rotted away
There is no end, there is only pretend
You are decay, I let you in, you rotted away

This is your nuclear warfare
This is your scared to death
This is your grief of the world
Resting heavy on your weakling chest
This is your plague and famine
This is your death disease
This is your pain of the world
Dying on her f*cking hate
I am your pain and heartache
I am your up at night
I am everything you hate about your f*cking life
I am your nervous breakdown,
I am crushed hoá¹-es and dreams
I am the life inside you, dying on its f*cking knees

I can not live, I refuse to die
I exist, I survive
As the leaves may fall and the dust may rise
So then someday soon, even death may die
Death may die