

## Abyssal Depths

### The Acacia Strain

No one showed to see  
The scraps of who I used to be  
Burial at sea  
Trust the waves, not the worms to take me  
Shipwrecked staring into the abyss  
Bid farewell I won't be missed  
Bleed in the blackness breathe in the salt  
Treading water for no reason at all  
Drifting deep without a sound  
Hoping I am never found  
Answer the call of the grave  
The coffin sank below the waves  
Pieces pulled apart before they are rotten  
Gone before I reach the bottom  
Any trace of my existence erased  
The coffin sank below the waves