

Birds of Paradise, Birds of Prey

The Acacia Strain

I fell asleep in God's arms
And woke up in hell
Take my bones
Forgive the dirt
Take my heart, it no longer hurts
Screaming out my final plea
I'm begging you; take all of me

We all bask in the glow of the light
We shine on ourselves
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We shine on ourselves

A heart so cold and filled with gloom
Every road led to you
You made me feel alive
Then the world died

Make me think, how dare you make me think
Do you dream while you sleep?
Make me think, how dare you make me think
Are you escaping reality?

We all bask in the glow of the light
We shine on ourselves
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