

## Calloused Mouth

### The Acacia Strain

Never loved, never lost  
Everybody breaks, everybody falls  
Move on, stay gone

Restrained forever, life in shackles  
Thrown to the wolves and fed to the jackals  
The walls to my prison are higher than most  
We buried their bodies and we live with their ghosts

All that lives to dust  
The ground caves in around us  
Wounded and weeping with none to console  
The mouth of the mountain will swallow you whole

Buy me a nice plot for my burial  
A spot on the shady side of the hill  
Everything I am will fade away  
But I'll still have my spot in the shade

My brain is fucking rotting  
I'd rather lay here dying than to listen to your talking  
Inhale anger, breathe in the salt  
Hold it in, exhale out

Into your calloused mouth  
You should be ashamed of yourself  
You should have stayed dead  
Caught myself weeping for you, I should have killed you instead

You should have stayed dead  
Caught myself weeping for you, I should have killed you instead

Mentally slipping, physically drifting  
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