

The Lucid Dream

The Acacia Strain

Wandering terrors
Interdimensional horrors
Spiraling through the cosmos
Until they find a home

Extinction is imminent
An eternity of imprisonment
Strangulation. Asphyxiation
Suffocation. Pure temptation

We flee like rats
Feasting upon the scraps
Clear skies, sunshine
Living on borrowed time

You may cut me but I will not bleed
The mind is fragile just plant the seed
The brain believes what the eyes see
I just don't have it in me

Soon they will find us
And it really will be over

Matricide
We're fucking burning alive
Pesticides
We're all living a lie

Traitors to humanity
Traitors to humanity

We are slowly bleeding to death
Open your eyes there is nobody left
No place left to run and hide
I'll see you on the other side
We crossed the line (We crossed the line)
No more space, no more time
As you resurrect
Open your eyes there is nobody left

The gods have spoken
As you resurrect
As you resurrect
As you resurrect
The gods have spoken

A severe lack of self preservation
The sixth extinction
Glacial maximum
Cataclysm