

## Them

## The Acacia Strain

Spirit tomb  
Sacrificing fear  
We will throw orchids, not roses  
Burning on the funeral pyre of the world  
Sweet glowing rot dancing in our nostrils  
Scent is memory, remind us to stop breathing

Gravity is life pulling us to the grave  
Heaven is a void of light  
You are tied down by your emotions  
Spiral through the creeping void

The tomb is open  
Anyone that comes near  
Will retreat in fear of what is inside  
Devoured by failure  
We have determined that you are not worthy

Gravity is life pulling us to the grave  
Heaven is a void of light  
You are tied down by your emotions  
Spiral through the creeping void