

## Walled City

## The Acacia Strain

Blinded by the swirling dust  
Fade into twilight from dusk  
Burnt by the desert sun  
I don't remember anyone

Delusion puts my mind at ease  
I can barely see or breathe  
Looking up to the sky  
I feel so lonely I could die

This sand will be my grave  
Picked apart before I am saved  
The vultures circle overhead  
Don't cry for me, I'm already dead

The wilted waste around me  
My heart starts beating slowly  
Each breath feels like my last  
No future, only past

I cannot move, I cannot think  
The world moves on around me  
Nothing but blue skies above  
As my lungs begin to combust

This sand will be my grave  
Picked apart before I am saved  
The vultures circle overhead  
Don't cry for me, I'm already dead

I put the swine before the pearls  
A dying man in a dying world  
I see the circling crows  
They all know what no one else knows  
Barely conscious, barely alive  
I relinquish my right, my will to survive  
As my lungs fill with heat and sand  
I reach out to grab your hand  
Mirage in life and dream in death  
After this there is nothing left