

Whoa! Shut It Down

The Acacia Strain

I'm so sick of the fights, so sick of your mouth - I know where you live and I see where you sleep.
So let's settle this here and now, I'm not wasting away my life because you don't like what I have to say.

Sorry I'm not just like you.

Who are you again?

Remind me, because I don't care.

I hope you like this; I really hope you do.

I hope you like it as much as getting your face busted in with a hammer.

You are done destroying lives.

Everyone will suffer.

I have given up on you.

So who the fuck do you think you are?

You will learn to breathe through a straw.

So do as the world a favor; pull your bottom lip over your face and swallow.

I don't mean any disrespect, but I hope you are buried alive.

Your world is about to come crashing down.

Everyone will suffer.

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