

# Killing On Empty

## The Acacia Strain

src="../../pagead2.googlesyndication.com/pagead/show\_ads.js">

And I dream in black and white and red. The last time I saw you, your head was on a spike, still screaming her name. Still cursing the day that I was born. Yet nothing has changed. Or do I still ask you for help? No. Then stop asking me for forgiveness, because I cannot bleed until my dreams come true.

Lyrics provided by

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