

# The Mouth of the River

## The Acacia Strain

She was shot in the head!  
Burning bridges. hiding bodies. I'm not a murderer but I'm sure I could try.  
The day you find comfort in the arms of another could be the day that you die.  
I told myself to take her head.  
I'd rather take her arms instead. Desolation.  
Extermination.  
Execution.  
Determination.  
No depth perception.  
I pulled out her eye to teach her a lesson.  
I give up because you gave up on me.  
I am a failure and no one can save me. Her entire head was sitting in my freezer.  
Everyone thought I was going to eat it.  
I don't know why, I just wanted to keep it... Give em an inch, they take a mile.  
All you were was a big butt and a smile.  
"I have the gun, so I am the fucking boss."  
You will rethink what you said when you realize how much blood you've lost. Grasping reality and shaking my  
head I don't need sleep,  
I'll sleep when I'm dead.  
Just when I thought it was over they found the bodies at the mouth of the river.  
Sick but smart. I ate their hearts.  
SHE WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD! Days growing colder.  
Wind whips to shiver.  
I lost all I knew at the mouth of the river.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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