See You Next Tuesday

The Acacia Strain

I said run.
And you won't be able to see me because you'll be bleeding from the eyes.
The thought of your genitals makes me sick and I bet you could fit five cocks up that ass.
Why don't you just strap a mattress to your back?
These are the last days of the rest of your life.
Next time I want a better excuse - dropped like a bad habit.
I wash my hands of you all.
My slate is clean.
And I'll be smiling all the way to the bank.
Face down, ass up; I want to destroy something beautiful.
By the end I want everyone dead.
By the end I'm going to be the only one standing.
Not even your children are safe.

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