

# The Acacia Strain, Smoke Ya Later

the searchlights have stopped,  
that means the helicopters  
have stopped searching for me.

i finally got to see the sky. (got to see the sky) x3

and I finally got to see the sky

bright red with brilliance,  
just like the blood that came  
shooting out of your eyes.

bright red like brilliance x2  
bright red

I finally got to see the sky x3  
and i finally got to see the sky

if you wont look at me you wont look at anyone. x2

the comparison is astounding.  
as the grass turned the color of the sky you told me you were sorry.  
turned the color of the sky, you told me you were sorry x2  
turned the color of the sky you told me you were wrong.

but thats what they all say.  
thats what they all say (thats what they all say)

on your knees and tell me you can live without me.

your empty sockets will serve as my love. x2