

Job For A Cowboy, Knee Deep

His landscape has been scorned with death.

Once a city now laid to ash.

A decaying father has left his bastard son with addictions by his side.

Chased away, consumed from his fixations, this man's life went down in flames.

Chased away what he's created, his hunger grows.

There is no end to this life of fixations.

Dear father, I'll be waiting, saved you a seat in hell.

There is no end to this life of fixations.

Dear father, been waiting, saved you a seat in hell.

He will remain a walking corpse.

His legs will move forward.

Addictions itch at his throat, but only to crave more of the blood he seeks.

This man only thirsts for blood, the blood of his child.

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He stands knee deep in the blood of his bastard son.

His life with addictions stay by his side.

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When buried, his tomb will breathe.

His hands will rise from his shallow grave begging only for sleep.

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