

Job For A Cowboy "Entities"

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Hell stands still with an empty throne.
With an audience ignited in the conflagration,
Composed by their lord.
Descending to their exhausted knees, they begin to,
Apprehensively examine their boiling skin,
Which only crumbles away,
Even at the most delicate touch.
Hundreds upon the thousands consumed,
Only by their own unmistakable immorality.
Over and over repeatedly this relentless process.
Thousands of speechless bodies,
Pile over each other,
Completely motionless.
Over again.
These thousands of speechless bodies pile over each
other.
Pile over each other.
Completely motionless.
Hell stands still with an empty throne.

Hell stands still.
Descending to their exhausted knees.
They begin to apprehensively examine their boiling
skin.
They can no longer depart from their remains.
Depart from their dismantled remains.
Far from its eternal home,
This demon stands over my crippled anatomy,
He buries his weight into my impaired lungs and
spreads,
My ribs wide open. This cancer now inhabits my chest,
In complete dormancy.
I lay completely paralyzed,
With my entirely frozen limbs.
My body turns cold,
My organs shut down.

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