

Job For A Cowboy "Knee Deep"

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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

I saved you a seat in hell.

There is no

end to

this life

of fixations.

Dear father,

I'll be waiting

I saved you a seat in hell.

He will remain

a walking corpse

his legs will move forward.

For his addictions

itch at his throat

only to crave

more of

the blood

he seeks.

For this man only thirsts for blood
the blood of his child.

For this man only thirsts for blood

the blood of his child.

For this man only thirsts for blood

the blood of his child.

For this man only thirsts for the blood

the blood of his child.

He stands

knee deep

in the blood of his bastard son.

Only his addictions

stand by his side.

Only his addictions

stand by his side.

When buried, his tomb will breathe,

his hands will rise from his shallow grave

begging only for sleep.

Dear father,

I'll be waiting

I saved you a seat in hell.

Dear father,

I'll be waiting

I saved you a seat in hell.

HE STANDS KNEE DEEP

in the blood of his bastard son.

HE STANDS KNEE DEEP

in the blood of his bastard son.

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