

Job For A Cowboy "Lords Of Chaos"

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The blameless are succumbing
To the ravages of warfare
Built upon capitol and greed
The lords of corruption leave their people
To rot in the gore-riddened streets of chaos
Education, employment and health, all stolen
From the hands that deteriorate at the flesh
The slaving clench their fists
Pleading and praying for a redesigned future
As they reach the brink of renouncement
Dreading to open the mouth
And spill the words of loathing
For with this tongue will only bring execution
Hundreds upon thousands
All damned at the dawning of life,
All damned at the opening day of birth.

The manufactured gods detach these withered bodies
And sell the land to the highest bidder
Of the corporate elite
With death comes revenue, piles of profit and wealth
All generated in blood.

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