

## **Job For A Cowboy "Strings Of Hypocrisy"**

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As if this country was reborn, birthed and raised in  
monarchy,  
Cracked open from it's adolescent and fully disfigured  
shell.

A throne sits in the center of government buildings,  
With a ruler imposing his people to administer his  
demands.

Elections over-weighed from the unmindful and  
incompetent herds of the illiterate. An interbred nation  
suspended from strings of hypocrisy.  
Eventually to strengthen at the roots from the  
predominant union,  
Held from the palms of their fraudulent and expanding  
overlord.

For the wrath of God has been placed in his power.  
He cast warfare over the kindred, his military actions  
compose eradication and genocide on the holy and  
sacred.

A cloak hides the identity of this leading politician.  
His speech distorts his terminological inexactitude.  
He remains remorseless toward his ongoing success in  
his fabricated image amongst this crumbling nation,  
Unaided possessing the entire world within his palms.

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