

Job For A Cowboy "Summon The Hounds"

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Summon the servants that are chained at the throat
By a tarnished chain only devoted to their prosperous
fathers

A grip so tight it bruises the neck
When the beast exhales the horrors that settle
internally
Galloping toward immoral intent with the set bounties

On the heads of the righteous the dismantled bodies
Given back for validation and gratuity to amuse the
gods of fortune
The itching appetite grows as these hounds
Unearth the leaders and thieve on the lives of the weak
beneath them

Summon the servants that are chained at the throat
By a tarnished chain only devoted to their prosperous
fathers

Aggravation dissolves into a joyous laughter
As the oppressors loan vows
To benefit the wealthy and cast down the frail

Hero slaughtered in vain
Assassinations of demigods in secrecy
A never ending pattern to cast down the frail and
throne the elite

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By a tarnished chain only devoted to their prosperous
fathers
A grip so tight it bruises the neck

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Given back for validation and gratuity to amuse the
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Galloping toward immoral intent with the set bounties

On the heads of the righteous the dismantled bodies
Given back for validation and gratuity

To amuse the gods of fortune
The itching appetite grows as these hounds
Unearth the leaders

Hero slaughtered in vain
Assassinations of demigods in secrecy
A never ending pattern to cast down the frail and
throne the elite
And throne the elite

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