

## **Job For A Cowboy "The Rising Tide"**

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Blood begins to spill from an open sea  
Dead bodies churn within the tide  
Attachment  
They drift against a now reddened sea  
These rising waters blush as their bodies  
As their bodies decompose  
Dozens of corpses buried at sea  
They swim in their graves  
They've proved themselves being too weak for this  
attachment  
The tide rises  
The tide breaks  
They've proved themselves being too weak for this  
attachment  
I hope I have made my last point  
For the weak have fallen and I now stand alone  
They now all swim in their own

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