

## **Pedro The Lion "Discretion"**

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Having no idea that his youngest son was dead  
The farmer and his sweet young wife slept soundly in  
his bed  
In the shadow of the mountain as the cattle hung their  
heads

Grazing only feet from where broken body lay  
And would lay undiscovered for another several days  
When the farmer would find vultures at their banquet in  
the hay

The killer traveled eastbound in a golden brown Sedan  
Weighing his most recent deviation from the plan  
Counting down the hours 'til the sun came up again

Hired to hit the farmer by the farmer's asshole son  
He had not yet decided between poison or a gun  
When suddenly he realized he would not use either one

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