

The Divine Falsehood

Job for a Cowboy

I stood in the sand from the mouth of the sea
And watched a serpent rise from its depths
Upon his horns rested ten crownsAs the discord of trumpets grew unnerving
Its perception giving an overruling mentality
Of authority and supremacyAll dwellers of earth shall pray and worship
This image of this deceitful demon
Whose names are not written in the ink or blood
In the book of the life of the lambShall be slain from the foundation
Of this declining and now decaying world

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