Knee Deep

Job for a Cowboy

His landscape
has been scorned with death.
Once a city, now laid to ash.
A decaying father
has left his bastard son
with addictions by his side.
Chased away,
consumed from his fixations,
this man's life went down in flames.
Chased away what he's created.His hunger grows.
There is
no end
to this
life of fixations.Dear father,
I'll be waiting
I saved you a seat in hell.There is no
end to
this life
of fixations.Dear father,
I'll be waiting
I saved you a seat in hell.He will remain
a walking corpse
his legs will move forward.
For his addictions
itch at his throat
only to crave
more of
the blood
he seeks.For this man only thirsts for blood
the blood of his child.
For this man only thirsts for blood
the blood of his child.
For this man only thirsts for blood
the blood of his child.
For this man only thirsts for the blood
the blood of his child.He stands
knee deep
in the blood of his bastard son.Only his addictions
stand by his side.

Only his addictions
stand by his side.When buried, his tomb will breathe,
his hands will rise from his shallow grave
begging only for sleep.Dear father,
I'll be waiting
I saved you a seat in hell.Dear father,
I'll be waiting
I saved you a seat in hell.
HE STANDS KNEE DEEP
in the blood of his bastard son.HE STANDS KNEE DEEP
in the blood of his bastard son.

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