

# 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.

BREEEEEEEEEEEEEE(Pig Squeal)

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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Lyrics submitted by Fernando.

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