

# March To Global Enslavement

## Job for a Cowboy

Epidemic once again uncovers its malignant crown  
In one instantaneous instant  
A man made formula hatches out of its shell to inch  
Closer to suppress the living and breathingThe newborn are nurtured in a world  
Of dominance, authority and powerBorn as slaves into bondage, born into a prison  
They can't distinguish with smell or touch  
In a world that's been fallaciously  
Influenced for decadesWhere the ones who offer solution  
Are secretively the core of this ongoing problem  
Architects of control build their herds  
Of municipal infantry with intentions of fear and panicWe all march quietly with open hands  
Into global enslavement  
Drown us, submerge our bodies  
In the ocean of manipulationEpidemic once again uncovers its malignant crown  
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Into global enslavement  
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In the ocean of manipulation

Songwriters

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