

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 a dishonest master design
A layout constructed only for the purpose
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 secretly 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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Songwriters

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