

Suspended by the Throat

Job for a Cowboy

Goodbye, I'll mend your loss. Your ashes and embers will soon light up the skies. The carcass of your martyr burns, in the process of punishment. You only have yourself to blame, so take my hands, for you will be burned before their eyes. What more does it take to see your death? How much must be done to see you choke. Let the carcass of the martyr burn in the process of punishment. Suspended by the throat, the knot chokes

Songwriters

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