

Coalescing Prophecy

Job for a Cowboy

And he opened his mouth in blasphemy
Deluding their designated God
His men and women all carry
A sacrament of his number These followers with their mortality
Conscionable age have left behind
The sign of the cross and redemption They have mindlessly chosen
The path of social standards
The path of conformity
With the mark of eternal damnation Fall on us and hide us from the face of him
Who sits on the throne
And from the wrath of the lamb
For the great day of their wrath has come The sixth forewarning trumpet sirens
Following the demonic armies
That surface from the open wounds of earth
They march toward bloodshed
And warfare against humanity The limbs and remains from the carcass of man
Extend across open land
These once depleted seas and rivers now flourish
With vital fluids and the bones of conforming followers
Future existant worlds coalesce into one

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