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 numberThese followers with their mortality
Conscionable age have left behind
The sign of the cross and redemptionThey have mindlessy chosen
The path of social standards
The path of conformity
With the mark of eternal damnationFall 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 comeThe sixth forewarning trumpet sirens
Following the demonic armies
That surface from the open wounds of earth
They march toward bloodshed
And warfare against humanityThe 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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