Discretion

Scaffold

Having no idea that his youngest son was dead
The farmer and his sweet young wife slept soundly in his bed
In the shadow of the mountain as the cattle hung their headsGrazing only feet from where broken body lay
And would lay undiscovered for another several days
When the farmer would find vultures at their banquet in the hayThe killer traveled eastbound in a golden brown Sedan
Weighing his most recent deviation from the plan
Counting down the hours 'til the sun came up againHired to hit the farmer by the farmer's asshole son
He had not yet decided between poison or a gun
When suddenly he realized he would not use either one

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