Summon the Hounds

Job for a Cowboy

Summon the servants
That are chained at the throat
By a tarnished chain only devoted
To their prosperous fathers
Fathers!

A grip so tight it bruises the neck
When the beast exhales
The horror's that settle internally
Galloping toward immoral intent
With the set of bounties
With the set of bounties
On the heads of the righteous
The dismantled bodies
Given back for validation and gratuity
To amuse the gods of fortune
The itching appetite
Grows as these hounds
Unearth the leaders and theive
On the lives of the weak beneath them
Beneath them!

Summon the servants
That are chained at the throat
By a tarnished chain only devoted
To their prosperous fathers
Fathers!

Aggravation dissolves into a joyous laughter
As the oppressors loan vows to benefit the wealthy
And cast down the frail
Hero by hero slaughtered in vain,
Assassinations of demigods in secrecy
A never ending pattern to cast down the frail
And throne the elite.

Summon the servants that are chained at the throat
By a tarnished chain only devoted
To their prosperous fathers
A grip so tight it bruises the neck

On the heads of the righteous
The dismantled bodies
Given back for validation and gratuity
To amuse the gods of fortune
The itching appetite
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When the beast exhales
The horror's that settle internally
Galloping toward immoral intent
With the set of bounties
On the heads of the righteous
The dismantled bodies
Given back for validation and gratuity

To amuse the gods of fortune
The itching appetite
Grows as these hounds
Unearth these leaders

Hero by hero slaughtered in vain,
Assassinations of demigods in secrecy
A never ending pattern to cast down the frail
And throne the elite.

And.
Throne.
The.
Elite.

Lyrics submitted by Jackary.

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