

# March to Global Enslavement

## Job for a Cowboy

Epidemic once again  
Uncovers its malignant crown  
In one instantaneous instant  
A man made formula  
Hatches out of its shell to inch  
Closer to suppress the living and breathing  
The newborn are nurtured  
In a world of a dishonest master design  
A layout constructed  
Only for for the purpose of  
Dominance, authority and power  
Power!  
Born as slaves into bondage,  
Born into a prison  
That they can't distinguish  
With smell or touch  
In a world that's been  
Fallaciously influenced for decades  
Where the ones who offer solution  
Are secretly the core of this ongoing problem  
Architects of control  
Build their herds of municipal infantry  
With intentions of fear and panic  
We all march quietly  
With open hands into global enslavement  
Drown us.  
Submerge our bodies  
In the ocean of manipulation  
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Uncovers its malignant crown  
In one instantaneous instant.

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Closer to suppress the living and breathing  
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Lyrics submitted by Cookie.

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