

# 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  
A grip so tight it bruises the neck  
When the beast exhales the horrors that settle internally  
Gallop toward immoral intent with the set 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 thieves on the lives of the weak beneath them  
Summon the servants that are chained at the throat  
By a tarnished chain only devoted to their prosperous fathers  
Aggravation dissolves into a joyous laughter  
As the oppressors loan vows  
To benefit the wealthy and cast down the frail  
Hero slaughtered in vain  
Assassinations of demigods in secrecy  
A never ending pattern to cast down the frail and throne the elite  
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By a tarnished chain only devoted to their prosperous fathers  
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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

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