

A Global Shift

Job for a Cowboy

I've come to an implausible conclusion
That I'm bathing my hands with a refreshment of poison
I'm indulging my thirstiness with an infectious substance
For the bane of my existence is solely outlined to aid the breeding of ill and brainless
Lather, rinse, repeat
Gather, convince, deceit
A global shift has commenced one gallon at a time
Turning the masses into walking malignancies
Imbecilic livestock with their numbers on the decline
A world is carved from blameless blood
Carving miles of trenches deep into the intellect of man