

## Buried Monuments

### Job for a Cowboy

I recognize a blueprint for madmen has been inked  
Inked within the skin of myself  
They've planted seeds and have been sewn into buried monuments  
They're entombed doomsday vaults resembling monstrous coffins  
A mind bending experimentation to reshape my everyday consumption  
they can see through the cracks  
To inject the soil in which I stand  
It perverts that of which I bloom  
Disease slumbers within the earth  
Blooming gardens of slaughter