

Knee Deep

Job for a Cowboy

His landscape has been scorned with death.
Once a city now laid to ash.

A decaying father has left his bastard son with his addictions
by his side.

Chased away, consumed from his fixations.

This man's life went down in flames.

Chased away from what he's created.

His hunger grows

There is no end to this life of fixations.

Dear father, I'll be waiting, saved you a seat in hell.

He will remain a walking corpse as his legs will move forward

For his addictions itch at his throat only to crave

(more of) (the blood) (he seeks).

For this man only thirst for the blood, the blood of his child.

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He stands knee deep in the blood of his bastard son.

A decaying father has left his bastard son with his addictions
by his side

When buried his tomb will breathe.

His hands will rise from his shallow grave.

Begging only for sleep.

Dear father, I'll be waiting, saved you a seat in hell.

Dear father, I'll be waiting, I've saved you a seat in hell.

He stands knee deep, in the blood of his bastard son.

He stands knee deep, in the blood of his bastard son