

Lords of Chaos

Job for a Cowboy

The blameless are succumbing to the ravages of warfare built up
on capital and greed
The lords of corruption leave their people to rot in the gore-
ridden streets of chaos
Education, employment and health, all stolen from the hands tha
t deteriorate at the flesh
The slaving clench their fists pleading and praying for a redes
igned future as they reach the brink of renouncement
Dreading to open the mouth and spill the words of loathing for
with this tongue will only bring execution
Hundreds upon thousands all damned at the dawning of life, all
damned at the opening day of birth
The manufactured gods detach these withered bodies and sell the
Land to the highest bidder of the corporate elite
With death comes revenue, piles of profit and wealth all genera
ted in blood.