

# The Celestial Antidote

## Job for a Cowboy

I have found my face gnawing away at my own existence again  
It's feeding and medication on the ballooning hunger for a formulated religion  
For my Lord comes in a tiny capsulated form  
Restore prayers with inebriation - my dependency  
A substance helping me string  
And I must carefully weave my life in a destructive, spiraling transcendence  
These divine elements shine a light so radiant when synthesized  
A celestial antidote to cure all  
A heavenly impurity to alter what we know as God