

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