

Entities

Job for a Cowboy

Hell stands still with an empty throne,
with an audience ignited in a conflagration composed by their lord.

Descending to their exhausted knees they begin to apprehensively examine their boiling skin which only crumbles away even at the most delicate touch.

Hundreds upon the thousands consumed only by their own unmistakable immorality.

Over and over repeatedly this relentless process
Thousands of speechless bodies pile over each other completely motionless.

Over again.

These thousands of speechless bodies pile over each other, all over each other completely motionless.

Hell stands still with an empty throne,
Descending to their exhausted knees they begin to apprehensively examine their boiling skin
They can no longer depart from their dismantled remains.

Depart from their dismantled remains, far from its eternal home
this demon stand over my crippled anatomy, he buries his weight into my impaired lungs and spreads my ribs wide open, this cancer now inhabits my chest in complete dormancy.
I lay completely paralyzed with my entirely frozen limbs, my body turns cold, my organs shut down.