

## The Synthetic Sea

### Job for a Cowboy

Finding comfort in knowledge of an enthralling higher power  
My transformation catalyzed from our continual encounters  
As I draw breath from clouds littering a synthetic sea  
I overlook how trustful we are. So simple, so damned naive  
I beg for one's own remission, simultaneously teething the flesh that breeds religion  
Transmitted whispers crawl into each of us and birth dictating monsters  
All creations encircling me are charades and impostors  
So trustful we are. So simple, so damned naive  
All comprehension I've discovered was all concocted to deceive