

# Job For A Cowboy, Entities

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 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 and over again.  
Thousands of speechless bodies pile over  
each other.

Pile over each other.  
Completely motionless.  
Hell stands still with an empty throne.  
Hell stands still.  
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 stands 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.