

Half-hearted black-hearted rams  
Interstellar fugitives  
Doing their bit for the universal dam  
Coined is the black metal prairie

Sharing your weapons  
Will it lead to its dullness  
Will you buy better ones?  
Will they be forlorn?

Will you need a receipt, bounty hunter?  
Your trade eventually took you to Swiss alps  
Carefree void of everything, then might  
High watcher; inner fear of scalping edges

This and these  
Tear jerking calamities  
Stuffed tightly with earth-like fears  
Solemn shit no one hears

Prairie seems like a good choice now  
The crimson sky is the limit  
Although chances ahead are scarce  
The racket is rigged as you die