

March to Global Enslavement

Job for a Cowboy

Epidemic once again uncovers its malignant crown in one instantaneous instant
A man made formula hatches out of its shell to inch closer to suppress the living and breathing
The newborn are nurtured in a world of a dishonest master design
A layout constructed only for the purpose of dominance, authority and power
Born as slaves into bondage, born into a prison that they can't distinguish with smell or touch
In a world that's been fallaciously influenced for decades
Where the ones who offer solution are secretly the core of this ongoing problem
Architects of control build their herds of municipal infantry with inventions of fear and panic
We all march quietly with open hands into global enslavement
Drown us, submerge our bodies in the ocean of manipulation