

# Altar, Red Harvest

Many boots are trampling down  
The harvest of this year  
With arrogance these men destroy  
They seem without a care  
Children crying, People dying  
Environment's a waste  
A storm will rise, nature shows  
The fields are filled with hate  
The end of days has come  
We will all be slaughtered  
Nature takes it's toll  
What's never been restored  
Troops prepare to fight against  
An unknown enemy  
For now there is no place for  
Individuality  
On this cold and cloudy day  
The autumn leaves it's trace  
Destruction soon will take control  
Of the entire human race  
Apocalypse is near  
The earth has lost it's patience  
Based upon a lie  
Of a thousand generations  
So now, take a good look at him  
The one who always has been here  
The man who always has been at  
Our side  
Now tells us we deserve to die