

Clutch, Wicker

Like ravens on a scarecrow
Too old to beat them off
The guilt ferments
Familiarity breeds contempt

The yolk of faith splatters silent
Harvest time, red moon rising
Anvil cloud, lightning rod
Peacemaker, life taker

What's inside the silo?
Can it fly?
A needle in the haystack
To crack the sky

The yoke of faith breaks away
From the beast of burden
Harvest time, red moon rising
Peacemaker, life taker

Peacemaker
Peacemaker
Peacemaker
Life taker

The feet of marching men
Beat down the fields of last chances
As scarecrows in amber waves of grain
Grin exchanging glances
We've killed it
We've killed it
Killed it