

Joy Electric, The Harvestry Of Ghosts

Grim nor gale shall hinder clove or heather
Ghouls nor satyr partakes goblets and gold fount

CHORUS

Years have I longed for pleasant times
From the harvestry of your heart
Cursed am I to be nurtured by
The hollow of ghosts haunting realm
He who seeks shall find her
Gifts more fine than silver

Memory the crowning deed of torment
Sifts it sickle with the roar
of giants