

# Nightwish, Harvest

My harvest will come, tiny valorous straw  
Among the millions facing to the sun  
I will pause before a man whose path has just begun  
Something unsung our way comes

The quarternary code gave mankind a rose  
So we could see the beautiful die  
Strange piece of storm hovers over crops  
In a child's face aglow before the scythe

Join the harvest of hundred fields, hearty and tame  
All going back to one single grain  
Offer light to the coming day, inspire a child

Water the field, surrender to the earth  
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They have beauty beyond the poetry but choose a silent misery  
The deeper their sea, the less remains  
They'll find the pretty words and tame flocks to herd  
There's that or carousel of dare

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Arrive alive