

# Primordial, Bitter Harvest

A moment of clarity  
It spoke to me in tongues  
It spoke to me of ruin  
Of destitution, and of pain  
Where night, it never ever  
Seems to come  
To ease the misery of the day

Degenerate whores  
Expose their stinking wares  
to a foul race of man...  
whores for all..., in time  
Death soon shall bind  
These soul less froms of men  
To the dead of their kind

To live all their lives again  
They would die in the very  
Same way...  
Clinging to a profane hope that  
A place beyond the grave  
May repay their suffering  
And their pain  
In a way that no whore could ever ease  
The misery of the day...