

Sonata Arctica, The Harvest

The weight of days on me....
I am done.

The corn is burning under my feet
The words like circles and
I'm waiting for someone to catch my fall
in the deepest void of all

Haven't seen you in weeks
No clouds in the sky to rain me a drop
loving touch I need
and I am killing time by the lake
diving off the cliff, many times
scarring myself, colliding
on the lake bed so dry....

The world's without virginity
And souls have no integrity
The Word of grave old danger -Love,
It's all I'm after, oh
I am done...

The ground's not shaking under my feet
The World's not turning anymore
Wind is a thief, lonelier than me
and it - does - not - want - me - in here...

plant a Flower of Love, care for it, water it,
Lounge in the shade of the stale champagne
A flower so fatal, yet beautiful
Showed the Bee where to fly
and then let it die

The world's without virginity
The souls have no integrity
The Word of grave old danger -Love,
It's all I'm after, oh
I am done...

Bring me to recovery
give it to me, I'm after tranquillity
I somehow lost my line of sight
Before I cast the final die...
Once planted plastic grapes,
The harvest of a lifetime,
Real bad wine.

The sum of false virginity
and my lost integrity
The Word of grave old danger -Love,
For you I'm after, oh
I am done

The world without virginity
A soul with no integrity
The Word of grave old danger -Love,

Bring me to recovery
give it to me, I'm after tranquillity
I somehow lost my line of sight
Before I cast the final die...
Once planted plastic grapes,
The harvest of a lifetime,
Real bad wine.

The ground is shaking under my feet
The World is turning,
and the
Wind has a friend in Misery,
but I know - she - only - loves - me...