

Zakk Wylde, Harvester Of Pain

The morning mist is burning slow
Blood on sons and brothers gonna flow
Tomorrow will I live,
I just don't know
Morning comes we march again
Into the fields of the killing man
Don't know where I'm going
Or just where I been

At times I feel so alone
Hope to find my way back home
Mama I done asked the Lord
He told me, Son, I just don't know...

Harvester of pain
I ain't the one to blame
Harvester of pain
Caught between the blue and the gray

Mama I done killed a man
Was told he wasn't part of the plan
Don't worry none
I be getting by best that I can
Every day's a living hell
The reappear be weaving his spell
Serageant take me aside
Tell me son, Peace ain't what we're here to sell...

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