

# Boondox, The Harvest

(AMB 2x)

Its the time for the harvest  
Time of the harvest  
Its the time of the harvest  
Your time

(Bonez Dubb)

My ride broke down on a mountain of dust im lost  
With nobody around i cant f\*\*k with the cost  
Of the cell phone or tow truck or even the cops  
Nobody gonna find me untill my cold heart stopps  
(I started walkin' and all of a suddent the sky became rain)  
Seen a house on the way looked f\*\*kin' insane  
With no windows or locks so i stepped inside the room  
Anything can really happen so im trying to leave soon  
(And then i seen a blade)  
Hangin' down from the wall theres no explanation for the crazy shit i saw  
Got me trippin' but i reached for the steel anyway  
Thats all i can say because after that day  
They say too many peopole died at that main highway  
I guessed i murdered them all when im possessed by the blade  
So they lockin my up for life and now im gone  
And the only thing on my mind is what i did wrong

(Chorus 2x)

Its the time for the harvest Time of the harvest  
(when the sling blade works in ways thats so sticky to yall to die die die die die die die)  
Its the time of the harvest Your time  
(In the chemical chills the blood spills and drippin' we all die die die die die die die)

(Boondox)

When i feel i got the urge to kill  
As if for real i draw a blank and then i reachin for steel  
The sharpest razor blades that made my first rate  
Hands of full believers full of murder and hate

Used by many souls, many years on the crops  
Slicin through dicing thought wheat and corn spots  
But when i grab it something happens that hears all of my confessions  
Takin' control of my emotions like a demon possession  
No remorse in my heart for the things it made me do  
All the blood that was shead like it wasnt even true  
Wake up in cold sweat sheets covered in red  
Then the flashbacks hit me of all the sould that we bled  
Was it true? Did i do all these things in my brain?  
Was the slingblade curse or was i going insane?  
I ran out the front door and just looked all around  
100 headless corprses' laying all over the ground

(Chorus 2x)

(Otis)

Got it in my hands and a feelin' rush though  
Aint nobody know what to do when my slingblade f\*\*ks you  
Cuts through with a 1,2  
I drop poison on my airplane when i crop dust you  
See i gotta put food on the table  
And give sacrafice to the Gods that i pray to  
And that means that nothing can save you  
Apologive to Mother Earth for what the humans bring you  
I raise through the fields and chase you  
With fast pace your back breaks  
When the sight takes you

Then i drag you back by the hair to my shack  
Button up my coat and disect your throat  
I cut out the flesh the pieces are so big  
I put 'em through a shredder then i feed them to my pig  
And i know the job move a little slow  
But the heart is dissend and imma sweep what we sew

(Chorus till end)