

# Born From Pain, Harvest

Filth of ages floats  
Like the burning soil  
Destruction becomes harvest  
The hell where my blood boils  
Empty is eternity  
realize what's left  
Falling down, hollow soul  
I beg for quicker death

I fear the time to come, the age of another light  
Texture burned beyond my soul, I crawl onto the night  
State of grace, bleeding eyes, life has come to this  
Forsaken past, forsaken future, clench my broken fist  
Harvest...

Visions of the future  
Like my nightmares in the past  
Nothing fades to lesser  
Going nowhere fast