

# Good Riddance, Fertile Fields

Sometimes those simple things won't turn the trick no more  
and our self-important dreams they all lie shattered on the floor  
even the proletariat receives his royalty  
and as the battle rages on and on I wish it wasn't me

And it seems so cruel (bis)  
the last one breaking up (bis)  
until the winter finds it's worth (bis)  
as we glide upon the earth

Now the trees are swept aside by wind and sheets of rain  
and the fertile fields once glided have now withered and refrained  
sah who longs for comfort feels instead a savage thrust  
and the ashen sky grows ever darker as dawn gives way to dust

And it seem so cruel (bis)  
the last one breaking up (bis)  
until the winter finds it's worth (bis)  
as we set our dogs upon the earth  
feast on the dead until no life remain  
forward towards a pointless end we squander never gain