Pain Confessor, The Harvest

Furnace glows in far horizon
Crowd is there to blame
Yes, the harvest of creation
Books will burn again
Lines of faceless humans
Walk into the sea
Waves of men with no expressions
Eyes have lost their gleam

Power guides the mindless ones Like a moth to the flame of deceit

A storm is rising again A war is coming again

Black swarms of locusts hide the sun Plagued fields of east Tainted grains in the endless field A war is coming again

Feeding on sorrow, harvesting pain They will never stop the destruction Their scythe will rend again Souls ablaze with hatred

Power guides the mindless ones Like a moth to the flame of deceit

A storm is rising again A war is coming again

Black swarms of locusts hide the sun Plagued fields of east Tainted grains in the endless field A war is coming again

Symbols of old just painted anew Shortest straw is the longest rope Their guilt will hang innocent hope

A storm is rising again A war is coming again

Black swarms of locusts hide the sun Plagued fields of east Tainted grains in the endless field A war is coming again