

# Scream Silence, Harvest

Finally you've done the endless thoughts  
Believe that every step is guiding homewards  
But all of your endeavours have become  
To an worthless word  
Unsaid for long.

And you creep and crawl  
On your barren soil  
You 've been caught  
In your own sowed spore  
And so deep you are  
At your dreary shores  
There is nothing to glean  
In a lonesome dream.

Now you're standing right upright ashore  
Proud of your work you have done before  
Blinded by the irony you swore  
To an worthless word  
Unsaid for long.

And you creep and crawl  
On your barren soil  
You 've been caught  
In your own sowed spore  
And so deep you are  
At your dreary shores  
There is nothing to glean  
In a lonesome dream.