

Harvist "Turmoil Of The Seed"

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I am merely a vessel, the earth my carrier
A compliment to my wonderment, life ruled over by
alpha & omega
The goddess womb of creation, are your eyes open
now to see
From inception comes joy & hurt, the turmoil of the
seed.
The rising waters recede, but they rise again with time
Where turbulent tides proceed, the land shall purify
It will only grow again, to be destroyed once more
But the sun will rise again, as it does to start anew.
As it is, to sprout off in it's own time
But connected still in which all things grow and die
I am merely a vessel, the earth my carrier
A compliment to my wonderment, by Alpha & Omega.
As the cosmic pulse flows through me
I'm the one for it to teach
Be as I am but better
To grow out of this seed.

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