

Iq "Harvest Of Souls"

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I. First Of The Last

Long before the living past
Had ripped it all apart
Something still remained
Until it flashed back to the start
Where it stands, nobody saw
Behind the blackest eyes
Show them how you're stronger now
It pays to advertise wisely
Day after day with you in my head
I said some things I shouldn't have said
For reasons unknown that I now forget
I gave you no love, which I now regret

What I'd give to hear again
Those everlasting songs
Why did all the accidents
Contrive to fall at once?
Only day after day
with you in my thoughts
I never knew time was so short
For once in my life I wasn't alone
With blood on my hands,
How could I have known?

Used to be the great white hope
Once I walked on water
Now I barely stay afloat
Balance out of order
With every sympathy worn away
Who can I return to now?
For the time that I have left
I scan that cold horizon
Searching for a kindred soul,
Someone to rely upon
We disconnected and Heaven sent
Sheltered in dead air,
Hidden everywhere

II. The Wrong Host

The sky lights up above America
The world is lost but loves America
When the eyes of children
See the ones left standing
And the rest begin to finally understand
The hand of God defends America
And who would not defend America?

We've got light on our side
We're in pole position
So praise the Lord
And raise the ammunition high
Raise it high

Hide where you can
We will shoot you where you stand

I've walked a million miles
Upon an open road
And once in every while
Without the will to carry on
Hours held me too long
In one location

An old familiar tale,
A glory to behold
A work of genius,
The greatest story ever sold
As you sign on the line,
As you do what you're told
All you sell is your soul

I've been this way before
I've seen it many times
Collision on the track
The fiction turning into fact
No-one dares to look back
Best you start to prepare
For the harvest ahead
All you lose is yourself

III. Nocturne

I'm brought to life with a series of shocks
I realise that you are gone from my life
And still I cling to the fear of the dark
Don't follow them for
they don't care how you are

And I'm finding a way of being
Accepting life all alone

And I'm hoping I'll wake up seeing
A way to live on my own

It wasn't hard to believe in the lie
Although I've come to know it wasn't my fault
Why does the world continue to spin
While everything around me grinds to a halt?

And I'm finding a way of being
Accepting life all alone
And I'm hoping I'll wake up seeing

A way to live on my own

IV. Frame And Form

Mine is a real fine line
I get harder the higher I climb
Shine like a star so bright
Anybody can see anytime

No-one will want to follow
This will be gone tomorrow
We enter an age of permanent doubt
Where we communicate without words
But I must be heard
So I cut through the smoke and the noise

Mine is a real fine line
It imagines it's one of a kind

Goodbye to all expression
Farewell to superstition
We enter an age of permanent doubt
Where we communicate without words

And the noise expands
As it covers the lie of the land
Shine like a star so bright
Till we shut out the light,
Put out the fire
Cut through the smoke and the noise

Lately I've been talking to myself
Been remembering and doing little else
The road ahead is anything but clear
Last time around, where did we go from here?

V. Mortal Procession

What about some golden hours?

I was alive, certainly you were wrong
Anyone can be persuaded
Given the time, we all scream alone
What about this good for nothing season again?,
Everything's come and gone
And I can't believe that I'm not watching you
I'm in a sorry state
Return to ordinary thoughts now
If you can
The words I hardly understand
Gather 'round me while I wait
What about those colder rewards
Arming against lost intelligence?
Anyone who saw me crawling there
would have known that I was normal once
Return to ordinary thoughts
Too young to take the stand
But old enough to kill anyone
HA!

In the days when love divided up the looks
No drastic means were used
like rod and hooks
To enhance what nature's sculptor
had designed
No augmentation needed to refine
In the valley of the dollar, we rejoice
For plastic is the currency of choice
And beauty born is strictly for the birds
Your cash is fine but credit is preferred

When I held myself aloft,
I walked across the water
Now I barely cut across,
Lives are getting shorter
And they open up another door
To a border far below
For the time that I'm allowed,
There's a new horizon
But a soul as cold as ice
Is nothing to rely upon

If I'm hanging onto angels' wings
Then I'm safer in the air

Do I still qualify, suspended from on high?
No other sanctuary have I

VI. Ghosts Of Days

And when the eyes of children

See past the ones left standing
And the time has surely come
To understand who we are

Slowly the fires are burning
Bearing their silent witness
And the living past returns
To reap the Harvest of Souls

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