

Naumachia "Harvesterror"

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Some people are born, yet are dead
Some people try to live instead.

Some people need others around to live
Some people can neither take nor give.

Some people have more than enough
Some people say life is tough.

Some people see only injustice
Some people would last despite this.
Some people believe in cleansing fire
Some people called him a filthy liar.

Some people are scared of dying
Some people just can't stop crying.

Here comes terror.
Terror of harvest.
No chance for an error.
Mors ultima est.

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