

## **Pain Confessor "The Harvest"**

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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

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