

## Shakhan "Harvest"

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Christian fellow rise from your bed  
Scrape off the mould that's growing on your head.  
Life your quaking, aching small frame and stand.  
Out there, there is a harvest field of man.

Tip toe and look through the windows  
in the four walls you build around yourself  
Time to take down the gloves from off your shelf  
Speak now about the Lord you'll meet  
There in the sky the sun slowly sets  
Like a stone down into the quick sand.  
Out there, there is a harvest field of man.

Heal that divided tongue oh Lord,  
and that split that needs healing on their tongue.  
Help them say you the Lord the G-d that's one.  
Our dear Master pays overtime.  
Yes, its worth you crossing over the line.  
There's a great big crop out there in the land  
Out there, there is a harvest field of man.

Time to take the sickle in hand  
Oh my friends don't be shy  
I see a destroying storm pushing through the sky.

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