

Khoma

"Harvest"

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Kneel to pick up the stone
All that hides beneath
Comes to life

Been too silent too long
Grew inside of me
Speak black tongue

Now the ships have sailed
There's only you and me
And false ideals

They became a part of me
Equip me with a blade
Give it time...

To heal
The pulse goes down
I can hear you crying

Say you're ready to leave
There is no point of trying

Forgive this part of me
Pray for it to be over
(I wish it wasn't so)

So I scream for air
In a world that's choking

(Just give me time to heal)

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