As the river flows from afar No matter how much you try to drain it Hunger makes the stars wander on

Your place is to grow what shall feed them

As the anger grows in your heart No matter how much you try to deny it Hunger makes his people go on Our place is to grow what shall feed them

Rain is falling on the fields
They grow on me
Reach towards the sun
One day you will join the soil
But first we grow

My field
My seeds
I am the harvest
As the gods all watch as we craw
No matter what we will stand by our master
Our cradles and our graves under stones
Dug up by fathers resting beneath us

Rain is falling on the fields
They grow on me
Reach towards the sun
One day you will joint he soil
But first we grow

My field My seeds I am the harvest

As I lift this child from the ground No matter how long it takes, he's returning Our destiny is written in dirt Nurtured by mothers raised by the seasons

Rain is falling on the fields
They grow on me
Reach towards the sun
One day you will joint he soil
But first we grow

My field My seeds I am the harvest