

## Antiseed

## Exodus

Harvest day with a loaded mag  
Human crops in a body bag  
Machines of death under bloody flags  
Plow the fields and fertilize  
Plant the seeds and everything dies  
Giving life only to the flies

Sow the bullets and nothing's left but the weeds  
Till the soil until the earth bleeds  
The smell of mankind rotting on the vine  
The season of decline

Plant the antiseed  
Watch the death grow  
The only way to feed  
And make the blood flow  
The reaping  
Plow the fields of gore  
Hear the weeping?  
It's harvest time

Nothing grows on fallow hills  
Seeds planted shallow still  
In the end there's nothing left to kill  
These roots won't fade away  
They grow deeper every day  
Destroying everything in play

Sow the bullets and nothing's left but the weeds  
Till the soil until the earth bleeds  
The smell of mankind rotting on the vine  
The season of decline

Plant the antiseed  
Watch the death grow  
The only way to feed  
And make the blood flow  
The reaping  
Plow the fields of gore  
Hear the weeping?  
It's harvest time

Germinate it and bring it to the end  
Cultivate the dying we attend  
The antiseed spore brings death to us all  
And we watch it all fall