

Preachers

Harvest

I am looking for two preachers
In dirty clothes
In dirty clothes
Breathing fire and stopping rain
Where they come from nobody knows

When you see them on the mountain
Number the days
Number the days
When the earthquake
Makes the graves break
Where they come from nobody knows

Where they come from nobody knows
Nobody knows
Nobody knows
Where they come from nobody knows
Nobody knows
Nobody knows

For the hour of the greatest darkness
On the day when they burn our crosses
Find the preachers in dirty clothes
Take their bodies
You'll free their souls

Where they come from nobody knows
Nobody knows
Nobody knows
Where they come from nobody knows
Nobody knows
Nobody knows