I watch the Perpet.

Black Clouds on Horizon.

I watch the Fields I've grown,

since 30 Years (of human failure),

and fear the black Fruits of my Life (Lies).

I walk through Blood and Stone, and bring my Harvest Home. Wherever I may roam, I bring my Harvest Home.

But what will my Harvest be? Ash'n Dust ~ Fear and Misery?

How bitter the Seed may be.
I hold on.
I take the Stones and bring my Harvest home.
And my Foots are bleeding.
I won't lament
'cause I'll get what I once sown.

How bitter the Seed will be in my Mouth, I walk upright and bring my Harvest home.