

Harvest Spine

Soilwork

I am the logical master
I am the thousand winds that blow
Not aware of the chain reaction
The diamond that glints on the coming snow

A seasonal triumph, sacrificial hearts
It is in your judgement but still too far
A pack of your demons in circled flight
Are eating me up, I'm befriending the night

Set to incite

Condemned by the voices in your chest
Permission to burn the rest
A winter inside your soul
Protector of sulphur and gold

Reaching harbours where the flickering light never dies
Fields lie open as you fall
Tend to overlook the sky that's weighing you down
Lost in sleep, slothfulness, riddled by death, empty inside
Harvest spine

I am the 'I' in illusion
What you see is the pain that you feel inside
A man of seclusion
Forever to bleed when I hide

Abandoning spirits and offsprings
Sinners and scapegoats, grains of sand
Preparing your offerings
As poison now runs from the palm of your hands

From your hands

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