

Harvest

Vundabar

There's nothing that's poetic about a bedsore
Stasis is damage
I cleaned the bowl of fruit I brought
It sat till it turned to food for flies
See how they dine on trials awry

But later I came over
The house smelt heavy
You said to me

I don't ever wanna be
Contest
Harvest
Let me rot in the field, set the seed
I don't ever wanna be
Contest
Harvest
Let the moss, let it grow over me

You brought that dog up, could you put it down?
You found out
Too much to hear so ear gave in
Then on the following Sunday the devil rose out
But he came back
He dresses like a businessman

But you were
When you were younger
Did you find what you were offered?

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