THE HARVEST

The Crossbearer

[AMB 2x]Its the time for the harvest
Time of the harvest
Its the time of the harvest
Your time
[Bonez Dubb]My ride broke down on a mountain of dust im lost
With nobody around i cant fuck with the cost
Of the cell phone or tow truck or even the cops
Nobody gonna find me untill my cold heart stopps
(I started walkin' and all of a suddent the sky became rain)
Seen a house on the way looked fuckin' insane
With no windows or locks so i stepped inside the room
Anything can really happen so im trying to leave soon
(And then i seen a blade)
Hangin' down from the wall theres no explaination for the crazy shit i saw
Got me trippin' but i reached for the steel anyway
Thats all i can say because after that day
They say too many peopole died at that main highway
I guessed i murdered them all when im possesed by the blade
So they lockin my up for life and now im gone
And the only thing on my mind is what i did wrong
[Chorus 2x]Its the time for the harvest Time of the harvest
(when the sling blade works in ways thats so sticky to yall to die die die die die die die)
Its the time of the harvest Your time
(In the chemical chills the blood spills and drippin' we all die die die die die die die)
[Boondox]When i feel i got the urge to kill
As if for real i draw a blank and then i reachin for steel
The sharpest razor blades that made my first rate
Hands of full believers full of murder and hate

Used by many souls, many years on the crops
Slicin through dicing thought wheat and corn spots
But when i grab it something happens that hears all of my confessions
Takin' control of my emotions like a demon possession
No remorse in my heart for the things it made me do
All the blood that was shead like it wasnt even true
Wake up in cold sweat sheets covered in red
Then the flashbacks hit me of all the sould that we bled
Was it true? Did i do all these things in my brain?
Was the slingblade curse or was i going insane?

I ran out the front door and just looked all around
100 headless corprses' laying all over the ground
[Chorus 2x][Otis]Got it in my hands and a feelin' rush though
Aint nobody know what to do when my slingblade fucks you
Cuts through with a 1,2
I drop poison on my airplane when i crop dust you
See i gotta put food on the table
And give sacrafice to the Gods that i pray to
And that means that nothing can save you
Apologive to Mother Earth for what the humans bring you
I raise through the fields and chase you
With fast pace your back breaks
When the sight takes you
Then i drag you back by the hair to my shack
Button up my coat and diesect your throat
I cut out the flesh the pieces are so big
I put 'em through a shredder then i feed them to my pig
And i know the job move a little slow
But the heart is dissend and imma sweep what we sew
[Chorus till end]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/