Harvest

Shakhan

Christian fellow rise from your bed
Scrape off the mould thats growing on your head.
Life your quaking, aching small frame and stand.
Out there, there is a harvest field of man.Tip toe and look through the windows
in the four walls you build around yourself
Time to take down the gloves from off your shelf
Speak now about the Lord you'll meet
There in the sky the sun slowly sets
Like a stone down into the quick sand.
Out there, there is a harvest field of man.Heal that divided tongue oh Lord,
and that split that needs healing on their tongue.
Help them say you the Lord the G-d thats one.
Our dear Master pays overtime.
Yes, its worth you crossing over the line.
Theres a great big crop out there in the land
Out there, there is a harvest field of man.Time to take the sickle in hand
Oh my friends don't be shy
I see a destroying storm pushing through the sky.

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