

Fertile Fields

Good Riddance

Sometimes those simple things won't turn the trick no more
And our self-important dreams they all lie shattered on the floor
 Even the proletariat receives his royalty
And as the battle rages on and on I wish it wasn't me
 And it seems so cruel
 The last one breaking up
 Until the winter finds it's worth
 As we glide upon the earth
Now the trees are swept aside by wind and sheets of rain
And the fertile fields once gilded have now withered and refrained
 She who longs for comfort feels instead a savage thrust
And the ashen sky grows ever darker as dawn gives way to dust
 As we set our dogs upon the earth
 Feast on the dead until no life remains
Forward towards a pointless end we squander never gain

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