

The Harvest

Peter Rowan

[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 explanation 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 possessed 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 corpses' 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 sacrifice 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 disect 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]

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