

Wicker

Clutch

Like ravens on a scarecrow
Too old to beat them off
The guilt ferments
Familiarity breeds contemptThe yolk of faith splatters silent
Harvest time, red moon rising
Anvil cloud, lightning rod
Peacemaker, life takerWhat's inside the silo?
Can it fly?
A needle in a haystack
To crack the skyThe yoke of faith breaks away
From the beast of burden
Harvest time, red moon rising
Peacemaker, life taker
Red moon risingPeacemaker, peacemaker
Peacemaker, life taker
Red moon rising
[Incomprehensible]
PeacemakerThe feet of marching men
Beat down the fields of last chances
As scarecrows in amber waves of grain
Grin exchanging glancesWe've killed it
Killed it
Killed it

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