

Harvest

YOKKO

Masquarade of wealth and glory
A bright parade
For ancient stories
Heaven's secrets
are our only treasures On the fields we harvest
A murder of crows
Steals our dearest
Yield we watch grow
Life is fatal
Every haulm gets broken
But we posses
a language yet unspoken Symbolized cryptic numbers
On the walls that sourround us
Not even those who can afford
Saved from death and its deadly sword
Heaven's secrets are our only treasures On the fields we harvest
A murder of crows
Steals our dearest
Yield we watch grow
Life is fatal
Every haulm gets broken
But we posses
a language yet unspoken No guaranty
no hidden path
It's all illusion
(Murder of crows steal our dearest)
It's all illusion
Heaven's secrets are our only treasures On the fields we harvest
A murder of crows
Steals our dearest
Yield we watch grow
Life is fatal
Every haulm gets broken
But we posses
a language yet unspoken

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