

# End of the Harvest

## Neurosis

Like the walls of your stare, you will fall  
(Within you)  
Succumb to the new and give way  
Old fields will fail  
(Memory)  
Yielding crops of rocks and dust A book lies open  
The pages crumble at your touch  
Words breed lies  
(Writhe)  
Wind feeds fire  
(Unseen) Have you ever tasted the soil  
(Destiny)  
And felt your own death in your veins?  
Shield your eyes from the moon  
(Found them all)  
As it mocks your wretched self With fire in your heart  
The truth lies clear  
Words breed lies  
([Incomprehensible])  
Wind feeds fire  
(Release) Bend your thoughts  
Unveil your soul  
Now drink, revive, reach  
Reach, scrape and bind  
Bind, bind, bind

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