The Harvest

Alove for Enemies

The blood will flow, down from the sky, angles reaping all of us, faithful or not
The moom will turn to fire, the sky to ash, sickles reaping all of us, faithful or not
Then you will see, Christ coming back, saving all of us from this torture and death
The moom will turn to fire, the sky to ash, sickles reaping all of us, faithful or not
And we will wait here, swords drawn, ready to fight for you
And we will wait here, swords drawn, ready to fight for you
This is my truth, this is our victory
The blood will flow, down from the sky, angles reaping all of you, faithful or not
The moon will turn to fire, the sky to ash, sickles reaping all of us, faithful or not
And we will wait here, swords drawn, ready to fight for you
And we will wait here, swords drawn, ready to fight for you
It's time to rise and fight for life
It's tme to rise and fight for Christ

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