

Harvester of Sorrow

Apocalyptica

My life suffocates
Planting seeds of hate
I've loved, turned to hate
Trapped far beyond my fate I give, you take
This life that I forsake
Been cheated of my youth
You turned this lie to truth Anger, misery
You'll suffer unto me Harvester of sorrow
Language of the mad
Harvester of sorrow]
Language of the mad Pure black looking clear
My work is done soon here
Try getting back to me
Get back which used to be Drink up, shoot in
Let the beatings begin
Distributor of pain
Your loss becomes my gain Anger, misery
You'll suffer unto me Harvester of sorrow
Language of the mad
Harvester of sorrow
Language of the mad All have said their prayers
Invade their nightmares
To see into my eyes
You'll find where murder lies

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