Bitter Harvest

Primordial

A moment of clarity
It spoke to me in tongues
It spoke to me of ruin
Of destitution, and of pain
Where night, it never ever
Seems to come
To ease the misery of the dayDegenerate whores
Expose their stinking wares
to a foul race of man...
whores for all..., in time
Death soon shall bind
These soul less froms of men
To the dead of their kindTo live all their lives again
They would die in the very
Same way...
Clinging to a profane hope that
A place beyond the grave
May repay their suffering
And their pain
In a way that no whore could ever ease
The misery of the day...

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