

# The Harvest

## Sonata Arctica

The weight of days on me....  
I am done.The corn is burning under my feet  
The words like circles and  
I'm waiting for someone to catch my fall  
in the deepest void of allHaven't seen you in weeks  
No clouds in the sky to rain me a drop  
loving touch I need  
and I am killing time by the lake  
diving off the cliff, many times  
scarring myself, colliding  
on the lake bed so dry....The world's without virginity  
And souls have no intergrity  
The Word of grave old danger -Love,  
It's all I'm after, oh  
I am done...The ground's not shaking under my feet  
The World's not turning anymore  
Wind is a thief, lonelier than me  
and it - does - not - want - me - in here...plant a Flower of Love, care for it, water it,  
Lounge in the shade of the stale champagne  
A flower so fatal, yet beautiful  
Showed the Bee where to fly  
and then let it dieThe world's without virginity  
The souls have no intergrity  
The Word of grave old danger -Love,  
It's all I'm after, oh  
I am done...Bring me to recovery  
give it to me, I'm after tranquillity  
I somehow lost my line of sight  
Before I cast the final die...  
Once planted plastic grapes,  
The harvest of a lifetime,  
Real bad wine.The sum of false virginity  
and my lost integrity  
The Word of grave old danger -Love,  
For you I'm after, oh  
I am doneThe world without virginity  
A soul with no integrity  
The Word of grave old danger -Love,Bring me to recovery  
give it to me, I'm after tranquillity

I somehow lost my line of sight  
Before I cast the final die...  
Once planted plastic grapes,  
The harvest of a lifetime,  
Real bad wine. The ground is shaking under my feet  
The World is turning,  
and the  
Wind has a friend in Misery,  
but I know - she - only - loves - me...

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