

Harvest

Khoma

Kneel to pick up the stone
All tha hides beneath comes to life
Been too silent too long
Grew inside of me
Speak black tongue
Now the ships have sailed
There's only you and me, and false ideals
They became a part of me
Equip me with a blade
Give it time to heal
The pulse goes down, I can hear you crying
Say you're ready to leave. Pray for it to be over (I wish
it wasn't so)
So i scream for air, in a world that's choking (Just give
me time to heal)