

# Harvest

Kromlek

As I touched the soil I felt they taught me to feel  
And as I watched the sun I saw what they taught me to see  
And as I smelled the air I smelled what they taught me to smell  
But as I swallowed the lake I felt nothing for these was nothing they  
Taught me

I don't belong to where I come from  
With veins like roots reaching no water

I judge myself for being victim  
I curse them for what they have taught me  
I blame the gods for not intervening  
I curse myself for judging the gods

I'm not bound to the hammer  
I don't need a shepherd  
What I need is spittle  
From the serpent

As long as I've pulled my plough upon frozen soil  
I was tormented by feelings of senselessness  
But now the the ravens' rise - this is my harvest!  
I see the boiling blood-fountains out of a reawakening earth!

May my muscles be ashes  
To become one with the soil  
May my excusing body  
Fertilize the future grounds