

I Bring My Harvest Home

Nargaroth

I watch the Perpet.
Black Clouds on Horizon.
I watch the Fields I've grown,
since 30 Years (of human failure),
and fear the black Fruits of my Life (Lies).

I walk through Blood and Stone,
and bring my Harvest Home.
Wherever I may roam,
I bring my Harvest Home.

But what will my Harvest be?
Ash'n Dust ~ Fear and Misery?

How bitter the Seed may be.
I hold on.
I take the Stones and bring my Harvest home.
And my Footholds are bleeding.
I won't lament
'cause I'll get what I once sown.

How bitter the Seed will be in my Mouth,
I walk upright
and
bring my Harvest home.