Bad Harvest

New Model Army

I was raised in the years of the harvest There were fields to the far horizon turning to the sun I have killed more than I could eat I live in a house filled with bones But now the rain doesn't fall And the wells are running brackish and dry We stare out across the shrivelling fields At the pitiless blue of the pitiless sky

Bad harvest is come, we're gathering dust The scavenger birds are returning La Muerte parades through the capital streets Soon they'll be hunting for witches for the burning

I can hear in the far-off distance The sound of the men making ready to come I can hear them saddling horses And the sound of the hounds howling scenting the kill in the ai r I can taste fear on my tongue I can feel fear in my heart We'll be running and stumbling through the thick dark woods Through the barren fields through the empty towns

Bad harvest is come and the wars they are lost Whatever is left will be returning La Muerte parades through the capital streets Soon they'll be hunting for witches for the burning

Beneath the towering clouds of rusting red As the sun bleeds into the horizon The churches of the new gods are closing their doors And the hard old gods are vengeance-bent on their returning

The gardens of the ruined towers glow with burning crosses While the kings are in their counting houses Counting out their losses Trust to the stories, my love - it's what they are for What's happening now has happened before