

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 air
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