

My harvest will come, tiny valorous straw
Among the millions facing to the sun
I will pause before a man whose path has just begun
Something unsung our way comes

The quarternary code gave mankind a rose
So we could see the beautiful die
Strange peace of storm hovers over crops
In a child's face aglow before the scythe

Join the harvest of hundred fields, hearty and tame
All going back to one single grain
Offer light to the coming day, inspire a child

Water the field, surrender to the earth
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They have beauty beyond the poetry but choose a silent misery
The deeper their sea, the less remains
They'll find the pretty words and tame flocks to herd
There's that or carousel of dare

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Surrender to the earth

Arrive alive