

# Harvest

## Pathology

Entering the void - veal covered eyes  
Ending a nightmare after the storm  
Awake and conscious your memories  
Run red - organs are replaced

Now the harvest has succumbed to deities  
And sacrifices are inevitable  
Burnt offerings remain a constant  
The weak have delivered us

Below the sky they roam the netherworld  
Wandering and hunting - lust for flesh

Above the sky they roam the astral plane  
Hunting the flesh - lust for bone

After the silence we can hear the afterlife -  
delivered from the four winds  
The weak have delivered us

Below the sky becomes the netherworld  
Remembering deliverance

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