

Metallica, Harvest Of Sorrow

My life suffocates
Planting seeds of hate
I've loved, turned to hate
Trapped far beyond my fate
I give
You take
This life that I forsake
Been cheated of my youth
You turned this lie to truth
Anger
Misery
You'll suffer unto me
Harvester of sorrow
Language of the mad
Harvester of sorrow
Pure black looking clear
My work is done soon here
Try getting back to me
Get back which used to be
Drink up
Shoot in
Let the beatings begin
Distributor of pain
Your loss becomes my gain
Anger
Misery
You'll suffer unto me
Harvester of sorrow
Language of the mad
Harvester of sorrow
All have said their prayers
Invade their nightmares
To see into my eyes
You'll find where murder lies
Infanticide
Harvester of sorrow
Language of the mad
Harvester of sorrow
Language of the mad
Harvester of sorrow