

# The 3rd And The Mortal, Harvest

The cat sharpens its claws  
and runs into the cornfields  
children playing hide and seek  
A frail figure dressed in a cape  
wandering with measured steps  
haunted by derisive words

They want to capture the ogress  
wandering aimlessly  
finding pebbles on the ground  
picking leaves from an oaktree  
stalks make rents in green sails  
have some candy  
she says

Far beneath the raging sea  
lies a monstrous vessel  
chained men singing elegies