

## Fertile Fields

Good Riddance

Sometimes those simple things won't turn the trick no more  
And our self-  
important dreams they all lie shattered on the floor  
Even the proletariat receives his royalty  
And as the battle rages on and on I wish it wasn't me  
And it seems so cruel  
The last one breaking up  
Until the winter finds it's worth  
As we glide upon the earth  
Now the trees are swept aside by wind and sheets of rain  
And the fertile fields once gilded have now withered and refrained  
She who longs for comfort feels instead a savage thrust  
And the ashen sky grows ever darker as dawn gives way to dust  
As we set our dogs upon the earth  
Feast on the dead until no life remains  
Forward towards a pointless end we squander never gain