

The Anvil

Shaman's Harvest

The space
Between shoving and hell to walk
Begging them not to freak out
Show your anger
Son we've created this all for you

Telling the devil to weep
So we can hold on
Strike the anvil
Stand and we have already won

Shore up the last brigade
Send all the soldiers home
Testing the will of that at any cost now

Our denial
What a sweet sensation
Turning the tide as we watch
Back to your life

Just to defend
On the run again
Something I can taste
Bring down the walls
And conform again
Getting weak and frail
Try to tip the scale
Something I can touch
Bring down the walls

Feast
Feed on the world that we gave
Your gluttony sickens the void
Never fearing
How brave to waste it all

The cadence of silence in men
[?]
Never ending
Back to your lies

Just to defend
On the run again
Something I can taste
Bring down the walls
And conform again
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Try to tip the scale
Something I can touch
Bring down the walls
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Space
Between shoving and hell to walk
Begging them not to freak out
Testing the will of it at any cost now

Shore up the last brigade
Send all the soldiers home
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Feed on the world that we gave
Your gluttony sickens the void
Never fearing
How brave to waste it all