

## 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  
Getting weak and frail  
Try to tip the scale  
Something I can touch  
Bring down the walls  
And conform again

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  
Testing the will of it at any cost now

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