

# Fortune

## Phora

Down to the valley where the fortunes grow  
Down to the free  
That gathered holy 'round the fire that grows so well  
On with the laughter when the work is done  
It is what it is  
A passing work of human hands where faults abound  
While the rains would come  
While the end was unknown  
  
Nothing had proved too much  
No path was solely my own  
Most of the daylight nothing filled my mind  
Quiet was I  
And I was held away from evil that spoke my name  
All he was wanting was a bumbling man  
I wouldn't go  
Wanting only to feel the time around me stay

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