Woodsman

Atlantis Philharmonic

Woodsmen are woodsmen
You stare at the night
Moonbeams cast shadows
Your axe head shines bright
A man of great stature
Magician of land
Shadows of loneliness
Woodsmen are woodsmen

Forest of feelings
Reflections of pain
The nature of solitude
Moonbeams remain
Too many winters and nights spent alone
The beauty is lost as you cut up your home

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Lyrics Submitted by Greg Walker

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