

# 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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