Fortune

Arca

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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