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Berserkr "Bitter Harvest"

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Outlaw was a humble man, As the story would reveal An honest law-abiding man, Just a farmer in his field His dear wife had passed away In the winter of '25 Did his best to raise the children And to keep that farm alive

Then came that awful drought And the children's hunger pains Crops failed and the springtime passed Without a single drop of rain The weeks passed, the sheriff came With the banke at his side Took the farm that his family had lived on all Their lives

Tears fell from the children's eyes He kissed them each farewell He be back when some work was found But only time could tell He knew his kin would raise them up To be kind and gentle folk To get as near as the best for them Was all that he could hope

[CHORUS:1

And then the rain came - it was a blood spill The gunfire was heard through the cities and the fields Dug out his dusty six-gun That he carried as a calvary scout Made a mask from an old bandanna Saddled up for a ride to town Masked man slid down from the saddle Walked the steps to the bank's front door Left the town with a bag full of gold And the greedy bank man dead on the floor

Thus began his career as an outlaw Lived a life at the end of a gun Day to day: bank to bank

Doomed to spend his life on the run All the common people loved him One of them who had taken a stand Against the banks that had bled them dry And sucked the blood of the working man

The man died as the story told it Ambushed at the edge of town On his feet with his six-gun blazing Blood and gold spread on the ground The man Lives in the lives of the people The deeds done and the stories told The man's gone but he Lives forever In the tales of the guns and gold

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