

## Harvist "Drudgery Of The Craft"

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The skyline lit in green  
Torn from this gentle blue soul  
Where I, a lad, would sit  
Overlooking this town of old  
And I understood  
That to make my dreams real  
It would take the sacrifice of another dream I made  
that day  
For all the pain that I've endured  
I will never cease the attack  
Into the woods, I go  
The drudgery of the craft  
Beckons me to strive  
For higher plains than thee  
But I shall return to your wretched land  
When I feel the need to suffer again

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