Armor And Sword

Rush

The snakes and arrows a child is heir to
Are enough to leave a thousand cuts
We build our defenses, a place of safety
And leave the darker places unexplored
Sometimes the fortress is too strong
Or the love is too weak
What should have been our armor
Becomes a sharp and angry sword
Our better natures seek elevation
A refuge for the coming night
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
No one
We hold beliefs as a consolation
A way to take us out of ourselves
Meditation or medication
A comfort, or a promised reward
Sometimes the spirit is too strong
Or the flesh is too weak
Sometimes the need is just too great
For the solace we seek
The suit of shining armor
Becomes a keen and bloody sword
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
A refuge for the coming night
A future of eternal light
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
No one
Confused alarms of struggle and flight
Blood is drained of color
By the flashes of artillery light
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
The battle flags are flown
At the feet of a god unknown
No one gets to their heaven, heaven
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
Sometimes the damage is too great
Or the will is too weak
What should have been our armor
Becomes a sharp and burning sword

No one gets to their heaven without a fight
A refuge for the coming night
A future of eternal light
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
No one
No one gets to their heaven without a fight

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