Fight

PFR

She takes the six o'clock train
It's off to work and then home again
She wonders if this will ever change
Clutching her pillow, she hides in a dark
Room in her heartHow long has it been
Since love touched her and she let in
Chased out the shadows, filled emptiness
With her head in her hands, she cries
"Come back again, I need you, my friend"We fight on our knees but don't often see
The battles that rage being won
But fight on, we will and tarry until
Love comes to carry us on
To kneel with the broken in spirit
And call upon the SonSo many holes here within
Torn apart and then blown by the wind
Hell and high water come crashing in
Pride says to fight but he cannot defend
This means to an endThe truth cuts like a blade
Bleeding all of the plans that he made
Nothing but faith in the One who came
Can ever bring peace to the spirit again
Will he understand?We fight on our knees for those who might see
The battle is over, it's won
Not by our hands, by the Son of man
He who is has overcome
Death and the grave hold no power
To those who call upon the SonWe fight on our knees but don't often see
The battles that rage being won
But fight on, we will and tarry until
Love comes to carry us on
To kneel with the broken in spirit
And call upon the Son

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