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 unexploredSometimes the fortress is too strong
Or the love is too weak
What should have been our armor
Becomes a sharp and angry swordOur better natures seek elevation
A refuge for the coming night
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
No oneWe hold beliefs as a consolation
A way to take us out of ourselves
Meditation or medication
A comfort, or a promised rewardSometimes the spirit is too strong
Or the flesh is too weak
Sometimes the need is just too great
For the solace we seekThe suit of shining armor
Becomes a keen and bloody sword
No one gets to their heaven without a fightA refuge for the coming night
A future of eternal light
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
No oneConfused alarms of struggle and flight
Blood is drained of color
By the flashes of artillery light
No one gets to their heaven without a fightThe battle flags are flown
At the feet of a god unknown
No one gets to their heaven, heavenNo one gets to their heaven without a fightSometimes the damage is too great
Or the will is too weak
What should have been our armor
Becomes a sharp and burning swordNo 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 oneNo one gets to their heaven without a fight

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