

# Shield

## Artha

Mama plays a queen on the hill built on a dream  
While her children play in the field  
Papa smokes the pipe of a sweet and better life  
But how strong is the shield?  
Can peace be found  
On the carpet above ground?  
Where sky is forever blue  
So let it pass baby now  
The slow inviting cloud  
Which may take me from you  
Many things a man can lose, his self, his rights, his views  
But never his heart or his love  
So take this hand of mine and climb baby climb  
To the hill up above

Now you can play a queen on the hill built on a dream  
While our children play in the field  
I can smoke the pipe of a sweet and better life  
And trust in the strength of the shield  
So trust in your love and you'll see up above  
And let light pass like a wheel  
Don't take the chance of life's hectic dance  
Kiss the strength of the shield  
The seeker will be found  
By the looker underground  
And to his wish he will yield  
Fate will have its word of course  
But time will change its course  
And hold the strength of the shield

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