

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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