

Swordsman

Barnabas

When I was born, I was given a sword
Told to put it to use, just a child turned loose
Not knowing better, I took everything on
Picked a fight with the evening, shook my fist at the dawn

But then I was shown from where the sword came
Given a purpose and my enemy's name

The sword is the Word
And victory is my purpose
The enemy is evil
But my strength is in God /x2

Time was my teacher as I practiced my trade
Learning that swordsmen aren't created but made
I studied the craft of the swordsmen of old
Learning to fight, learning how to be bold

Then I was shown from where the sword came
Given a purpose and my enemy's name

The sword is the Word
And victory is my purpose
The enemy is evil
But my strength is in God /x2

Now I grow old and I teach the young
Of the battles ahead and the prize to be won
And yet every day I must unsheathe my sword
And drink from the cup that the Master has poured

But then I was shown from where the sword came
Given a purpose and my enemy's name

The sword is the Word
And victory is my purpose
The enemy is evil
But my strength is in God /x2