Holy War

Chely Wright

Perhaps it is fitting
The sky heavy and spitting at the ground
The sun hid above us
With a grip on my breath it had found
I'd let it out slow as you stood to go
And it rose high just as I slipped down
Then I whispered your name
Knowing well you would not turn around

We stand at the door
Like the holy make war
Both of us sure we are right
We move through it unseen
For the darkness between us
But I mean to leave on the light

I want to let go of
All I think I know of how
Our story unwinds
And might turn back to find us somehow
We've both turned away
When wisdom would say
We've squandered forgiveness and time
And all they would allow
If I could offer both of us mine

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Like the holy make war
Both of us sure we are right
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What held us together
Lay like a feather in my hand
Not enough weight now for flight
Or the freedom to land
We each take from the other
Now struggle is all that we share
It's less than I am
And more than I think I can bear

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