

Live by the Sword

Chuck Ragan

Blue skies went in the trees
And birds carry a song
On a crowded street of refugees
In a city for the lost
Everyone is searching
For a light or valid cause
Cutting throats and taking notes
From those who move along

We must have faith
That dire times won't change
If we give into pain
Or drown ourselves in rage

Broken hearts, dirty streets
From dreams of shining lights
Reality kills confidence
Here almost every night
Burning wits carry the fire
Gunshots end up close
From terrified and cowardly
Gave up long ago

We must work hard
To fight to make our own way
To shelter those we love
From what comes round some day

We live by the sword and we die
We'll breathe by the ocean and cry
We'll stand up and carry the weight of the world
For ourselves and love ones to thrive