

## Armor and Sword

Rush

The snakes and arrows a child is heir to  
Are enough to leave a thousand cuts  
We build our defenses, a place of safety  
And leave the darker places unexplored

Sometimes the fortress is too strong  
Or the love is too weak  
What should have been our armor  
Becomes a sharp and angry sword

Our better natures seek elevation  
A refuge for the coming night  
No one gets to their heaven without a fight

We hold beliefs as a consolation  
A way to take us out of ourselves  
Meditation or medication  
A comfort ,or a promised reward

Sometimes the spirit is too strong  
Or the flesh is too weak  
Sometimes the need is just too great  
For the solace we seek  
The suit of shining armor  
Becomes a keen and bloody sword

A refuge for the coming night  
A future of eternal light  
No one gets to their heaven without a fight

Confused alarms of struggle and flight  
Blood is drained of color  
By the flashes of artillery light  
No one gets to their heaven without a fight  
The battle flags are flown  
At the feet of a god unknown  
No one gets to their heaven without a fight

Sometimes the damage is too great  
Or the will is too weak  
What should have been our armor  
Becomes a sharp and burning sword