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