

Struck Down

Shakhan

Stuck down on love's battle field I've lost hope a knight holding a plastic sword feeling like a joke. Along the plain over the mountain there is snow the wooden horse I owned wouldn't go.

I've seen my dreams vanish a patch of light consumed by the storm like a blind weatherman I couldn't see to forwarn.

A loner that found someone sweet o so dear I never asked her for help to start tearing down the fear.

Can mere man stand in this bright, lovely light and do what's always right always right?

We do have many troubles all our many troubles are so small but when added up they lead completely to our fall.

Those arrows are words they're not fiction but fact. Those words striking so hard they pierced my heart through the back. So close we touched and then I was deeply torn. The beautiful young rose still has thorns. We're like two beautiful butterflies that have been caught in our very own rain.

Will we live Elohim will we live and fly again?