

We watched them fall. Eyes locked to mine,
Feeling as if I had let them down.
Caught blinded by silk, led by lips
To the baited chains.
Now look around regret.
As the axe swings before your eyes,
Think how everyday we spent dreaming.
Never once did we pick up the sword and learn to fight.
Now is the time. Pick yourself up and fight.
Learn to swing. Learn to swing.
They watched me fall for the last time.
But how is such an elegant blade to be stopped?
When in times where eyes set sites
To cross-hair the weak, my bride,
I'll try, oh so hard, to find that Light.
but in his mind she baits me to fire.
What a cunning foe we've met!
Our horizons pushed pages away to a new fight,
A new method, new plan. But how do I train?
How do you ready a child for war?
Oh what a cunning foe we've met!
The Captain, what will He send?
I know He will send, but what will be sent?
I can feel a slip. A buzzard scrapes nearby...
As I, atop this hill, stand and scream,
It's all I can do to control my gaze
From the curiosity of seeing myself as prey.
And then I heard an armored march.
I heard an armored march that shook the trees.
Bows bent as they sang, "We are the archers!"