

The sun has long since set,
The stars are blotted out.
The smell of fire and blood,
The cries of fading souls.

The chattering of arms envelops,
The rustling of swords sounds,
The silence of the readied front line,
The glimmer of anticipated perspiration.

Long gone are the days of safety,
And long gone are the days of hope.
Days when I would drink the blue sky,
Days when the sunlight would play in my hair.

Enemies encamped around,
Enemies numbered so high.
Their swords are sharp as dragons,
Their tongues will be even worse.

Their trumpet sounds as they race,
Their feet swift and swords drawn!
My cry roars as my feet take to flight,
My arms are strong as my sword comes down!

Tearing through their ranks I run,
Tearing through my soul they go.
One by one I fell them.
One by one they break me down.

The night goes on,
And the battle wars on.
Each stroke of my blade ends with blood,
Each time I breath my lungs fill with blood.

Wearing through their numbers,
Wearing out my strength,
They continue to come,
They continue to overwhelm.

My knees drop to the ground,
My sword falls to my side.
One man can not beat an army,

One soul can not beat a cause.

They rip from my body,
All that was me.
Shaving my head,
Renting my garments.
They bludgeon my face,
They cut out my innards.
They deface,
They devalue.
All the works of my hands,
Become nothing,
All the words from my mouth,
Counted noise.
All the wounds I have tended,
All the lives that I've mended.
Stripped away.
Cut away,
Cut away are my strong arms,
Cut away my powerful legs!
Taken away my size,
Taken away my cry!
Take away this spirit,
Take away this soul,
Take away this hope,
Take away this faith!
Take away all that was great,
Take away all that was mighty,
Take away all that was right,
Take away all that was light!
Gone is everything special,
Gone is everything unique.
Gone is every bit of fight,
Gone is every bit of fear.

The blood runs like a river,
The blood flows round your feet.
As the light begins to race over the plain,
As the sun long awaited rises.

As you look to the place I once lay,
As you see the Father's hands.
You'll see nothing but a small child left,

You'll see nothing but a redeemed life.