

## **PFR**

# **"Fight"**

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She takes the six o'clock train  
It's off to work and then home again  
She wonders if this will ever change  
Clutching her pillow, she hides in a dark  
Room in her heart

How long has it been  
Since love touched her and she let in  
Chased out the shadows, filled emptiness  
With her head in her hands, she cries  
"Come back again, I need you, my friend"

We fight on our knees but don't often see  
The battles that rage being won  
But fight on, we will and tarry until  
Love comes to carry us on  
To kneel with the broken in spirit  
And call upon the Son

So many holes here within  
Torn apart and then blown by the wind  
Hell and high water come crashing in  
Pride says to fight but he cannot defend  
This means to an end

The truth cuts like a blade  
Bleeding all of the plans that he made  
Nothing but faith in the One who came  
Can ever bring peace to the spirit again  
Will he understand?

We fight on our knees for those who might see  
The battle is over, it's won  
Not by our hands, by the Son of man  
He who is has overcome  
Death and the grave hold no power  
To those who call upon the Son

We fight on our knees but don't often see  
The battles that rage being won  
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