

## Shakhan

### "Struck Down"

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Struck 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 forewarn.

A loner that found someone sweet oh 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?

Lyrics by Davyd Homan

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