

Quiet Defence

Gentle man don't push too hard next time, you look like you could rest.

You can try hugging your bruises away and putting me to the test.

And you might try to rub them off, shake them off what you wear,

Afraid of what people might say if they see you care.

And beaten by the blows from which you tried to save,

A little girl who's now trying to be brave.

When the arrows block out the sun or the fight comes barging through,

And in the cross breeze of the wildfire I'd always find you.

Too busy fighting the flames to notice you're freezing to death,

Too busy saving my soul to notice you're on your last breath

And when the dust settles and the smoke is lifted by the gale,

I can see your grazed silhouette who never thought to bail.

Achille.A