

## To Battle

Going into battle with the menace in my mind,  
But my armour isn't physical, it's of a different kind.  
Without it I am struggling, I find it hard to cope,  
But its presence gives me courage and brings me some hope.  
With the belt of truth wrapped tight around my waist,  
I can lean on God's word, keep my wobbles in place.  
And the breastplate of righteousness strapped firm to my chest.  
I am made right with God, I am loved, I am blessed.  
My shoes, they have doves on, the symbol of peace,  
A peace beyond understanding bringing freedom and release  
The shield that I carry is made up of my faith,  
That my Jesus has got this, he'll win me the race.  
The arrows won't get through, though believe me they try,  
But this protection I have comes from my God, the Most High.  
And the helmet of salvation, it covers my head.  
I can feel it surrounding, I can hear what He said.  
That He loves me completely, just the way that I am.  
That He's always been there since before time began.  
But He loves me too much just to leave me like this.  
There is so much more, He doesn't want me to miss.  
So we'll push forward together and take on the threat  
With the sword of the Spirit, His word and yet,  
When it all gets too much and I'm too weary to fight,  
He tells me His yoke is easy and my burden is light.  
It's then that He lifts me and carries me on.  
Even then He is with me when my strength is gone.  
So I'm trusting my Lord, stepping into the unknown,  
Believing that with Him on my side, one day I'll make it home.