I used to look at my life and ask god why.

How could this happen to me?

You've betrayed me at first breath.

Every time I turn to walk you were there to knock me down.

Here I am down on my knees again.

Give me a reason to live or help me understand why I feel I'm at war.

And my only hearts cry.

Let me hear the sound of your voice.

I know I'm not just here.

Bring purpose for my life.

Even now that my passion grows inside me I can't fight it.

Even now the balance that I held has fallen and buried  $\operatorname{me}$ .

Everything that we felt from birth until now has helped build us into who we are.

Brick by brick.

Stone by stone.

We were built brick by brick to make a stand for all to see.

I see now what we were meant for.

We were born and bred for war.

We're scared and plagued with pain.

Yet without hesitation we're sent out in the middle of a war and told to survive.

How is this fair?

We take a look at the world and see that it's struggling, scared, and falling apart.

Yet we stare straight into the eyes of the world and press on even though it screams back you'll fail. Yes this world is struggling, scared, and falling apart.

However, this world wasn't built to last and we are. Each one of us have desires within that we must fight for

The enemy is cunning and will try to attack us where our defenses are most weak.

During these times we mustn't close our eyes and harden our hearts in fear.

We must turn and face our enemy and fight for every last breath.

The road is long, hard and filled with trials and temptation.

When we fall we must have the strength to pick ourselves back up and press on.