

ANGEL WARRIORS

Angel warriors, all around,
heed this hellish heckling sound
in the warp and woof of life,
at the edge of danger's knife,
loud with fitful storms of strife,
on our journey, heaven-bound!

Angel guardians, intervene!
Dark and heinous hosts convene,
plaguing us, who plead and plod,
bruised beneath the devil's rod,
humbly asking help from God—
strength to face fierce hoards unseen.

Angel warriors, flutter near,
fanning flight to faithless fear!
Foil what Satan's minions planned;
rout the ranks of his command;
brightly blind this beastly band,
as your flaming swords appear!

Angel spirits, bards of peace,
chant your chorus of release;
cheer with calming lullabies;
stifle cacophonous cries;
still sin's selfish, deadly lies;
sing till sounds of battle cease!

Angel warriors, escort true,
guard us as we bid *adieu*,
when our final breath draws nigh!
Then, while bodies sink and sigh,
lift our souls to home on high—
realms celestial—when we're through!

— David L. Hatton, 5/14/2020