

# Beth Crowley, Warrior

You fascinated me  
cloaked in shadows and secrecy,  
the beauty of a broken angel.  
I ventured carefully  
afraid of what you thought I'd be,  
but pretty soon I was entangled.

You take me by the hand,  
I question who I am?

Teach me how to fight,  
I'll show you how to win.  
You're my mortal flaw,  
and I'm your fatal sin.  
Let me feel the sting, the pain,  
the burn under my skin.  
Put me to the test,  
I'll prove that I'm strong.  
Won't let myself believe,  
that what we feel is wrong.  
I finally see what you knew  
was inside me all along.  
That behind this soft exterior  
lies a warrior.

My memory refused  
to separate the lies from truth  
and search the past my mind created.  
I kept on pushing through  
standing resolute which you  
in equal measure loved and hated.

You take me by the hand,  
I'm seeing who I am.

Teach me how to fight,  
I'll show you how to win.  
You're my mortal flaw,  
and I'm your fatal sin.  
Let me feel the sting, the pain,  
the burn under my skin.  
Put me to the test,  
I'll prove that I'm strong.  
Won't let myself believe,  
that what we feel is wrong.  
I finally see what you knew  
was inside me all along.  
That behind this soft exterior  
lies a warrior.  
Lies a warrior...

You take me by the hand,  
I'm sure of who I am.

Teach me how to fight,  
I'll show you how to win.  
You're my mortal flaw,  
and I'm your fatal sin.  
Let me feel the sting, the pain,  
the burn under my skin.  
Put me to the test,  
I'll prove that I'm strong.  
Won't let myself believe,  
that what we feel is wrong.

I finally see what you knew  
was inside me all along.  
That behind this soft exterior  
lies a warrior.

The pictures come to life,  
wake in the dead of night.  
Open my eyes, I must be dreaming.  
Clutch my pillow tight,  
brace myself for the fight.  
I've heard that seeing is believing.