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Warrior

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warrior

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often i had seen him face to face
he was a warrior wandering through midnight
i met him one starless night,
when i was dancing in my favorite wilderness
it was one of those unusual nights when i laughed instead of cried
and let the rain drops slide down my cheeks, no need for tears tonight
when i looked at his face i saw a little child who
used to play freely in the summer sun
he had eyes that reflected only innocence, his voice calm but wicked
his hands had scars so deep, so many thorns twisted in his side
he seemed to look past me,
in our life together he always seemed to have a hollow look
towards me, just me though, one kind look was all i asked for
tonight he lifted me up under his dark wings and carried me by his side
once i think i remember him drying a tear of mine
but he had already missed a million...