

## “Her”

The things we know to be real  
Are sometimes so surreal  
For if we were to surrender  
Then all would be lost for her

Her the bright shining beacon  
Of our glorious freedom not so weaken  
Sometimes comes at a high cost  
But in the end freedom will not be lost

So as we journey ahead into something anew  
Let's not forget what we know to be true  
That we are stronger than the mighty sword  
And are comforted in grief by our lord

So as our country mourns in our lost  
Let's not forget those who paid the ultimate cost  
For by doing so will commit a great sin  
So grievous that it will tear us apart from within

So be warned to those who would attack us  
Freedom is our strength, of which you cuss  
And your disdain of this concept before you  
Will be the end of you let this be true

As mentioned before she will stand taller  
And more vibrant than the day you struck her  
Her being the freedom we hold so dear  
Will grieve for our losses but will persevere

So remember her, our freedom you hate  
For you have created your own fate  
A fate worse than what you dealt today  
And it will come to you this we pray

So run cowards that would kill so many  
The suffering you have caused is plenty  
For we will all defend her now and forever  
And will never be crushed no matter your endeavor