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For the Children of the World...Where Are the Fighting Angels Lord?

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For the children of the world, who are granted breath to breathe,  
Life is but a dice that they must roll.  
They are helpless in this world, and to lose one God we grieve,  
For in their little bodies rests their Souls.  
But life does not respect them, nor does it keep them free,  
From hurts that harm these precious little ones.  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace by Thee,  
Is not Your Power greater than all the sons?

For the children of the world, that live within our homes,  
Across the nations that are of this world.  
In places where bombs fall, to bison where few now roam,  
Is fear the life so many now are hurled?  
A child should ne'r be broken, on the sins of those that hate,  
Those for whom their sinful fate to waste.  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace by Gate,  
Their little lives uncertain is *their* taste.

For the children of the world, innocent within their Souls,  
*Nothing* have they done that merits loss.  
Yet abuse abounds like rain, as though their names on rolls,  
Called out as if these little ones we toss.  
How in Heaven's Name I say, can we be so cold?  
While we witness ethnic cleansing from afar?  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace so Bold,  
Your Power cannot be sealed by Mason Jar!

For the children of the world, that live a life that's Free,  
Even they have cares and other fears.  
To be loved is joy to them, to be cared for glorious glee,  
Shall we not do our best to cease their tears?  
Look in the face of neglect, broken hearts are what you'll find,  
Are we so callous we look the other way?  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace by Signed...  
Covenant that gives these Souls their right to stay.

For the children of the world, who cry from fear of harm,  
How vile a world of shame that we have made.  
These little people so pure, their world so void of charm,  
Destruction of their innocence we do raid.  
In The Word is given, mess not in the Faith of a child,  
For in so doing we have sealed our fate.  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace so Mild,  
They'd smile from Heavenly Food upon *their* plate!

For the children of the world, that seek a life that's sane,  
When will the free step in and take a stand?  
For if the free do nothing, these children die in vain,  
How God must weep for weak and heartless man!  
The wars that rage of now, with children in the fray,  
They lose their lives as if it's ours to take.  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace I Pray,  
If need be shake the Earth with Heavenly quake!

For the children of the world, that lose their mom's and dad's,  
In battles that are not of theirs to fight.  
They die in war zones crying, no chance to smile, 'Be Glad!',  
For death these wars snuff out their hopeful light.  
We see the footage daily, yet we sit in homes secure,  
Are we deaf to death of these young Souls?  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace of Sure,  
That God will *not* forget to call *their* Roll.

For the children of the world, that live inside my home,  
I love with all that I will ever be.  
They are more precious than all, this world can ever own,  
My love for them is given completely free.  
When I look into their faces, I see an Angel in bloom,  
Their love is more than I could ever grasp.  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace of Room,  
Their Heavenly Home is theirs to Last and Last.

For the children of the world, *all* the children everywhere,  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord I seek?  
For if *You* do not shield them, the world is but a snare,  
Looking to devour them, oh so meek.  
When I think of these small Souls, that are fodder for the hate,  
I burst inside with tears as if *The Flood*.  
Where are the Fighting Angels Lord, to Grant them Peace from Fate,  
*For only in Your Hand and through The Blood.*