

## Guardian Angel's Cry

Last night I had a dream  
And it left a tale to tell.  
I dreamt I saw an angel  
And the poor thing wasn't well.  
Its body was bruised and battered  
And its wings were ripped and torn  
The angel could barely walk  
And he looked so tired and worn.  
I walked up to him and I asked —  
Angel, how can this really be?  
He turned around and paused a bit  
And said these words to me:

"I am your Guardian Angel  
A great task as you can see  
You have run amuck all your life  
Just look what you've done to me!  
These bruises are from shielding you —  
In times most trying and ill  
And for all the wrong that you have done  
I often paid the bill.

"My wings are battered, ripped and torn  
A noble badge I do wear  
For often times I've flown to you  
When you were unaware.  
Each mark has its own story  
Of deadly wounds destroyed  
I am here to thwart the devil  
So your life will not be destroyed.

"Please try hard to remember  
I'm getting old and frail  
My wings are oh so fragile  
My colors growing pale."

I found it hard to believe  
All that I had heard  
I put my hand on his shoulders  
And gave the angel my word.

The next morning I pondered  
Why, oh why should I try  
And in the distance I could hear  
My guardian angel's cry.  
Guardian angel... I said,  
I promise I will try.



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