

These Are the Dark Days: Music and lyrics by Brittany Jean

These are the dark days, little one
Civil war is underway
But you don't have to fold or run
For you were made to hold

You are a luminary
Heir to the lamp you carry
Undaunted, you walk around this haunted, war torn town
And you don't know how to hate
Darling heart, stay that way
For yours, I know, could melt a heart of stone...

Monsters are real, little love
And your heart is gold to steal
They will call to you like foxglove
Yet you will know the ruse

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Can you hold the fire? Can you hold the storm?
Can you save the children from the mad dog at our door?
At times a mountain is for the climb, sometimes no better place to die
Hold this ground... Hold this ground

We be not kings, little lark
There's aftermath to everything
As mercenaries draw the dark
Another brings the dawn

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