

Apt for War

Apt for war and equipped to win.
No bowing here, no tolerance for sin.

I'm a prized soldier in the Holy One's ranks,
got plenty of ammunition to tear apart Satan's flanks.

I ain't afraid of a battle. Come on, let's go.
The victory is ours, I'm stepping on the neck of this
foe.

The only thing I have to fear is God Almighty my King.
I'm apt for war, my heart is set, a victory He will
bring.

Poem by Alicia Hill-Thompson visit www.YouShallPrevail.com for
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