There is good and evil in us all,

A constant battle we fight within.

A dire result of an ancient fall

Which rests on Adam’s closest kin.

Some picture the ethics of this match,

As angels and devils hovering near.

Demons seeking a soul to snatch.

Each spirit seized, a souvenir.

True, diligent in confrontations,

Angels struggle in this tug of war,

Defeating the devil’s allegations,

Defending souls for the evermore.

Appealing as this scenario sounds,

It ignores the most important part,

Of the spirit realm where war abounds:

It is the confrontation in each heart.

Our spirits fight the fleshly beast,

As even Jesus in the garden did.

And like God in flesh, our highest priest,

We spar in souls’ secret garden hid.

There’s a rule to ease our weary way—

This awful battle that we must host:

“The inner creature which wins the day,

Is the one we feed the most.”