Red Sector A

Rush

All that we can do is just survive
All that we can do to help ourselves is stay alive.

Ragged lines of ragged grey
Skeletons they shuffle away.
Shouting guards and smoking guns
Will cut down the unlucky ones.

I clutch the wire fence until my fingers bleed
A wound that will not heal,
A heart that cannot feel
Hoping that the horror will recede
Hoping that tomorrow we'll all be free.

Sickness to insanity
Pray after profanity
Days and weeks and months go by,
Don't feel the hunger,
Too weak to cry.

I hear the sound of gunfire at the prison gate
Are the Liberators here?
Do I hope or do I fear?
For my father and my brother its too late
But I must help my mother stand up straight.

Are we the last ones left alive?
Are we the only human beings to survive?

Lyrics submitted by Clay.

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