

Shutdown

Front Line Assembly

Red, three, six, this is red, three, six, Charlie, over
This is read, three, six, over
Roger, we are taking automatic weapons fire from our right flank
Dear God, what is it you will have me do?
Dear God
Dear God, what is it you will have me do? He watches them
They don't look back
He was chosen
But he's getting old No one understands him
He wants to be noticed
Too late for regrets
It's too late for regrets Nervous hands, a trembling heart
Evil eyes, bloodstained hands
Lost again, inside
Wait till you catch me
But then it's too late He just watches them
They don't look back
He was chosen
But he's getting old, yeah He was chosen
But now he's getting old
He's watching them
They don't look back
He was chosen
But he's getting old

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