

# By Virtue

## First Signs Of Frost

So show me your hands  
are they still stained red with our blood  
that you chose to shed It's your business now Like an open casket we're exposed  
and on display for all to see  
but we'll bury ourselves in the confines of our own  
even though they orbit our entire world  
keeping tabs and clouding our atmosphere  
we'll somehow find room to breathe in this air So show me your hands  
are they still stained red with our blood  
that you chose to shed They'll speculate and debate  
who committed the crime  
but what's to say we are not all guilty as hell  
digging this hole deeper  
but will we make our own way back to the surface  
or fall short in trying  
the runway's clear  
but no one has thought to guide us into safety Are we done with caring anymore? Are we done with caring  
are we done now? So now we are done here  
yeah

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