Fragile

Al B. Sure!

If blood will flow,when flesh and steel are one
Drying in the colour of evening sun
Tomorrow's rain will wash the srains away ,but something in our mind will allways stay
Perhapsthis final act was meant to clinch a lifetime's argument
That nothing comes from violence and nothing never could
For all those born beneath an angry star,lest we forget how fragile we are.
On and on the rain will fall like tears from a star,like tears from a star.
On and on the rain will say how fragile we are,how fragile we are.

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