

# 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 strains away ,but something in our mind will always stay  
Perhaps this 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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