

Blood In Numbers

Archive

Fall down people
Stand tall fearful
Lay down thousands
Right to the end

Find her amongst them
Head down unnoticed
Hands cold and broken
Passengers leave

Frail time is over
Stand on my shoulders
Our hearts twisted
Blood dried in numbers

Blood dried in numbers
Cold slaughtered brothers
Breaking each other
Right to the end

Loose lines uncovered
Masks for each other
Run low for cover
Here comes the end

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