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 flan
k."
"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 til 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

He was chosen
But now he's getting old.
He watches them
They don't look back
He was chosen
But he's getting old

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