Fragile

Holly Cole

If blood will flow when flesh and steel are one Drying in the color of the evening sun Tomorrow's rain will wash the stains away But something in our minds will always stay

Perhaps this final act was meant
To clinch a lifetime's argument
That nothing comes from violence and nothing ever 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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