

Melechesh

"Life Is Fragile"

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I sit in the glow of my television set
Yet I see only red.
Violence and death tattoo shots inside my head
But it all seems real to me.
Kids only five play with guns. They massacre.
To them it's only a game.
When they grow up will it ever be enough
To see it only on a screen?

But it won't phase you anyway.
No. It won't phase you anyway.
Yes you are blind to the conscious state of mind
That life is fragile.

Sitting alone while the cliches are making jokes.
The slowly wear him down.
Ruthlessly, they underestimate the boy.
What goes around comes around.
He doesn't get the attention that he needs.
"Oh please mom listen to me."
You wonder, "Why did they ever have to die?"
While the guns were in his room.

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