

## Rush

### "Red Sector A Grace Under Pressure"

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All that we can do is just survive  
All that we can do to help ourselves is stay alive...

Ragged lines of ragged grey  
Skeletons, they shuffle away  
Shouting guards and smoking guns  
Will cut down the unlucky ones

I clutch the wire fence until my fingers bleed  
A wound that will not heal -- a hear that cannot feel --  
Hoping that the horror will recede  
Hoping that tomorrow, we'll all be freed

Sickness to insanity  
Prayer to profanity  
Days and weeks and months go by  
Don't feel the hunger -- too weak to cry

I hear the sound of gunfire at the prison gate  
Are the liberators here -- do I hope or do I fear?  
For my father and my brother, it's too late  
But I must help my mother stand up straight...

Are we the last ones left alive?  
Are we the only human beings to survive

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