

First Signs Of Frost "By Virtue"

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So show me your hands
are they still stained red with our blood
that you chose to shed

It's your business now

Like an open casket we're exposed
and on display for all to see
but we'll bury ourselves in the confines of our own
even though they orbit our entire world
keeping tabs and clouding our atmosphere
we'll somehow find room to breathe in this air

So show me your hands
are they still stained red with our blood
that you chose to shed

They'll speculate and debate
who committed the crime
but what's to say we are not all guilty as hell
digging this hole deeper
but will we make our own way back to the surface
or fall short in trying
the runway's clear
but no one has thought to guide us into safety

Are we done with caring anymore?

Are we done with caring
are we done now?

So now we are done here
yeah

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