

Al B. Sure **"Fragile"**

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If blood will flow,when flesh and steel are one
Drying in the colour of evening sun
Tomorrow's rain will wash the strains away ,but
something in our mind will always stay
Perhapsthis final act was meant to clinch a lifetime's
argument
That nothing comes from violence and nothing never
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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