If blood will flow when flesh and steel are one, drying in the colour of the evening sun. Tomorrow's rain will wash the stains away, but something in our minds will always stay.
haps 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.
fragile we are, how fragile we are.

(Instr.)