

# Archive, Blood In Numbers

Fall down people,  
Stand tall fearful,  
Lay down thousands,  
Right to the end.  
Find her amongst them,  
Head down unnoticed,  
Hands cold and broken,  
Passengers leave.  
Frail time is over,  
Stand on my shoulders,  
Our hearts twisted,  
Blood dried in numbers.  
Blood dried in numbers,  
Cold slaughtered brothers,  
Breaking each other,  
Right to the end.  
Loose lines uncovered,  
Masks for each other,  
Run low for cover,  
Here comes the end.