

Front Line Assembly, Shutdown

Red three six, this is red three six Charlie, over.

This is read three six, over.

Roger, we are taking automatic weapons fire from our right flank."
"Dear God, what is it you will have me do?"

He watches them

They don't look back

He was chosen

But he's getting old

No one understands him,

He wants to be noticed

Too late for regrets

It's too late for regrets.

Nervous hands,

A trembling heart,

Evil eyes,

Bloodstained hands.

Lost again, inside

Wait til you catch me,

But then it's too late

He just watches them

They don't look back

He was chosen

But he's getting old

He was chosen

But now he's getting old.

He watches them

They don't look back

He was chosen

But he's getting old