

# Fragile

Cassandra Wilson

If blood will flow when fresh 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  
On and on the rain will fall  
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Perhaps 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  
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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