



Fragile

Music: Anindo Bose

Vocal Arrangement: Annette Philip

Lyrics: Andrew Hoffland

The future is so fragile; Today is all we've got
The past is just a record of everything we're not
Miscellaneous memories cloud our sense of time
We step into our own worlds and join the assembly line...

His life so full of sorrow flashes by his eyes
Bittersweet memories like cobwebs in his mind
His mother holds her tears back; her vacant look hits home
And the rapper on the corner asks the questions all alone.
She remembers a time long forgotten, a time when she could feel
When another scar was still so raw, the scar that never healed.
Another young man from the street gets shot and then he dies,
She'd held her baby in her arms, with loving in her eyes.

And then some years later, walking around, in a schoolyard hard, and concretized,
The little boy with packets, for sale to the hypnotized.
Passing furtive glances, he's looking left and right,
Waiting for that customer to take away his plight
Or will he get into a fight that takes away his life?
Shadows seem so threatening. There's not a soul in sight.
It's just the flashing blue and red, in the silence of the night

The future is so fragile...

In another era, in another yard of stone,
His gold chain clinking on his chest, he's standing all alone.
The mindless mix of customers, in a line long and endless,
Looking for that plastic bag, pure psychedelic bliss.
Life it seems so easy, priorities perplexed,
He's on an endless journey now, with riches he's been blessed.
Invincible, omnipotent, the lifeline to nirvana,
He's the man the people want, dishing out the manna.

He's full of false security, he's blind and cannot see,
The idling car with hip-hop bass, watching from the alley.
And then the child within awakens to his sin
With helpless hands and wasted feet; he knows not where he's been
Mama where's the blanket that you cuddled me in then,
No, no... just a memory he'll never feel again.
The pavements hard and bitumised, the raindrops splash on his senseless eyes,
The gaping hole in his bleeding chest, Oh Lord, how did my life get in this mess?



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Lord, as I see my life before my eyes
I wonder what I've done that you despise
I strayed away from you as a child
Living like a creature of the wild
I called to you oh so many times
But felt that you'd never heard my cries
Am I now to wander in the darkness of my sin?
Or will you open up your heart and let me in...
