Duel

Propaganda

Eye to eye stand winners and losers
hurt by envy, cut by greed
Face to face with their own disillusions
The scars of old romances still on their cheeks.
And when blow by blow
the passion dies sweet little death
just have been lies.
Some memories of gone by times would still recall the lies.

The first cut won't hurt at all
The second only makes you wonder.
The third will have you on your knees
You start bleeding I start screaming.

It's too late the decision is made by fate
Time to prove what forever should last.
Whose feelings are so true as to stand the test?
Whose demands are so strong as to parry all attempts?
And when blow by blow
the passion dies sweet little death
just have been lies.
Some memories of gone by times will still recall the lies.

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Lyrics submitted by Diane.

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