

Propaganda, Duel

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

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
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