

Venera, Love Is A Battlefield Of Wounded Heart

Some say love is a flower
and I guess they know what's right
'cause it has its seasons
and it fades without light
if it has a beginning
it'll surely have an end
the weather moves in circles
and we're all dust in the wind
we don't know which way to blow

Love is a battlefield of wounded hearts

It ain't so bad
bein' alone
if you know it'll never last
nothing lasts forever
'cept the certainly of change
and love's the same
It's a game with simple rules
If you think it's forever
then you're nothing but a fool
take this from a fool who knows it

Love is a battlefield of wounded hearts