

## Duel

## Propaganda

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  
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?  
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