

Marcus Very Ordinary "Billions"

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Love is not a myth, it's more of a tall-tale
That started with a feeling several million years ago.
It laid dormant for a while
Then it festered and infected
And it grew to something out of our control.

Now it lurks in dark alleys,
And preys on the helpless
And hopeless romantics
With unsuspecting minds -
Who can't comprehend
That the human heart's purpose
Is for pumping blood only,
Not for cupid's dirty kind.

Cause sometimes love is pain
Yea, most the time it is.
It's like acid in the rain
In your desert oasis.
And sometimes love can kill
Well, most the time it does.
It can take your life at will.
It will take it in cold blood.

So can we get over it?
It could take billions of years to forget.

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