

Murphy Peter

"A Strange Kind Of Love Version One"

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A strange kind of love
A strange kind of feeling
Swims through your eyes
And like the odors
To a wide vast dominion
They open to your prize
This is no terror ground
Or place for the rage
No broken hearts
White wash lies
Just a taste for the truth
Perfect taste choice and meaning
A look into your eyes
Blind to the gemstone alone
A smile from a frown circles round
Should he stay or should he go
Let him shout a rage so strong
A rage that knows no right or wrong
And take a little piece of you
There is no middle ground

Or that's how it seems

For us to walk or to take

Instead we tumble down

Either side left or right

To love or to hate

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