

Propaganda

"Eye To Eye (duel -the First Side)"

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Eye to eye stand winners and losers

hurt by envy
cut by greed

Face to face with their own disallusions

The scars of old romances still on their sheet.
And when blow by blow the passion dies
Sweet little deaths just have been lies.
Some memories of gone by times will still recall the
lines.
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 attacks?
And when blow by blow the passion dies . . .
The first cut won't hurt at all

. . .

The first cut won't hurt at all

. . .

The first cut won't hurt at all

. . .

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