

Scenario Fever

"The Heart Of A Lover"

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This game is not to play
The cards are dealt in mystery.
The tangled webs it throws
The enmeshments everywhere.

It makes us lost in time
anxiety fills every night
we watch our hopes straight die
to realise that life's a lie

to hide the gallows of blood,
and masses of cool down bones
and empty broken hearts!

Why's there no way to return in desperate times

We fading down in crimes
The heart of a lover still stays under cover
And we are not, able to get out of our graves.

That's how life seems to be
Love's just a self bought misery
Your're crawling in the rain
To feel the tenderness of pain
The sentimental journey's on
And now you're wondering so long
Why all the lovers seems to hide
True love's just suicide

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