

The passion dies

Fill in the gaps

Eye to eye stand winners and losers	Sweet little death
Hurt by envy	Just have been lies
Cut by greed	Some memories of
Face to (1) with (2) own disillusions	Gone by times
The scars of old romances still on their cheeks	Will still recall the lie
And when blow by blow	The first cut won't hurt at all
The passion dies	The second only (7) you wonder
Sweet (3) death	The third will have you on your knees
Just have been lies some memories of	You start bleeding I (8) screaming
Gone by times	The first cut won't hurt at all
Would still recall the lie	The second only makes you wonder
The first cut won't hurt at all	The third will have you on your knees
The (4) only makes you wonder	You start bleeding I start screaming
The third will have you	The first cut won't hurt at all
On your knees	The (9) only makes you wonder
You start bleeding I (5) screaming	The (10) will have you on your knees
It's too late the decision is made by fate	You start bleeding I start screaming
Time to prove what (6) should last	The first cut won't hurt at all
Whose feelings are so true	The second only makes you wonder
As to stand the test	The third will have you on your knees
Whose demands are so strong	You start bleeding I start screaming
As to parry all attempts	
And when blow by blow	



- 1. face
- 2. their
- 3. little
- 4. second
- 5. start
- 6. forever
- 7. makes
- 8. start
- 9. second
- 10. third

Fill in the gaps