

Duel by Propaganda

Eye to eye stand (1) and losers
Hurt by envy
Cut by greed
Face to face with their own disillusions
The scars of old romances still on their cheeks
And when (2) by blow
The passion dies
Sweet little death
Just have been lies some memories of
Gone by times
Would (3) recall the lie
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 (4) are so true
As to stand the test
Whose (5) are so strong
As to (6) all attempts
And when blow by blow
The passion dies

Fill in the gaps

Sweet little death
Just have been lies
Some memories of
Gone by times
Will still recall the lie
The first cut won't hurt at all
The (7) only (8) you wonder
The third will have you on your knees
You start bleeding I start screaming
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
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 (9) screaming
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



- 1. winners
- 2. blow
- 3. still
- 4. feelings
- 5. demands
- 6. parry
- 7. second
- 8. makes
- 9. start

Fill in the gaps