

Omens Of Love

Gino Vannelli

To love
I have lost
All that is self
My memories have made the storm
Now subsides casting my fate
Inside your soul

And these eyes
Are mine no more
To seek
I pour myself in your virgin veins
Now all that I see
Is through a passion's pain
'Cause I'm all hung up over you
I'm losing myself
Loving you

Your wine is the blood
That drunkens my heart
With omens of love and now
That I am you
Woman I fear that you're not I
Oh true love is so so bume and so blue

The storm has passed
Deep inside of me
Crushed by the calm of my insecurity
'Cause I'm all hung up over you
I'm losing myself
Over you