

## 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