

## Secrets

## Stream of Passion

Things unspoken, things unsaid,  
Never meant to be heard.  
Tiny drops of fiery red  
Will divide  
And grow out of control.

Every nightmare, every war  
Awaits us at the door.  
Secrets are poisoning our hearts.  
Lift the burden, say the words  
Until all our hope is gone.  
Secrets are tearing us apart.

Whispers pounding in our ears  
Broke into our silent dreams.  
Who's to blame, who's to believe?  
Roll the dice...

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