

Love Is A Battlefield...

Venerea

some say love is a flower
and I guess they know what's right
'cause it has its seasons
and it fades without light
if it had a beginning
it' ll surely have an end
the weather moves in circles
and we're all dust in the wind
we don't know wich way to blow

Love is a battlefield of wounded hearts
It ain't so bad
bein' alone
if you know it'll never last
nothing lasts forever
'cept the certainly of change
and love's the same
it's a game with simple rules
if you think it's forever
then you're nothing but a fool
take this from a fool who knows
love is a battlefield of wounded hearts