

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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