

Children Within "Clay In My Hands"

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Your're the clay in my hands
Turning to gold when we dance
The influence I have will shape you to my needs
I'm the puppet master in your brain
Pulling the strings that keep you sane
With a silent whisper I'm in control
Now put your feet on the ground you've got to know
your role
You think you're in charge but I got the lead
Despite what you might think it's on you I feed
You're unaware of my invisible cage

Until you break free blind is what you will be
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Turning to gold when we dance
The influence I have will shape you to my needs
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Despite what you might think it's on you I feed
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