

Buildings Breeding "In My Hands"

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You are the melody that haunts in my head
You are the wind that blows me over
I'll be the warm welcome home when you land
We'll lye in wait until it's over

Your hand of happiness is in my hands, my hands
I could have been the most content sight of man
In your hands, your hands

My hearts the part of me that thinks for my head

It sees an end and throws me over
Bloodied my love and picked the stones from my
hands
Soon as it end I'll start it over

Your hand of happiness is in my hands, my hands
I could have been the most content sight of man
In your hands, your hands

First to begin there is a sign felt in my skin
And it is love

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