

## Seven Places "Yours"

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Echoes the sound of a rusty box  
Around it goes till out something pops  
A toothless lion, he is weak and he is old  
And he scares me every time

I feel my knees shake underneath  
Can't hear myself through my  
Almost shattered chattering teeth  
But without fail Your Spirit sweeps me  
Off my feet, so I can scream

What's left to see is that  
I'll always be just Yours  
And all that I am I lay down in Your hands  
'Cause I'm Yours

I was inevitable until Your love was edible  
I've tasted and seen that You're the one for me

What's left to see is that  
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And all that I am I lay down in Your hands  
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