

Brandt Paul

"China In Your Hands"

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It was a theme she had
On a scheme he had
Told in a foreign land
To take life on earth
To the second birth
And the man was in command
It was a flight on the wings
Of a young girl's dreams
That flew too far away
And we could make the monster live again
Oh hands move and heart beat on
Now life will return in this electric storm
A prophecy for a fantasy
The curse of a vivid mind
Don't push too far
Your dreams are china in your hand
Don't wish too hard
Because they may come true
And you can't help them
You don't know what you might
Have set upon yourself

China in your hand

Come from greed

Never born of the seed

Took a life from a barren hand

Oh eyes wide

Like a child in the form of man

A story told

A mind of his own

An omen for our time

Don't push too far

Your dreams are china in your hand

Don't wish too hard

Because they may come true

And you can't help them

You don't know what you might

Have set upon yourself

China in your hand

Oh your hand

Your dreams are china in your hand, wooah

Here in your hand

China in your hand, woh oh oh woh oh oh woh oh

Here in your hand

Woh! You take a flight on the wings of fantasy

Then you push too far

And make your dreams reality

Yeah! For the china in your hand

But you shouldn't push too hard

You take a flight on the wings of fantasy

Then you push too hard

You make those dreams reality

Yeah! China in your hands

But they're only dreams

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