

In the Hands of Time

Allen-Lande

Holding on to my dream
Winter is coming to me
If there's a mountain I must climb it and that's the way it must be

Day after day holding on
Night after night out of sight
Like a lifetime away I will never stop reaching for my dream

In the hands of time we're chosen ones
Every chance is for us to find
In the hands of time we're chosen ones
Never stop reaching when dream shades its light

Eternally a lifetime away
But I keep holding on
I can't walk away from this dream

Looking through my window pane
Singing through the pouring rain
Since I realize I've been nothing to gain
And there's no one to blame
I reach for mountain's peaks
And yet I've just learnt to fly
And I'm staring at all these occupations I must be losing my mind

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Eternally a lifetime away
But I keep holding on
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In the hands of time
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My mind
In the hands of time we're chosen ones
Every chance is for us to find
In the hands of time we're chosen ones
Never stop reaching when dream shades its light

Eternally a lifetime away
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