

Circle of Hands

Ken Hensley

Circle of hands
Cold spirits plan
Searching my land
For an enemy

Came across
Love's sweet cost
And in the face of beauty
Evil was lost

Sky full of eyes
Minds full of lies
Black from their cold hearts
Down to their graves

Murdered the dawn

Spreading their scorn
Cursing the sun
Of which love was born

We must keep them away
Or pretty soon we'll pay
And count the cost in sorrow
Sacrifice, the future has it's price
And today is only
Yesterday's tomorrow