

# Take My Hand

Mark King

Ornamental words can't describe the bliss  
That openness produces  
Now the flaming heart and the burning kiss  
No longer need excuses  
Take my hand  
I am here for you  
All is well; we've broken the spell  
Take my hand  
I'll be there for you  
All is well; we've broken the spell

Every little time that we compromise  
I lose myself in some way  
And i know the fate of the man who lies  
They shoot horses don't they?  
Now i'm more aware of the big design  
My love for you increases  
Cause i never knew just where to draw the line  
Till i saw you in pieces

If you want to know why i tell you this  
I no longer need excuses  
For the flaming heart and the burning kiss  
As destiny seduces

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