

Mark King, Take My Hand

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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