

# Yahwe Mutabo, Two Parts Of A Whole

Two lovers born into this life  
Each born alone half of a whole  
Searching for the missing part  
That would fill the hole

But they were alone  
So far away and alone  
Mournful cries in the night  
Lonely tears of hopeless fright

Would they spend a life alone  
Was there someone to fill the hole  
A walk in the park and fate had her day  
A shared glance, eyes locked, joy flowed  
Knowing the half to make the whole  
Hand in hand they walk two parts of a whole

Born alone fated parts to be one  
Complete now they roam  
Hand in Hand  
Loves whole  
Two lovers born into this life  
Each born alone half of a whole

Searching for the missing part  
That would fill the hole