

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