

Uriah Heep, Circle Of Hands

(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 its price
And today is only yesterday's tomorrow

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