

Yours

Seven Places

Echoes the sound of a rusty box
Around it goes till out something pops
A toothless lion, he is weak and he is old
But it scares me everytime
I feel my feet shake underneath
Can't hear myself through my almost shattered
Chattering teeth, but without fail
Your spirit swweeps me off my feet
So I can scream, what's left to see is that
I'll always be just Yours
And all that I am I lay down in Your hands
Because I'm ours, hell was inevitable
Until Your love was edible
I've tasted and I've seen, You're the one for me
What's left to see is that I'll always be just Yours
And all that I am I lay down in Your hands
Because I'm Yours