

Circle of Hands

Uriah Heep

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

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