

Orelia

Ryan Keen

I have much to say
So much more then I can
Words don't come easily
I think you understand
You are out that see
 Deep in the darkest blue
 And I know you think of me
just know I'm think of you too
Fallen on my hands, again
 Oprecent in sand will fade
 Fallen on my hands, again
 Just hope to these you us,
 Remain
 I have much to say
 But you know me or too well
 Because I will just run from miles
 And you keep you locked into myself
 When you're far away feeling destance from home
Find a strength in yourself know that you are not alone
Fallen on my hands, again.
 Footprints in the sand, they fade.
 Fallen on my hands, again
 Just hope to these you us
 Remain
 Before we have this love
 We have it all
 Before we have this love
 We have it all
 Before we have this love
 We have it all
 Before we have this love
 We have it all
 Before we have this love
 We have it all

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