Take My Hand

Orphaned Land

From endless lights I come back to thee
To untie these chains, I'll take you with meIn this tragic cave, deep are your sighs
Hear me out and heed now my cry:
Your silent fears, they are all false, all lies
Wake up! Don't deny
None of these shadows are lightsThe prophet in tears to them he plead:
Take my hand and let us walk for miles
To a place where children play and smile
They sing, they fly, they rise
And pure is the air
Our souls we do bare
Where shades are dancing on the walls
We'll depart these ancient halls
I came for you all
Take my hand before you fallYour silent fears, they are false and all lies
Wake up! Don't deny
None of these shadows are lightsWords to them are like water to dead flowers
How can I tell them about green fields
And blue skies when all they worship
Are walls and stones?
Seven times they circle the idols they made
Nothing I say these walls can now break
Take my hand and together we will rise
To a place where children will not die
They live, they seek, they hide
And pure is the air
And gone is despair
Where shades are dancing on the walls
Will depart these ancient halls

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