Hands

Shakhan

Hands can steal from the poor or hand out food to feed
They can pull out flowers or plant a seed.
Hands can make a coffin in which a cold stiff body will lie
or make a cot in which a baby one day will cry.
His hands were forced out from his sides
for sin they bled and then he died
Im so grateful because Im forgiven but sad
because hes my rabbi.The groomss hands untie the brides pretty white French gown.
Slipping over her shoulders to fall to the ground.
Red hands hold the stained blade and the innocent lies on the tarmac.
A different blade, the surgeon trying to save the cardiac.
A hand held up to wipe a tear thats falling from her lovely blue eye.
Hands they came from Rome did hold and pushed the spear
through G-ds side.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/