

The Hand Trembler

Tourniquet

Is the God that I worship like an eight ball that says yes maybe or no?
Or like a ouija board that points the direction to go? A family looks on forlorn and sad - the outcome will
determine faithful or mad
Temperature soars to 107 - passing hands not yet ready for heaven
He sees himself floating somewhere overhead
A haunting apparition high above his bed
It's me, I think, but I seem to resemble the soul of a ghoul
The Hand Trembler walks out not a word did he say
Is his power for real though he failed today?
The family has scorned him - Hand Trembler denied.
The life of their son snuffed out as they cried
You left us in agony - your power is fake
Though we trusted in you, this answer we'll not take Do you have the faith to let God be God - that is the
question
Not a question of outcome but a question of trust
For he is truly God and we are but dust There are things in this life we can never explain
On the wicked and the righteous fall sunshine and rain
I am not God, though at times I have tried
"You don't need him" - the deceiver has lied

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