

Healing Hands

Convictions

Sincerely, from a sinful broken hearted man,
Will I ever discover a gift to escape these burdens?
I am surrounded by this consuming sickness.

I am surrounded.

I am consumed.

Watching you suffer, I'm forever in a waiting room.

I know this cancer lies deep within your veins, but they always told me that God will take away your pain.

In a hospital bed, why hasn't He healed you yet?

I can see your hope slipping day by day as your whole life withers away.

It ruins me.

This ruins me.

Just hold on my friend.

I wish I could end your sorrow.

You'll see tomorrow.

Hooked up to wires.

Chronic disease.

I hear your cries, "

Someone save me please!" Hour by hour, vital signs.

I hear the doctors say, "

You don't have much time." Just hold on my friend.

I wish I could end your sorrow.

You'll see tomorrow.

Just hold on tonight.

You'll make it through this fight.

Although the flesh may never mend, prepare the body for the soul to ascend.

I pray You mend their soul.

Fate is in Your hands.

I know my heart and where my faith stands, so I'm calling You out.

Bring forth Your healing hands.

This is the end-stage.

Resurrect the body.

Turn the page.

Restore the flesh.

In Jesus name, this cancer is dead.

I'm calling you out, vermin of sickness.

You are no more.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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