

# Restoring the Locust Years

## Tourniquet

The path to healing forks too many times  
The road to contentment is hard to align  
Out of the anguish - the quiet voice is mesmerizing  
Great God Jehovah sympathizing  
Manifold is misery - symbiotic history of trials  
Soon a yard turns into miles - a day becomes a year  
No path set before me presents itself as clear - confusion without peer  
The cudgel of forlorn dreams - hits me square and final  
Restoring the locust years  
What you cannot do for  
yourself  
There is One who is able  
To restore the years the locust ate  
When sorrow has it's grip on you  
Giving you no reason to submit to any other  
Manifold is misery - symbiotic history of trials  
Soon a yard turns into miles - a day becomes a year  
No path set before me presents itself as clear - confusion without peer  
The cudgel of forlorn dreams - hits me square and final  
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