

The Hand of God

4HIM

I cry for hope
I long for peace
To fill the void of reason
that my heart can only see
There is a pull
there is a need

I see in part
I search for more
I long to know the mysteries
of why and who we are
of what has been
and what's in store

But the hand of God
Is all that we are seeking
It burns within my soul
To know what lies beyond
In the hand of God
Constantly it reaches
To take us to the place
The place we all belong

We all are made
of flesh and bone
At times we are so fragile
and at times we can be strong
But through it all
we carry on

We are destined from the day that we are born
to yearn for something more

The place we all belong
How I long to know what lies beyond
Everybody longs to know what lies beyond
In the hand of God