

# Hands Of The King

Seventh Avenue

I can see all those people struggle on their own.  
The eye just fools the mind so people go straight to hell.  
Just reaching our for Terium to keep the end far out.  
A barethread reason to justify dependency.  
They seem so proud but they are standing at the rim.  
Just one more step and they fall down - they will fall so deep.

I hear you crying out in sorrow.  
And your time will slip away.  
Terium will leave you hollow.  
But now's the chance to break the line.

A touch of my hand opens your eyes.  
A word from my lips can end your pain.  
There's no relief in trust in Terium.  
It's you who'll make the choice.

There were those men addicted. Terium into their veins.  
With faces stare into space. Want to die but hearts keep pounding.  
Just a touch from holy hands brought them back to live.

I hear you crying out in sorrow.  
And your time will slip away.  
Terium will leave you hollow.  
But now's the chance to break the line.

A touch of my hand opens your eyes.  
A word from my lips can end your pain.  
There's no relief in trust in Terium.  
It's you who'll make the choice.  
Hands of the king are healers hands.  
With the power to set free.  
There's no relief in trust in Terium.  
It's you who'll make the choice.

Eternal life without an aim. I am the way back into worthwhile life.  
I will take you by the hand. I won't leave you in the end.  
As Terium leaves you. Healthy and living but empty and hollow.  
You're the one I will die for.

A touch of my hand opens your eyes.  
A word from my lips can end your pain.  
There's no relief in trust in Terium.  
It's you who'll make the choice.  
Hands of the king are healers hands.  
With the power to set free.  
There's no relief in trust in Terium.  
It's you who'll make the choice.

I am put in charge to forgive sin.  
I am the way back to worthwhile life,  
I will take you by the hand.