

## Heavy Hand

## The Call

I feel the heavy hand of truth upon me  
I feel the deadly sin of pride  
It separates the highest from the lowly  
It separates love from you and I  
I hear the taunting voice of sure temptation  
I hear the rantings of a child  
An inner voice telling me I'm nothing  
The voice is mine, subject to the lie  
Heavy hand on heart  
Healing words to impart  
Heavy hand on my throat  
This is no dream  
This is no dream  
I see the haunting glow of pure surrender  
A shapeless light reveals the hidden vow  
I can see the countless sons of thunder,  
With their knowing eyes circling around me  
I feel divisions in this crowd  
Heavy hand on my heart  
Healing word to impart  
Heavy hand on my throat  
This is no dream  
This is no joke