

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 in 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 with
out peer
The cudgel of forlorn dreams - hits me square and final

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What you cannot do for yourself
There is One who is able
To restore the years the locust ate
When sorrow has its grip on you
Giving you no reason to submit to any other

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