

## 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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