

# 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