

MANY HANDS

Lingua Ignota

Sinner, you better get ready
Sinner, you better get ready, hallelujah

In unforgiving night God came
Plainly spoke my given name
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(I heard a lumbering in the sky)
Upon your pale, pale body I will put many hands
(Made me think my time was nigh)
And rough, rough fingers for every hole you have
(Won't be the water, be the fire next time)
But the kingdom and the power and the glory are yours
(And time is coming when the sinner must die)
The cool and quiet darkness that surrounds you is yours
The fires that swallow up the silent mountains are yours
The floods that drown the deserts and the valleys are yours

The Lord spat and held me by my neck
"I would die for you, I would die for you" he wept
The Lord held me by my neck
"I wish things could be different" he wept

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