

Puppet Strings

Randy Stonehill

I can't keep from mourning for this topsy-turvy world
with all its strife and pain
Mourning for the lost and the desperate children who can't remember their name
And I can feel it in my soul
How the end is getting near
I can hear the devil laughing
And it's ringing in my ears
Long ago he chose us to inherit all His kingdom
And we were blessed with light
But wandering away we disobeyed Him in the garden
And stumbled into night
and I can feel it in my soul
Now the end is getting near
I can hear the angels weeping
And it's ringing in my ears
We are all like foolish puppets
Who desiring to be kings
Now lie pitifully crippled
after cutting our own strings
But God said I'll forgive you
I will meet you man to man
And win your love again
Oh how could there be possibly
A greater gift of love
Than dying for a friend
And I can feel it in my soul
How the end is getting near
I can hear the devil laughing
And it's ringing in my ears
And I can feel it in my soul
How the end is getting near
I can hear the devil laughing
And it's ringing in my ears
Cutting our own strings
Cutting our own strings
Cutting our own strings