

## **Chris Hillman**

# **"Our Savior's Hands"**

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All is dark and all seemed lost  
When our lord wore the sinners cross  
They nailed his hands that had hurt no man  
A mighty roar came over this land

And the ground had shacked and the wind had  
squalled  
With his hands he could have stopped it all  
But he knew the price that had to be paid  
On the righteous path to the narrow way

From the rich and poor drink from the cup  
It is his hands that'll lift us up  
To eternal life there forever and than  
Only flows from the saviors hands

Oh the righteous path marks a good mans way  
And a good mans way can be led astray  
For the road is wide for the dept unpaid  
For those who run from the narrow way

From God above these hands wear made  
To be lifted up when we pray  
From brothers and sister throughout this land  
We will shake our savior's hand

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