

# Tourniquet "En Hakkore"

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Words and Music by Gary Lenaire

Nazarite, set apart, he will lead them  
Hypersthenic, beyond renown, dead Philistines your  
crown

Tasting not of the vine or beware  
The razor shant come near the braids of your hair  
Living ungodly for you wasn't meant  
Entry of freedom is why you were sent

Call to me and I will be the spring  
Call to me in need for I can turn your faith to strength  
The women you loved were not of your kind  
A weakness that severed your power divine  
You drank from the spring that God only gives  
Then slept with the enemy knowing your sin  
Because of your will to live not your vow  
Ocular gouging and death in the end  
Believe you were, example you are  
For us who partake of En Hakkore from within

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