

# Tourniquet

## "The Hand Trembler"

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Is the God that I worship like an eight ball that says yes  
maybe or no?  
Or like a ouija board that points the direction to go?

A family looks on forlorn and sad - the outcome will  
determine faithful or mad  
Temperature soars to 107 - passing hands not yet  
ready for heaven

He sees himself floating somewhere overhead  
A haunting apparition high above his bed  
It's me, I think, but I seem to resemble the soul of a  
ghoul

The Hand Trembler walks out not a word did he say  
Is his power for real though he failed today?  
The family has scorned him - Hand Trembler denied.  
The life of their son snuffed out as they cried  
You left us in agony - your power is fake  
Though we trusted in you, this answer we'll not take  
Do you have the faith to let God be God - that is the  
question  
Not a question of outcome but a question of trust  
For he is truly God and we are but dust

There are things in this life we can never explain  
On the wicked and the righteous fall sunshine and rain  
I am not God, though at times I have tried  
"You don't need him" - the deceiver has lied

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