

The Call, Heavy Hand

I feel the heavy hand of truth upon me
I feel the deadly sin of pride
It separates the highest from the lowly
It separates love from you and I
I hear the taunting voice of sure temptation
I hear the rantings of a child
An inner voice telling me I'm nothing
The voice is mine, subject to the lie
Heavy hand on heart
Healing words to impart
Heavy hand on my throat
This is no dream
This is no dream
I see the haunting glow of pure surrender
A shapeless light reveals the hidden vow
I can see the countless sons of thunder,
With their knowing eyes circling around me
I feel divisions in this crowd
Heavy hand on my heart
Healing word to impart
Heavy hand on my throat
This is no dream
This is no joke