## SONICFLOOd, In Your Hands

Sometimes my prayers seem so empty Your voice seems so far away But in my pain I see You molding me You are the potter, I'm the clay

## Chorous:

In Your hands, for every storm there is a reason In Your hands, there is a time for every season Though my tears may fall, You hold me close And love me through it all In Your hands...

When the clouds form all around me I know the rain will bring new life With every trial just keep molding me As your plan unfolds before my very eyes

## [Chorous]

You turn my weeping into dancing You give my feet a place to stand You will not turn away the asking Even when Your ways are hard to understand

[Chorous]