

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

Chorus:

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]