

HE HOLDS THE LIGHTNING

(JOB 37:1-15)

EVERYTIME I HEAR HIM TALK
MY HEART QUAKES
FEELS LIKE IT'S LEAPING OUT OF ITS PLACE
HIS VOICE OF THUNDER CRACKING SO LOUD
KNEES ON THE GROUND
AIN'T NEVER HEARD SUCH A ROARING SOUND

HE HOLDS THE LIGHTNING IN HIS HANDS
HE HOLDS THE LIGHTNING IN HIS HANDS
HE HOLDS THE LIGHTNING IN HIS HANDS

STORM WARNINGS RUMBLE AND RAGE
FROM DEEP IN THE SOUTH
THUNDERBOLTS OF FIRE BLASTING OUT OF HIS MOUTH
THE COLDEST WINDS KEEP CUTTING IN
FROM THE NORTHERN LIGHTS
HIS MIGHTY BREATH IS THE AIR OF ICE

WHEN HE CALLS WE ALL FALL
INTO THE DARKEST CLOUD
I MEAN THE WHOLE OF THE HUMAN RACE
THERE'S WHERE THE SPIRIT GIVES
HIS MERCIFUL MIST
STREAMING DOWN THE HUMAN FACE

Words And Music By Walter Jr.

© 2003 GATORTONE MUSIC, BMI
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED