

Saturday was silent, surely it was through  
Since when has impossible ever stopped You  
Friday's disappointment is Sunday's empty tomb  
Since when has impossible ever stopped You

This is the sound of dry bones rattling  
This is the praise make a dead man walk again  
Open the grave, I'm coming out  
I'm gonna live, gonna live again  
This is the sound of dry bones rattling

Pentecostal fire stirring something new  
You're not gonna run out of miracles anytime soon  
Resurrection power runs in my veins too  
I believe there's another miracle here in this room

My God is able to save and deliver and heal  
And restore anything that He wants to  
Just ask the man who was thrown  
On the bones of Elisha  
If there's anything that He can't do

Just ask the stone that was rolled  
At the tomb in the garden  
What happens when God says to move

I feel Him moving it now

I feel Him doing it now

I feel Him doing it now

Do it now, do it now

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This is the praise make a dead man walk again

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