

Oh The Depths

Wolves At The Gate

Oh the depths of riches, like the water that fills the earth
The knowledge of my Creator who gives me worth
And though I crave to know all of the patterns of this world
Is endless for it's beyond tracing out

So from as far as I've seen there is a great hoard against me
Because I am a man sights see targets on my back
For all our hearts are not clean and the archers fire freely
Because I am a man sights see targets

For every knee will bow and every tongue confess
That you are God! For you are God!
His image bears the sight of the unseen King
His name is ever pleasing for this we do sing
Father of grace and mercy has poured out His wrath
Forever Your name proclaims!

The Father of grace and mercy has poured out His wrath complete
ly
On His Son for our sake we are free who brought the Lamb to sla
ughter for me

Oh the depths of riches, like the water that fills the earth
The knowledge of my Creator who gives me worth
I have not a gift to bring for all things are from Him and glor
y forever
But as their arrows are drawn there is refuge in view

Now don't get me wrong I am the least of these
I have no knowledge to give or power to seize
I have not a gift or a planned endeavor
For all things are from Him and glory forever

There is love! Here is love! This is love! There is love!
Where is the wise man? Where is the scholar? Have they not been
made such a
fool in their squalor?
For they desired a sign and sought for the wise
When the precursor of life was right in front of their eyes

Oh death, oh death
Has lost it's sting on me
Oh death, oh death
You've been forever conquered

The Father of grace and mercy has poured out His wrath complete
ly
On His Son for our sake we are free who brought the Lamb to sla

ughter for me