

## 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