

Place Of Skulls

"Psalms"

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From the depths I call, Lord hear my voice
Lord bend Your ear, attend to my heart
If You kept account according to our sins
Tell me who could stand, Lord who could stand

But with You is forgiveness, that You may be feared
So I expectantly wait and put my hope in Your Word
Like a watchman for morning, even more so I wait
And hope in You Lord, for there Your mercy redeems

Lord my heart is not proved, nor my eyes are lofty
Neither do I find myself in matters too great for me
Surely I have calmed and quieted my soul
Like a weaned child and mother, like a weaned child is
my soul

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