

# Sinead O' Connor, Out Of The Depths

(O'Connor)

Out of the depths I cry to you oh lord  
Don't let my cries for mercy be ignored  
If you keep account of sins oh who would stand?  
But you have forgiveness in your hands

And I've heard religion say you're to be feared  
But I don't buy into everything I hear  
And it seems to me you're hostage to those rules  
That were made by religion and not by you

And I'm wondering will u ever get yourself free  
Is it bad to think you might like help from me?  
Is there anything my little heart can do  
To help religion share us with you?

For oh you're like a ghost in your own home  
Nobody hears you crying all alone  
Oh you are the one true really voiceless one  
They have their backs turned to you for worship of gold and stone

And to see you prisoner oh makes me weep  
Nobody hears you screaming in the streets  
And it's sad but true how the old saying goes  
If God lived on earth people would break his windows

I long for you as watchmen long for the end of night