Alice Cooper, My God

If I should find myself in blackest night,
and fear is stabbin' me all over,
a tiny prayer cracks the dark with light,
and I here sounds behind my wall.
Inside, a still, small voice, it calls and calls.
Then like a thunder bolt,
it falls and falls...
My God!
When life becomes more real than children's games,
or we've become too old to play them,
We'll grow old gracefully,
we'll hide our shame.
but there's that voice behind the wall.
And like my conscience,
it is still and small.
Each word is mercy,
protects us all...
My God!
"And like my conscience, it is still and small.
Each word is mercy, protects us all..."
I was a boy,
when tempted,
fell sometimes,
and fell so low,
no one could see me,
save for the eyes of Him that sees my crime.
When sheep,
like me, have drifted lost,
all frightened children who are tempest tossed, down flies His wrath like an albatross...
My God!