

Sinead O'Connor, Watcher Of Men

Why did I not die at birth?
Expire as I came from the womb?
Why were there knees to receive me?
Or breasts to feed me?
Why was I not like babies
Who never saw the light?
Who lie with kings and counsellors
Who rebuild ruins for themselves

And where rest
Those whose strength is spent
where small and great are alike
and the slave is free of his master

Oh watcher of men
Do U have eyes of flesh?
Is your vision like man?
Are your years the years of man?
U know that I'm not guilty
And that none can deliver from your hand.

Also u know that u have deeply wronged me oh
And u have fenced me in
You made it so nobody knows me
And I'm an outsider to them

When I accused U, U wouldn't speak
I said U tore up my hope like a tree
But I spoke without understanding
Of things beyond me which I did not know
And now I've heard U with my ears
And I've seen U with my eyes
Therefore I recant and relent
Being but dust and ashes