

# Wild Heart

## Wolves At the Gate

Titus 3:3-7; Ephesians 2  
Knee deep in the swelling seas without a thought or realization of my dying need.  
I cannot, can't keep out in the grim disease for it has plagued and overtaken all, all our dying breed.  
Waist deep  
in the ocean's sleep without a thought or realization of my dying need.  
I cannot, can't keep what I didn't reap for I see justice coming swiftly for, every thought and deed.  
None had  
taught such wickedness from the start.  
In deed, in thought. My heart was tearing apart.  
In vain I fought, hoping this pain would depart.  
Still no one could tame this wild heart. Lawless and reckless, my will and my art.  
"Flawless" I profess, yet wicked in heart.  
A liar, a thief is what had marked my soul.  
Thought lying and stealing would make me feel whole. Neck deep in the water's grave without a thought or  
realization of my dying need.  
I cannot, can't keep back the coming wave for I see it coming swiftly for, for which I cry and plead. None had  
taught such wickedness from the start.  
In deed, in thought. My heart was tearing apart.  
In vain I fought, hoping this pain would depart.  
Still no one could tame this wild heart. The ocean's deep and thick.  
My lungs are filling quick.  
I scream and flail and kick.  
For my heart is truly sick. I feel the end is near.  
Choked up by waves of fear.  
Distant, you seem unclear.  
Until the Savior nears. Cut through the night.  
My curse and my plight.  
Blinded by light. Holy in white.  
My heart didn't fight. Heart didn't fight.  
Crushed by the sight. Shame had taught.  
Of all my sin in disgrace.  
In love you sought, to bring me to your embrace.  
My life was bought, by God in taking my place.  
For none could show such mercy, love, and grace.  
My heart didn't fight. My words at a loss.  
Crushed by the sight. The sight of the Cross.

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