

# Soul Cry

Misty Edwards

As the deer pants for the water, my soul longs for You  
As the body dies without water, my soul dies without You

They may say, "Come on, get over it. Drink, be merry, for tomorrow we die"  
That's why I'd rather sit in the house of mourning than at the table with fools  
Blessed are the hungry—You said it, I believe it  
Hunger is an escort into the deeper things of You  
You satisfy, you satisfy

My soul cries, my soul cries, my soul cries for You

Take me to the place where You satisfy, take me to the river  
I'll do anything, God; there is no price, take me to the river

They may say, "Come on, get over it, everything is okay"  
They may say, "Why the hunger? Why the thirsting? Why the mourning?"  
But my soul cries, my soul cries

All my tears You hold in a bottle; You will pour them out like rain  
Weeping endures for the night, for the night  
But joy comes in the morning, joy comes in the morning

Blessed are the hungry, blessed are the thirsty  
You said it, I believe it; I believe it, I believe it  
Hunger is the escort into the deeper things of You

Deep is calling out to deep is calling out to deep

Yesterday's depth is feeling really shallow  
I've gotta go deeper, deeper, deeper still  
And all Your waves and all Your billows crash over me  
Pulling me deep, deep, deeper  
From glory to glory, from strength to strength, from depth to depth  
I want to fellowship with You

You're not so far away, it's not too mysterious  
You're living on the inside of me, Your Spirit on the inside of me

Spring up, O well; spring up, O well; spring up, O well, within me