

PSALM 88

O my Lord God, salvation so true; I call out each day, and night
unto You.

- 2 Let my supplication, go before Your face; stretch out Your ear, to the cry that I make.
- 3 For my soul is filled, with troubles and woes; and my life draws near, to the grave where I go.
- 4 I'm woven with those, who descend to the pit; as a mighty man, who's lost all his strength.
- 5 Free as the slain, that lay deep in sand; no more remembered, cut off from Your hand.
- 6 I have been set, in the lowest of holes; down in the darkness, deep places unknown.
- 7 Anger leans on me, rage doth oppress; billows and breakers, beat down and depress.
- 8 Friends far away, I'm abhorrent to all; restrained so I never, can wander abroad.
- 9 My eyes fill with sorrow, because of my woe; Lord I have called Thee, with hands lifted so.
- 10 Will You show wonders, to dead in the grave; can they rise before You, and offer You praise?
- 11 Shall mercy and kindness, be marked in the pit? Will those who have perished, see Your faithful gifts?
- 12 Will miracles shine, in the darkness of death; Your justice in lands, of forgetfulness?
- 13 To You I cry out, with a voice that is free; at dawn all my prayer, does come before Thee.
- 14 Why have You forsaken, O Lord my soul; hiding Your face, from the one that You know?
- 15 For I am depressed, and breathing my last; from days of my youth, the horrors distract.
- 16 Hot burning anger, goes over my head; alarms and terror, consume me with dread.
- 17 Surround me all day, as waters that flood; they circle above me, united as one.
- 18 Friends who once loved me, steer wide from my way; those who have known me, in darkness do stay.