

so many in their pride trample me under their feet.
But in the day that I'm afraid, I lay all my tears
before you.
And trust in you with all my heart,
that harm could a man bring to me?
With God on my side, will not be afraid of what
comes.

For the praises of God will fill my heart,
trumpets and timpani, and voices
of critics and storm my words
of my collapse.
In the dark, waiting, spying on my
movements in secret.

Surprise, ready to take my life,
don't deserve to get away with this!
By their wickedness, their injustice, I will
sierce anger cast them down to defeat.
All my wandering and my
grief.

And my many tears in your bottle — not
the first, nor the last,
at the every time I've cried.
Recorded in your book of
remembrance.

The very day you will answer me for a Father's help
and please him!
I will not be afraid of war with me in the night.

For the Lord is my strength and my shield,
and he will save my life from the hand of the enemy.

Catch

tears

You

my

