

PSALM 58

Surely do you speak, of justice untold? In fairness do you judge, Adam's sons oh so bold?

- 2 For deep in your heart, you practice what's bad; you ponder earth's violence, done by your hand.
- 3 The wicked are turned, and profane from the womb; they wander from birth, and cannot tell the truth.
- 4 Like a snake's poison, their anger is clear; as a deaf asp, that will close up its ear.
- 5 Which never will listen, to spell or to charm; though the enchantment, be clever and dark.
- 6 Pull out each fang, O God from their face; Lord break every grinder, where young lions taste.
- 7 Melt them as waters, that run off and flow; and blunt every arrow, he strings in his bow.
- 8 Like a snail turned to liquid, let each be undone; as a woman's poor newborn, that won't see the sun.
- 9 Fast as pots feel the fire, they'll fly as a storm; taken alive, in His fury they're borne.
- 10 The just will be glad, when such vengeance he sees; washing his feet, in blood of enemies.
- 11 Man will acknowledge, this just recompense; honoring God, Judge of all the earth's men.