Psalm 31:9 Be merciful to me, Lord, for I am in distress; my eyes grow weak with sorrow, my soul and body with grief.

¹⁰ My life is consumed by anguish and my years by groaning; my strength fails because of my affliction, and my bones grow weak.

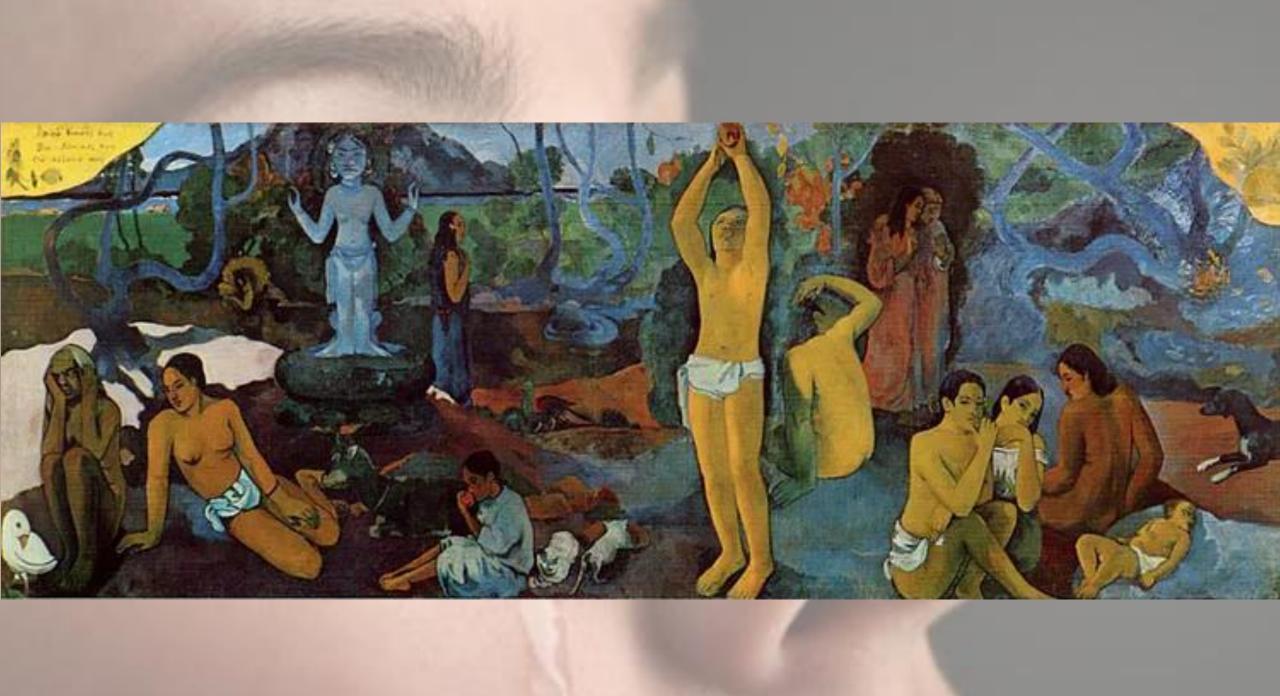
- ¹¹ Because of all my enemies, I am the utter contempt of my neighbors and an object of dread to my closest friends those who see me on the street flee from me.
- ¹² I am forgotten as though I were dead; I have become like broken pottery.
- 13 For I hear many whispering, "Terror on every side!"

 They conspire against me and plot to take my life.

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<sup>14</sup> But I trust in you, Lord; I say, "You are my God."
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¹⁵ My times are in your hands; ...





"There is no God."

They are corrupt, their deeds are vile; there is no one who does good.