

Danielle Rose**"Psalm 88"**

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Lord, my God, I call by day;
At night I cry aloud.
Let my prayer before you come;
Incline your ear to my cry.
For my soul is filled with troubles;
My life draws near to the grave.
I am reckoned as one in the tomb;
I've reached the end of my strength

Like the slain lying in their graves,
Like one among the dead,
Like those you remember no more,
You've laid me in the depths.
Imprisoned I cannot escape;
My eyes grow dim with grief.
Your wrath lies heavy upon me, Lord;
Your waves crash over me.

Is your love proclaimed in the grave?
Your fidelity in the tomb?
Lord, I call to you for help;
I stretch out my hands to you.
Why do you reject me, Lord?
Why hide from me your face?
Friend and neighbor you've taken away;
My only friend is darkness.

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