

Mehida

"Wings Of Dove"

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My thoughts trouble me and I'm distraught
At the voice of the enemy
At the stares of the wicked;
For they bring down suffering upon me
And revile me in their anger

Confuse the wicked O Lord,
Confound their speech,
For I see violence and strife in the city.
Threats and lies never leave it's streets.

"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove
I would fly away and be at rest"

My heart is in anguish within me;
The terrors of death assail me.
Fear and trembling have beset me;
Horror has overwhelmed me
And revile me in their anger

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