

## Psalm 130

Empty, exhausted and ravaged  
in the depths of despair I writhe.  
Anguished and afflicted, terribly alone,  
I trudge a bleak wasteland, devoid of all love.

In the echoing abyss I call out:  
no God of compassion hears my voice.  
Yet still I pray, Open your heart,  
for my tears well up within me.

**The litany of lament grows loud and long:  
The pulse of faith grows weak.**

Drawn from the murky depths by a fish hook,  
I shout to the air that will kill me:  
must I leave behind all that I cherish  
before I can truly breathe free?

Suspended between one world and the next,  
I waited for you, my God.  
Apprehension and hope struggled within me,  
I waited, I longed for your word.

**The litany of lament grows loud and long:  
The pulse of faith grows weak.**

As the night watch waits for the morning,  
through the darkest and coldest of seasons,  
more even than those who peer through the gloom  
I hope for the dawn, I yearn for the light.

Touching and healing the whole of my being,  
you are a God whose reach has no limit.  
All that has been lost will one day be found:  
the communion of the rescued will rejoice in your name.

**The litany of lament grows loud and long:  
The pulse of faith grows stronger once more.**