My soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.

2 I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am as a man [that hath] no strength.

Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more: and they are cut off from thy hand.

Thou hast put away mine abhorrences before thee: incline thine ear to my cry, and hear my voice in the morning of the dawn of salvation.

Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction: LORD, thou hast made me an abomination unto them: I am as a man [that hath] no strength.

Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise [and] praise thee? Selah.

Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave? [or] thy faithfulness in destruction?
12 Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

13 But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.

14 LORD, why castest thou off my soul? [why] hidest thou thy face from me?

15 I [am] afflicted and ready to die from [my] youth up: [while] I suffer thy terrors I am distracted.

16 Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off.

17 They came round about me daily like water; they compassed me about together.

18 Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, [and] mine acquaintance into darkness.