

## Wings Of Dove

Mehida

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