### Job

## Chapter 16

1Then Job spoke, saying:  
  
 2‘Things like this, I’ve heard all before;  
 And as those who should offer comfort,  
 You surely have done a poor job!  
  
 3‘Where is the order to your windy words,  
 And why do you bother to answer?  
  
 4‘Now, I’ll speak the same as you’ve been doing,  
 As if my life had been traded for yours.  
 Then, with my words, I’ll attack you,  
 And at you, I’ll now shake my head.  
  
 5‘O may my mouth be given the strength…  
 May the movement of my lips serve me well.  
 6For, if I speak, my sores won’t ache;  
 And if I stayed silent, would they hurt me less?  
  
 7‘Now, after He’s worn me out,  
 You’ve latched onto this festering fool.  
 8As I’m sitting here, I’ve proven what I’ve said,  
 And I’ve thrown back your lies in your faces.  
  
 9‘I’ve been debased by the One I must deal with,  
 And against me, He’s grinding His teeth.  
 The arrows of marauders have struck me,  
 10And sharp darts from His eyes have been shot in my knees…  
 They’ve all arrived to attack me!  
  
 11‘He’s handed me over to the unrighteous,  
 And delivered me to the ungodly.  
 12He’s removed my chance to ever make peace,  
 And as an example, He plucked the hair from my head.  
  
 13‘With their lances, they now have me surrounded,  
 And they’ve stabbed them into my kidneys…  
 They’ve done nothing at all that would spare me,  
 And they’ve poured my bile on the ground.  
  
 14‘They’ve knocked me down time and again…  
 They’ve attacked me and won!  
 15Then, to my skin, they sewed sackcloth,  
 And my strength, they’ve driven into the ground.  
  
 16‘My belly now burns from my crying,  
 And my eyelids are darkened with shadows.  
 17Yet, I’m guilty of nothing at all,  
 And my hands are clean from the things that I’ve vowed.  
  
 18‘O ground, don’t cover the blood of my flesh,  
 And don’t allow room for my cries.  
  
 19‘Look; the heavens have served as my witness,  
 And the heights above testify for me.  
 20May the things that I beg reach up to Jehovah,  
 And may the tears from my eyes drip before Him.  
  
 21‘O that man might plead before God  
 As he would on behalf of a neighbor.  
 22Yet, the days of my life have been counted and reached,  
 And from where I’m going, there’s no return.’