

A dramatic, high-contrast image featuring a man lying face down in a massive pile of gold coins, jewels, and broken stone blocks. The man is positioned in the lower center, his head buried in the treasure. The background shows a vast, golden city with numerous spires and domes, bathed in the warm light of a setting or rising sun. The sky is filled with orange and yellow clouds, and a bright beam of light descends from the top center. The overall scene conveys a sense of overwhelming wealth and the potential for spiritual blindness.

Trust Not in

Riches



# Song 2 Trust not in riches

Psalm 49 (Hear this, all peoples! ... Why should I fear in days of adversity when the iniquity of my foes surrounds me, those who trust in their wealth and boast of the abundance of their riches? ... For he sees that even the wise die; the fool and the stupid alike must perish and leave their wealth to others.)

Trust not in riches, trust not in your store  
When you die, you take nothing, your glory goes no more

The wise will pass away, the foolish fade and die  
To whom will you leave your wealth, under what sky?  
What profit in naming lands for those who go?  
The heirs of vanity, what do they know?

Trust not in riches, trust not in your store  
When you die, you take nothing, your glory goes no more

O builders of houses, O holders of land so vast  
What do you ponder, what future do you cast?  
What is the end of man who perishes in dust?  
Like a shadow fleeting, all your toil is thrust

Trust not in riches, trust not in your store  
When you die, you take nothing, your glory goes no more



