

Job7

7 "Do not mortals have hard service on earth? Are not their days like those of hired laborers?

2 Like a slave longing for the evening shadows, or a hired laborer waiting to be paid,

3 so I have been allotted months of futility, and nights of misery have been assigned to me.

4 When I lie down I think, 'How long before I get up?' The night drags on, and I toss and turn until dawn.

5 My body is clothed with worms and scabs, my skin is broken and festering.

6 "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and they come to an end without hope.

7 Remember, O God, that my life is but a breath; my eyes will never see happiness again.

8 The eye that now sees me will see me no longer; you will look for me, but I will be no more.

9 As a cloud vanishes and is gone, so one who goes down to the grave does not return.

10 He will never come to his house again; his place will know him no more.

11 "Therefore I will not keep silent; I will speak out in the anguish of my spirit, I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.

12 Am I the sea, or the monster of the deep, that you put me under guard?

13 When I think my bed will comfort me and my couch will ease my complaint,

14 even then you frighten me with dreams and terrify me with visions,

15 so that I prefer strangling and death, rather than this body of mine.

16 I despise my life; I would not live forever. Let me alone; my days have no meaning.

17 "What is mankind that you make so much of them, that you give them so much attention,

18 that you examine them every morning and test them every moment?

19 Will you never look away from me, or let me alone even for an instant?

20 If I have sinned, what have I done to you, you who see everything we do? Why have you made me your target? Have I become a burden to you?[a]

21 Why do you not pardon my offenses and forgive my sins? For I will soon lie down in the dust; you will search for me, but I will be no more."