

No Innocent Victim, Cast Down

The wicked plot against the just
With blood thirsty teeth
They draw the sword to cut down
All the poor and needy the wicked boast in evil
And their tongue plans destruction
They love to speak their lies
Devouring words will cease for no one
How long
Will the wicked prosper
They soon
Will be cut down like grass
Pride serves as their necklace
Violence covers them like clothes
Their eyes bulge with abundance
As they weigh out
The violence of their hands
In the end they will be cast down to destruction
In the end they will be brought to desolation