

In my distress I cried unto the Lord,
and he heard me. Deliver my soul, O Lord,
from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.

What shall be given unto thee? or what
shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?
Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals
of juniper. Woe is me, that I sojourn
in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents
of Kedar! My soul hath long dwelt
with him that hateth peace. I am for peace:
but when I speak, they are for war.

Psalm 120

