

Selah

**He breaks the arm of sinful men
Seeks out wickedness until there's none
And the wicked men are snared
In the works of their own hands**

Selah

**In Yahweh I put my trust
How say ye to my soul
I should flee here as a bird
And turn my back against Yahweh
For lo the wicked bend their bows
And make ready their arrows
For upright men who kneel there at His throne**

Selah

**And Yahweh hears their curses
Deceit and vanity
But above all this He hears the humble man cry
Oh Holy and most High,
I raise my voice in praise to you**

Selah

**And the heathen are sunk down
In pits which they have made
And the nets that confine them are their own
The treasures of redemption, the pleasures of salvation
Belong to those who kneel there
At His throne**

Selah