

My soul cannot be still,  
my heart cries in pain.  
Is now a plea to heaven in vain?  
Our land is empty now,  
our towns laid waste:  
God's anger the people have faced.

*Lord, show us Your mercy,  
O Lord, hear our prayer;  
O Lord, renew our hearts and minds  
with Your all-healing love.*

We look to the mountains,  
we see their fear:  
the anger of Your presence is near.  
The land is a wilderness,  
the trees are dead.  
The birds of heaven have fled.

O turn Your people, Lord,  
and we shall be healed,  
to live in Your covenant released.  
O praise to the God of hope  
set high on His throne;  
we trust in Your promise to relent.