Psalm 12

To the Chief Musician. On an eight-stringed harp.
A Psalm of David.

Help, LORD, for the godly man ceases! For the faithful disappear among the sons of men.

They speak idol every one with his neighbor; With flattering lips and a double heart they speak.

May the LORD cut off all flattering lips, And the tongue that speaks proud things, Who have said, "With our tongue we will prevail; Our lips are our own; Who is lord over us?"

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, Now I will arise," says the LORD; "I will set him in safety for which he yearns."

The words of the LORD are pure words, Like silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. You shall keep them, O LORD,

You shall preserve them from this generation forever.

The wicked prowl on every side, When vileness is exalted among the sons of men.