Psalm 119:81-88

[81] My soul faints with longing for your salvation,
but I have put my hope in your word.
[82] My eyes fail, looking for your promise;
I say, “When will you comfort me?”
[83] Though I am like a wineskin in the smoke,
I do not forget your decrees.
[84] How long must your servant wait?
When will you punish my persecutors?
[85] The arrogant dig pits to trap me,
contrary to your law.
[86] All your commands are trustworthy;
help me, for I am being persecuted without cause.
[87] They almost wiped me from the earth,
but I have not forsaken your precepts.
[88] In your unfailing love preserve my life,
that I may obey the statutes of your mouth.