My God, to You I complain of a soul commanding to evil,
rushing to offenses,
eager to disobey You,
and exposing itself to Your anger.

It takes me on the roads of disasters,
it makes me the easiest of perishers before You;
many its pretexts, drawn out its expectations;
when evil touches it, it is anxious,
when good touches it, grudging;
inclining to play and diversion,
full of heedlessness and inattention,
it hurries me to misdeeds
and makes me delay repentance.

My God, I complain to You of an enemy who misguides me
and a satan who leads me astray.

He has filled my breast with tempting thoughts,
and his suggestions have encompassed my heart.

He supports caprice against me,
embellishes for me the love of this world,
and separates me from obedience and proximity!
My God, to You I complain of a heart that is hard,
turned this way and that by tempting thoughts,
clothed in rust and the seal,
and of an eye too indifferent to weep in fear of You
and eagerly seeking that which gladdens it!
My God, there is no force and no strength except in Your power,
and no deliverance for me from the detested things of this world save through Your preservation.
So I ask You by Your far-reaching wisdom and Your penetrating will
not to let me expose myself to other than Your munificence
and not to turn me into a target for trials!
Be for me a helper against enemies,
a coverer of shameful things and faults,
a protector against afflictions,
a preserver against acts of disobedience!
By Your clemency and mercy, O Most Merciful of the merciful!