



## PLANET EARTH DAYS



**LEVIATHAN..HIS BREATH SETS COALS ON FIRE. A FLAME GOES OUT OF HIS MOUTH**

JOB 41:1-34 “Can you draw out Leviathan with a hook,

Or *snare* his tongue with a line *which* you lower?

Can you put a reed through his nose,

Or pierce his jaw with a hook?

Will he make many supplications to you?

Will he speak softly to you?

Will he make a covenant with you?

Will you take him as a servant forever?

Will you play with him as *with* a bird,

Or will you leash him for your maidens?

Will *your* companions make a banquet of him?

Will they apportion him among the merchants?

Can you fill his skin with harpoons,

Or his head with fishing spears?

Lay your hand on him;

Remember the battle—  
Never do it again!

Indeed, *any* hope of *over-*  
*coming* him is false;

Shall *one not* be *over-*  
*whelmed* at the sight of  
him?

No one *is so* fierce that he

would dare stir him up.

Who then is able to stand against **Me?** (CREATOR GOD).

Who has preceded **Me**, that I should pay *him*? Everything under heaven is **Mine**.

“I will not conceal his limbs,

His mighty power, or his graceful proportions.

Who can remove his outer coat?

Who can approach *him* with a double bridle?

Who can open the doors of his face, *With* his terrible teeth all around?

*His* rows of scales are *his* pride,

Shut up tightly *as with* a seal;

One is so near another That no air can come between them;

They are joined one to another,

They stick together and cannot be parted.

His sneezings flash forth light,

And his eyes *are* like the eyelids of the morning.

Out of his mouth go burning lights;

Sparks of fire shoot out.

Smoke goes out of his nostrils,

As *from* a boiling pot and burning rushes.

His breath kindles coals, And a flame goes out of his mouth.

Strength dwells in his neck,

And sorrow dances before him.

The folds of his flesh are joined together;

They are firm on him and cannot be moved.

His heart is as hard as stone,

Even as hard as the lower *millstone*.

When he raises himself up, the mighty are afraid;

Because of his crashings they are beside themselves.

*Though* the sword reaches him, it cannot avail;

Nor does spear, dart, or javelin.

He regards iron as straw,

And bronze as rotten wood.

The arrow cannot make him flee;

Sling stones become like stubble to him.

Darts are regarded as straw;

He laughs at the threat of javelins.

His undersides *are* like sharp potsherds;

He spreads pointed *marks* in the mire.

He makes the deep boil like a pot;

He makes the sea like a pot of ointment.

He leaves a shining wake behind him;

*One* would think the deep had white hair.

On earth there is nothing like him,  
Which is made without fear.

He beholds every high *thing*;

He *is* king over all the children of pride.”

———from NKJV BIBLE.