But for Grace

Ace Troubleshooter

Fire burns in the grate
The guilt burns in the breast of every prisoner
The guilty, the condemnedDeath is red on their hands
The galling chains reminding every minute
The law that was brokenSilent as the grave
Covering deeds, covering man
Eyes that pierce and blaze
Wounded hands, stretching out to saveMoonlit nights on their knees
Stifling screams ready to break from conscience
The voice of the innocentSo the time marches on
The future melts into the past
At last, the bitter reprieveSilent as the grave
Covering deeds, covering man
Eyes that pierce and blaze
Wounded hands, stretching out to saveSilent as the grave
Covering deeds, covering man
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Wounded hands, stretching out to saveSilent as the grave
Covering deeds, covering man
Eyes that pierce and blaze
Wounded hands, stretching out to save

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