Felix Culpa

Kings Kaleidoscope

Turn the lights on, look at what I have
See the twisted trophies of a dead man
Countless stories, tell of sin and pain
But they sing the sweetness of my saviorâ€™s grace

Iâ€™m a torn man, spirit fighting flesh
Thereâ€™s a battle raging deep in my chest
And all that haunts me, all that leaves a stain
Only sings the sweetness of my saviorâ€™s grace

A fortunate fall
My sins are stories of grace to recall
A fortunate fall
All glory in my sins forgiven

Jesus bought me, and now I am His
Dying with Him, in His death I now live
All my vices, to which I was chained
Only speak the sweetness of my saviorâ€™s grace

A fortunate fall
My sins are stories of grace to recall
A fortunate fall
All glory in my sins forgiven

And still Iâ€™m a wicked, wretched man
I do everything I hate
I am fighting to be God
I seethe and claw and thrash and shake
I have killed and stacked the dead
On a throne from which I reign
In the end I just want blood
And with His blood my hands are stained
See the God who reigns on high
He has opened His own veins
From His wounds a rushing torrent
That can wash it all away

Grace upon grace, upon grace upon grace

Grace upon grace, upon grace upon grace

Grace upon grace, upon grace upon grace
Grace upon grace, upon grace upon grace

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