

# 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 savior's grace

I'm a torn man, spirit fighting flesh  
There's a battle raging deep in my chest  
And all that haunts me, all that leaves a stain  
Only sings the sweetness of my savior'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 savior's grace

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

And still I'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

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