

# 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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