

But For Grace

Ace Troubleshooter

Fire burns in the grate, the guilt burns in the breast of every
prisoner, the guilty, the condemned.

Death is red on their hands, the galling chains reminding every
minute, the law that was broken.

Silent as the grave, covering deeds, covering man.

Eyes that pierce and blaze, wounded hands stretching out to save.

Moonlit nights on their knees stifling screams ready to break from
conscience, the voice of the innocent.

So the time marches on, the future melts into the past at last,
the bitter reprieve.

Silent as the grave, covering deeds, covering man.

Eyes that pierce and blaze, wounded hands stretching out to save.