

# Daughter Of Grace

Twila Paris

She went down so low, thought she'd  
Never ever find the surface again  
Went so far astray thought she'd  
Never find her way back home

Hated to think about the past almost as much as  
She hated to think about the future  
She sat down inside to wait, to rest her mind a while  
No use trying to fight with fate or fake a smile

There she found the end of herself  
Heard a small voice crying for help and she was

Carried in the arms of love and mercy  
Breathing in a second wind  
Shining with the light of each new morning  
Looking into hope again

Unable to take another step  
Finally ready to begin  
Born for a second time in a brand new place  
Daughter of grace

She spent half her life working hard  
to be someone you had to admire  
Met the expectations and added something of her own  
So proud of all that she had done

Where was the glory so proud at all she had not done  
'Til she knelt beneath a wall  
that will could never scale  
Broken and discovering that she could fail

There she found the end of herself  
Heard her own voice crying for help and she was

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Grace is there for everyone  
Grace is always free  
We must all depend on grace  
Especially me, especially me, I have been

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