Edison Glass, Jean Val Jean

Jean Val Jean, the weeping criminal Broken with the weight of compassion It's hard to hold what you don't deserve Remember your promise to be pure

It's a battle between just and good What you know is right What you know you should Will good overcome religion?

It's a battle between grace and pride Will you let it go or draw the knife? Will grace overcome what was done?

Goodness fell on me like a spring rain In this divine through health, I've become Unable to repay my vault to emulate Forgiveness, no longer will I run

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