

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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