

Ace Troubleshooter, But For Grace

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