

# 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