

# Aces Over Kings, In Your Arms

Torn and tattered, my soul is losing sail  
Bruised and battered, my life's a living hell  
The darkness is blinding me, and grasping for my hand  
Will I make it to the light or will I end up dead?  
Walking through the snow and I don't know where to go  
So I lay down at Your door, so I can be warm once again  
In Your arms  
This shack is shelter, it's not home but it will do  
Frostbite you've found me and crowned me royal blue  
A voice is comforting me, and grasping for my hand  
Taking me from the light so stories will be spread  
Morning has broken, the storm has blown away  
Second chances, living for today