

Agraceful, The Sons Of Saints

Raised from torment
I saw the weight of your hands fall down
To live inside of this hell they've built
I watched you I saw your grace
The blood from your hands will make me whole
You will be claimed with composure
We will be claimed at the sinners hands
Believing creations of the sons of saints
I haven't spoke in days
Again he said you won't feel a thing
But how can you be saved if this is what you believe
Speak now the work has been done
Nations they crawl in vain
Dividing the prison of all that will rise to
Conquer the faith in your heart
I haven't spoke in days
Again he said you won't feel a thing
But how can you be saved if this is what you believe
We will be claimed at the sinners hand