

## **Agraceful**

# **"The Sons Of Saints"**

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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

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