

## Wounded

# "Grace... Murder... Divine"

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Grace... Murder... Divine

I'm breaking down, I'm feeling down, feeling down.  
Take it out, take it out, burn me down.  
Murder my face, and kill my soul, just let me go.  
And mark my name on this monument of grace.

Forget the tears, forget the years, I'm going down.  
I'm out of control, a burning soul, all alone.  
I'm in here I can't get out, I'm all alone  
Murder my face, let me go, let me go.

Forget the tears, forget the years, I'm going down.  
Take me out, get me out, take it out.  
Murder my thoughts, clean my soul, let it go.  
Mark my shame on the monument  
For those who died in flames.

I'm sick of seeing people cry before my eyes.  
When explosions make them die before our eyes.  
When children die before our eyes.  
All their homes, blown away, before their eyes.

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