

Quench "Grace"

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sooner or later well the scaring on my soul won't let me
be
the skies are clear and the sun it settles down
still I struggle on, try to sing a happy song
heavy spirit its ready to receive, the darkness blinds
my eyes
shallow smiles yet my eyes do not deceive
this weight that drags me deep, some secrets I cannot
keep

constellations tell me I'm just fine
shades of dignity they shield me from the saving light
stars of sympathy now that I don't deserve
what kind of dignity is this?

Grace bleeds for me
Grace redeems me
Grace praises me
Grace sheilds me
and I need Her to carry me home

sugar coated pretty little words don't change a thing
my success is viewed only by my pride
still I find no peace, this way gives no relief

twisted reasons why everything occurred
stuck in a season - this winter night it feels so long
going no where but I'm getting there real fast
what kind of dignity is this?

Grace bleeds for me
Grace redeems me
Grace praises me
Grace sheilds me
and I need Her to carry me home

Grace redeems even me
Would You carry me home
Safe in your arms
Would You carry me home
Into my father's house

Would You carry, would you carry me home

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