

Twila Paris "Daughter Of Grace"

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She went down so low, thought she'd
Never ever find the surface again
Went so far astray thought she'd
Never find her way back home

Hated to think about the past almost as much as
She hated to think about the future
She sat down inside to wait, to rest her mind a while
No use trying to fight with fate or fake a smile

There she found the end of herself
Heard a small voice crying for help and she was

Carried in the arms of love and mercy
Breathing in a second wind
Shining with the light of each new morning
Looking into hope again

Unable to take another step
Finally ready to begin
Born for a second time in a brand new place
Daughter of grace

She spent half her life working hard
to be someone you had to admire
Met the expectations and added something of her own
So proud of all that she had done

Where was the glory so proud at all she had not done
'Til she knelt beneath a wall
that will could never scale
Broken and discovering that she could fail

There she found the end of herself
Heard her own voice crying for help and she was

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Grace is there for everyone
Grace is always free
We must all depend on grace
Especially me, especially me, I have been

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