

# Within Temptation, Grace

Cold are the bones of thy soldiers.  
Longing for home, their little paradise.  
I don't feel redemption on their side

Fallen from grace, help me rise again.  
Fallen from grace, help me through.

Fallen from grace, help me through.  
Fallen from grace.

Feel these hands, the pressure, the cold, tremble.

Do you hear these words.  
Do you feel the wounds.  
I'll never help you through.

Cold are thy souls,  
I feel the resentment,  
they feel betrayed,  
They hate the cold  
I don't feel redemption on their side.

Fallen from grace, help me rise again.  
Fallen from grace, help me through.