

I've done so much wrong, it outweighs the good
I've done so much wrong, it outweighs the good
I've found the hardest things to do
Are the ones I should.
But you gave me all the grace; I needed to get out.
And I will not forget it Lord, I will walk it out.

The demon on my shoulder says
"You will pay for this
Did you think you could escape all the consequences?"
But it is not in me
it's in Your grace, that I'm set free

I feel sick; it's something I can't shake
I feel sick, it's something I can't shake
And night after night it's keeping me awake
Am I sorry that I hurt You
Or that judgment finally came?
I will not pass it off on You
Cause I'm the one to blame

I know there's some way you can turn this around
Don't give up on me yet; I'm not yet in the ground
You've given me one more chance, a million times before
But I still hear another one, knocking at my door