

(It's) No Crime

Trouble is a tree that we all climb
At one point in my life I was high
The leaves were shadows growing in thin air
The more I left the ground behind
The more I wanted to be there

Beaten is cloak that we adorn
At one point in my life
Mine was torn
The cloth was made of empty sanctity
The more I left the sun behind
The more its glory shone on me

(It's) no crime

Different is place where we all rest
At one point in my life I knew this best
The walls were thinly bound by solid lies
The more I left myself behind
The more I wanted to be mine

(It's) no crime to dig so deep
No crime to come to understand the weak
No crime to search the wrong
...nevermind...

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