

Crimes of the Heart

Immortal Technique

Yea I turned 21 in prison locked up at night
Now I walk around free seems like another life
Another roll with some other dice
Another ho or a loving wife
People come and go some really you never know
Intellectual midgets that really never grow
Fake love that holds on like "can I hold you though?"
And old friends will look at you like "yo, yea I told you so"
A toast to the broken hearted
Who never finished what they fuckin started
People who go out and try to be a rebel at night
Try to make up for the fact that they settled in life
It's like a fight between the devil & Christ over the limelight
Spiritual celebrity boaker
But the whole deck is full of jokers
And every year that you get older
The stakes get higher
Gambling with a bunch of fakes and liars
Real talk 'cause the real New York
Is the pain and the suffering of lost love
Staring off into the distance in the midst of the club
Depression and emptiness that lead to suicide
And the struggle inside of yourself that keeps you alive
Survived and medicated stalked by sobriety
The life that you live now tortured by memories violently
I pray in sodomy that one day you could be forgiven
For murdering the beautiful world we used to live in

[Chorus]

Crimes of the heart [2X]

Love...doesn't need a complicated metaphor
And sometimes nothing needs to be said at all
Sometimes a person you with is not your one and only
And you just fuck with them because you afraid to be lonely
And when you come back its too late
So you overcompensate
Like victims of rape
Full of self hate
Lost in the affection to strangers around you
Instead of the only person that ever gave a fuck about you
Thought you were happy so you didn't come check me
But then when he cheated or treated you incorrectly
You conveniently realized you could never forget me
And tried to crawl back in my life unexpectedly
These are my indictments
Of those who claim to be righteous
And leave a trail of broken hearts on their way to enlightenment
But I cant give into hatred or pass judgment
Even towards every allusion I've been in love with
'cause the heart that portrays itself willingly
Is like a nation that trades freedom for stability
Its so seductive to be cold and corrupted and isolated and try to be an inde
pendent republic
But liberty to be loved on the surface is worthless
The sacrifice of revolution with no purpose
Take it from a criminal searching for his redemption

Cursing at God desperately trying to get his attention

[Chorus]

Crimes of the heart [2x]

Looking for the shining light

Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me tonight?

Round we go (won't cross?) climbing through the endless night

Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me this time? (me this time oooh ooh ooh)

Climbing through the endless night (endless night, endless night)