

# 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)