

The Weight of Glory

Thrice

A ring of Pharisees and one of them was me
We loved the letter but not the spirit
An infidelity, a woman on her knees
She begged for mercy, we couldn't hear it

The teacher looked from us, his finger in the dust
We felt the chill and it shook us to our bones
Then he raised his head and this is what he said,
"The one who has not sin should throw a stone"

I walked away in silence
and threw myself upon the ground
These words they burned inside me
Take up your cross before your crown

Go and judge not, lest ye be judged with the girl and come down

I walked away in silence
and threw myself upon the ground
These words they burned inside me
Take up your cross before your crown

Take up your cross before your crown
Judge not, lest ye be judged with the girl and come down

Take up your cross before your crown
Your cross before your crown