

# Death, Without Judgement

Guilty until proven innocent  
We condemn your soul and fate  
Never mind the possibilities  
Too busy for logic or to calculate

Take part in a diminishing breed  
Where complex turns to simplicity  
When pain is acknowledged  
Frivolous calculations will be abolished

Without judgement what would we do?  
We would be forced to look  
At ourselves emerged in lost time  
Assuming what may be  
Without judgement  
Perception would increase a million times

Distracted by the imagination  
That experiments with ease  
If you could taste it, It might be addictive  
Where life will crush those who defy

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