

The Classic Crime, Medisin

What great risk to truly live

We could die alone.

Our self-proclaimed meaning of bliss is getting what we're owed.

I am like a machine, all that I really need is medicine and then I'll fall fast asleep

In my dreamlike state I'll pretend I'm unscathed but when I wake up my resilience fades

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How long?

I know there's more to life than slavery, I'm tired of dying

I know there's more to life than drinking this soul sick medicine

Oh no, no I'll never listen or do what I'm told

At twenty-four you'd think I'd hold my speech.

Instead I'll mix you a cocktail, some truth and some slander

and never practice what I preach

I know there's more to life, I know there's more to life,

I know there's more, I know there's more to life than drinking this soul sick medicine