

# Thrice, The Weight Of Glory

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

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and threw myself upon the ground  
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Take up your cross before your crown

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

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