Shut me I've done you wrong,

Mocked you and broke your home, carried an as a king to a thron e, and I know, I loathed.

Yet I've reconciled my faith with no way to explain where it co mes from.

Heard out suspicious ways, and forwent the drowning pain, and I 've bad mine

Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I never saw your light,

Fear had its grip tot quite sometime, so I obeyed and tied. Listen don't bear this wrong, you've taught me what I know, And though I'm not what you want,

I've found peace an my own.

Sunday suit never fit quite right, maybe why I left

Siddhartha style, I choose a path of open minds,

Am I damned for it?

I know the evils of mankind and I keep far from them. Do all I can to grow inside. Judge me for that.