My Name

The Classic Crime

I have seen my own gravestone
and worshiped the golden statue
I've made my bed in the lion's den
and walked in dead man's shoesI have witnessed coastline
from a bird's eye view
And I made the request that we plunge to our death
so that I could get to YouI will walk through the fire
I will not be afraid
They can take everything that I have
But they can't give me my nameI have climbed every bookshelf
In search of hardcover proof
And if I am judged by the things I have loved
I hope some of them are true

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