

Dead Can Dance, The Trial

All my senses rebel
Under the scrutiny of their persistent gaze.
It took a lifetime to get here,
A journey I'll never make again.

For those who have accepted the burden of shame,
For the innocent only guilt will remain
And our lives will be forced to accomodate
The perpetrators of our own bastard race.

All my senses rebel
Under the scrutiny of their persistent gaze.
It took a lifetime to get here,
A journey I'll never make again.

I stand accused of thousand and one crimes,
A witness to events that led to this present time.
These traditions which bind our hands and keep us tied
Will never survive the greatest test of time.

Deliver me from those feverish eyes
That threaten to unbalance my state of mind,
For I must confess only to the smallest of crimes.
A sense of guilt. [4x]