

Scott Walker, The Ballad Of Sacco And Vanzetti

Father - yes, I am a prisoner
Fear not, to relate my crime
The crime is loving the forsaken
Only silence is shame

Blessed are the persecuted
And blessed are the pure in heart
Blessed are the merciful
Blessed are the ones who mourn

"Give to me your tired and your poor
Your huddled masses, yearning to be free
The wretched refuge of your teeming shore
Send these, the homeless"
- send this task to me

And now I'll tell you
What's against us
And aught that's lived for centuries
Go through the years
And you will find
What's blackened all
Of the history

Father, yes I am a prisoner
Only silence is...
Shame