

# Kilgore, Trial

Seems like I'll never find  
My peace of mind  
I must be blind  
To not see in front of me  
My self-inflicted warning signs  
And even though I pay my sins  
With blood and sweat and jugs of wine  
No matter how much I give  
I owe, I owe, I owe, I owe  
Save me  
But pay the toll  
Not far to go  
Just like Josef K.  
Don't seem to know just what I owe  
This aching pleasure to be  
Weighed upon my aching soul  
And on these two bare feet  
I'm made to walk that hundredth mile  
To blister in the sun of  
My trial, my trial, my trial, my trial  
Save me  
But pay the toll  
Not far to go  
Save me  
But pay the toll  
Not far to go  
All I owe