The Trial

Dead Can Dance

All my senses rebel
Under the scrutiny of their persistent gaze
It took a lifetime to get here
A journey I'll never make againFor those who have accepted the burden of shame
For the innocent only guilt will remain
And our lives will be forced to accommodate
The perpetrators of our own bastard raceAll my senses rebel
Under the scrutiny of their persistent gaze
It took a lifetime to get here
A journey I'll never make againI stand accused of a thousand and one crimes
A witness to events that led up to this present time
These traditions, which bind our hands and keep us tied
Will never survive the greater test of timeDeliver me from these feverish eyes
That threaten to unbalance my state of mind
For I must confess only to the smallest of crimesA sense of guilt
A sense of guilt
A sense of guilt
A sense of guilt

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