

## The Trial

Dead Can Dance

All my senses rebel  
Under the scrutiny of their persistent gaze  
Until you left her to the...???  
A journey I'll never make again

For those who have accepted the burden of shame  
For the innocent only words will remain  
And our lives will be forced to ??? days  
The perpetrators of our own bastard ways

All my senses rebel  
Under the scrutiny of their persistent gaze  
Until you left her to the...???  
A journey I'll never make again

I stand accused of a thousand and one crimes  
A witness to events that went to this point in time  
With traditions enshrined our hands would be close tied  
We'll never survive the great test of time

Deliver me from these feverish eyes  
They threaten to advance our state of mind  
I'm just an imposter, is that a small surprise?  
A sense of guilt  
A sense of guilt  
A sense of guilt  
A sense of guilt

More from artist :  
Dead Can Dance

More from album :  
Dead Can Dance