

Kiley Dean**"Trial"**

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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

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