

Morgan Page

"Victim Of The Inquisition"

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[The Chief Magistrate - The Testimony of a Condemned Man]

Oh, my dear beloved Anne
I write you in blood
From my wounded finger nails
In my cell, in gods hell
I'm waiting for more torture
And a certain death - fur sure

Through these wet walls of stone
I can hear their pain-machines
And the screams from all the dying
Believe me - I am - innocent I swear
It's true, but I can't take it any more
I confess - just to get relieved

They've crushed my kneecaps,
Fingers and my feet
Still they drag me down the
Stairs, so who's satanical
Many hundred thousand goodnights my love
Innocent I'll die -
I'm a victim of the inquisition

Flee from town before it is too late,
You are no longer safe
I hope these words,
Will reach you somehow,
Goodnight, farewell my love

They've crushed my kneecaps,
Fingers and my feet
Still they drag me down the
Stairs, so who's satanical?

Many hundred thousands goodnights my love
Innocent I'll die -
I'm a victim of the inquisition

