

Trial

"Saints And Sinner"

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I am incomplete damaged and imperfect
This world is not divided between saints and sinners
Forgive me for being human
I struggle I suffer I know what it means to survive
This world is crumbling I'll take my flaws
With me and beyond you
Beneath it all...
"family values" with national pride
Will lead to the new cross burnings
And who will be hanging next from that tree
Who'd have my sisters stay at home
To feed and mend and tremble?
Their place is not on their backs or on their knees
We look to anyone to make the trains run on time
Then praise their shovels as we are buried alive
The days pass by unnoticed as we choose not to see
the bars
Imprisoned for life while free to go
With a key clutched in our desperate hands all along
Beyond those walls I am wounded and scarred
Isolated but aware and alive
I alone maintain control
I accept no higher soul
I am my beginning and my end
This is a call for redemption
For those I know to have been led blind
With the wounds of the forsaken I'm still screaming
And I might stand alone with no one left to listen
But the last words of this song have yet to be heard

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