

The Trial

Suicidal Angels

Psychotic maniac
Driven in to court
Eyes on the ground
Hands behind the back
Killers, thieves, rapists
Judged under dark
Are we really crazy
Or we're judged by craziness

Who you are you want to judge me
Do you think you are god
Fuck your gods and fuck your courts
All we're guilty damn your lives

Children driven into drugs
Slow death there is no hurry
Hypnotized don't react
The real guilty are still free
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