

BROUGHT TO TRIAL

By looking through the darkened windows,
I saw strange people working in that light.
Their pencils did scratch fast about some papers.
They had to do a job out in that night.

"Yes, we were about to make some action.
Our fictions had to get on up and walk.
Yes, the world around seemed to be nervous.
So there was no one of us about to talk."

While I was walking on out of these wet streets,
I saw a little light's gleam behind me.
Staring eyes and danger were all around.
I felt, there was a harm, one could not see."

Refrain:

"Yes, we were about to make some action.
Our fictions had to get on up and walk.
Yes, the world around seemed oh so nervous.
So we could not risk, someone would talk."

So I started running in the street lights,
but my shadow's movement was in vain.
Suddenly there were two men beside me,
Of which one said "Beat it, it's no game"

Refrain

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