

"The Undefended Victim"

For me, no gavel, hammers
The Scales were never weighted.
My Crime was that of a victim,
My life, was the price I paid.

And when my life was taken,
Why weren't my rights read?
And the Statement, "overruled"
When they pronounced me dead?

I'll never hear my rights
Nor take the witness stand,
No attorney to defend me,
My fate was in a killer's hand.

Now the courtroom is crowded
As the defendant pleads the case.
With just the glimmer of a tear,
Cold eyes on a straight face.

But oh, that I could take the stand
If they could witness my last breath,
Could they live with the terror
That I went through in death.

If they could hear my pleading cries
And see the hatred in that face,
At last, we'd know, the scales had
"Been balanced" in this case.

If I could, I'd tell the jury
Exactly how it was,
The fear and pain that I went through
Struck down without a cause.

Did the jury carefully weigh it all
As they listened to the plea?
There were no emotions, showing now,
Just the hope of going free.

The final verdict now is in
As the defendant stands in tears
If only I had done as well.....
Given ten to twenty years.