

Michael Card "Traitor's Look"

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Michael Card
How did it feel to take the place
Of honor at the meal
To take the sop from His own hand
A prophesy to seal
Was it because He washed your feet
That you sold Him as a slave
The Son of Man, the Lamb of God
Who'd only come to save
The silver that they paid to you
From out their precious till
Was meant to buy a spotless lamb
A sacrifice to kill

How heavy was the money bag
That couldn't set you free
It became a heavy millstone
As you fell into the sea
Now Judas don't you come too close
I fear that I might see
That traitor's look upon your face
Might look too much like me
Cause just like you I've sold the Lord
And often for much less
And like a wretched traitor
I betrayed Him with a kiss

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