

Sting "Carrion Prince"

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The afternoon has gently passed me by
The evening spreads its sail against the sky
O ye of little faith
You follow in my step
We crumble on the ground before you dry...

The universe is but a question mark
Hangs above my head there in the dark
O ye of little hope
I thought that I could croak
The truth has stretched you far from me, too far...

Oh Pilate, you speak to me so clear
Your voice of hell has filled my soul with fear
O ye of little blood
You call lies in the mud
Your hands are always washing them...

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