

Vanden Plas "Judas"

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Obsessions throwing
Sticks and stones
To break your bones into
Sympathy for lies and hate
Are no no good
Enemies sow bitter seed
To satisfy their blood
Behind your eyes
You are so mean

It's a sticky situation
A ticket to hell
We know nothing 'bout
That faking temptation
The kiss and goodbye
Is a wishing you well

You're no son of god
And you're no son of love
You're a Judas
I know that you are
A part of me

Treat me beat me or defeat me
Nail me to the tree
Lovin' prayers are lullabies
For you and me
Police and politicians
The best that money can buy
You measured god
Corruption aid
Infected situation
You merchant of lies
You seem closer
To a holy sensation
Of walking on water
When water is ice

You're no son of god
And you're no son of love
You're a Judas
I know that you are

A part of me

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