

Pilate's Dream

Dennis DeYoung

I dreamed, I met a Galilean
A most amazing man
He had that look, you very rarely find
The haunting, hunted kind

I asked him to say what had happened
How it all began
I asked again, he never said a word
As if he hadn't heard

And next the room was full of wild and angry men
They seemed to hate this man
They fell on him and then
They disappeared again

Then I saw thousands of millions
Crying for this man
And then I heard them mentioning my name
And leaving me the blame

Then I saw thousands of millions
Crying for this man
And then I heard them mentioning, my name
And leaving me the blame