Traitor's Look

Michael Card

How did it feel to take the place
Of honor at the meal
To take the sup 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 to 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 retched traitor
I betrayed Him with a kiss

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