

# Judas

Vanden Plas

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