

Fates Warning, Kiss Of Death

High priest, the man you look for
prays in the garden tonight, tonight.
Conceived by immaculate conception,
King Nazareen creator of light.
Healing cripples,
gives sight to the blind,
transforms himself,
he's not of our kind.
I know this begot by a kiss,
he knows not that he's been defied.

Demon lords won't you ride with me,
mount your horse to Gethsemane.

Judas Iscariot, money man and thief of Judah
tell me haven't you dined with the man
and preached with him in Galilee.
You deny being one of the twelve,
you wish to trade your king for gold.
Thirty silver pieces be your reward
and may your rotten conscience never grow old.

Demon lords won't you ride with me,
mount your horse to Gethsemane.

I am in you, you are in I
You have defied me,
I see through your eyes.
Beware the kiss of death.

Pharisees I fall to my knees,
we must nullify the contract we have made.
I have pined, defied innocence blood
and returned the silver pieces that you've paid.
What's this you say, who is he to us,
see to thyself you greedy man.
The place of the skull
is where lies your king.
We have washed our hands.

I am in you, you are in I
You have defied me,
I see through your eyes.
Beware the kiss of death.