

Stratovarius, Kiss Of Judas

I hear footsteps
dosing in
recognizing them
from my early days.
The times are different
the image remains the same,
repeating back flashes
remembering the name,
approaching visions of things.
I can't recall,
a familiar smile
awakes the pain.

Unkept promises,
the night awaits,
the act of confidence.

The kiss of Judas
haunts me once again.

In your private chamber,
you're all done.
The well earned silver pieces
falling to the floor.
The flame of the candle costing
movements to the wall,
your eyes filled with guilt
keep staring at the door.