

Barnabas, The Dream

Barnabas
Miscellaneous
The Dream

As the sun is forced to exile, in a blaze of bloody fire
Disturbing visions mystify when conscience thought retires
I heard a tattered echoing from voices long since dead
Another night of wonder in the moonscape of my bed

I dreamed I was in Israel two thousand years ago
A festive flair was in the air; the great Passover show
Every pew was taken, and we wore our Sabbath best
As we partied long into the night, on a skull-shaped hill of death

Jealousy was dressed to kill, with Vengeance at her side
While millions of tiny lies cavort in shiny white
At first this all seemed strange to me, then suddenly I knew...

I killed Jesus Christ
Yes I did, its true
I killed Jesus Christ
And you were with me, too