

# 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