

Tim Rice, Pilate's Dream

I dreamed I met a Galilean,
A most amazing man
He had that look you very rarely find
The haunting, hunted kind
I asked him to say what had happened
How it all began
I asked again
He never said a word
As if he hadn't heard
And next the room was full
Of wild and angry men
They seemed to hate this man
They fell on him and then disappeared again
Then I saw thousands of millions
Crying for this man
And then I heard them mentioning my name
And leaving me the blame