Pilate's Dream

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

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