

# Pilate's Dream

Andrew Lloyd Webber

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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