

Judas' Kiss

The Walter Eugenes

I wonder how it makes you feel when the prodigal won't come home
I wonder how it makes you feel when he'd rather be on his own
I wonder what it's like for you when a lamb has gone astray
I wonder what it's like for you when your children disobey
It must be like another thorn struck in your brow
It must be like another close friend's broken vow
It must be like another nail right through your wrist
It must be just like, just like Judas' kiss
I wonder how it makes you feel when no one seeks your face
I wonder how it makes you feel when they give up in the race
I wonder what it's like for you when they willingly disobey
I wonder what it's like for you when they willingly walk away
It must be like another thorn struck in your brow
It must be like another close friend's broken vow
It must be like another nail right through your wrist
It must be just like, just like Judas' kiss
It must be like another thorn struck in your brow
It must be like another close friend's broken vow
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