

Judas

Banks

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

YeahNever came around to make this house into a home

Put you on a pedestal and sat you on a throne

I find all your skeletons, a closet full of bones

I see you take pride in bloody eyes, I know you're stonedI can hear resentment in your tone

Said I'd never make it on my own

Maybe I'm just better off alone, too numb to deal

Too numb to feel the knife in my backJudas

Oh, oh, Judas

Judas

Oh, oh, JudasI can see you coming from about a mile away

In the mystique, your pretentiousness is fading

Reminiscing all the backwards ways you made me stay

Begging me for thread, I think you need to change your brainI can hear resentment in your tone

Said I'd never make it on my own

Maybe I'm just better off alone, too numb to deal

Too numb to feel the knife in my backJudas

Oh, oh, Judas

Judas

Oh, oh, JudasI need to make an effort, this should be effortless

Nothing can last forever, and you're such a pessimist

I was your prized possession, and who was your exorcist?

Thought you was heaven sent, he left for the hell of itI can hear resentment in your tone

Said I'd never make it on my own

Maybe I'm just better off alone, too numb to deal

Too numb to feel the knife in my backJudas

Oh, oh, Judas

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Songwriters

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