

Judas - written as the coins in the purse

Rustle, Rustle, Rustle
The wind blows through me.
Am I worth murder?
Am I worth betrayal?
I sit inside waiting for him.
Waiting for fate,
A fate worse than death.
I'm now inside his pocket.
Judas' pocket.
I hear laughter.
I hear joy.
I hear love.
Jesus was sat eating, I felt gutted.
Am I worth murder?
Am I worth betrayal?
Am I a simple pile of coins,
Worth this?
Jesus said, "One of you will betray me".
I sat in Judas' purse filled with guilt.

