

We have conspired and killed an innocent man,
His followers preach he rose from the dead!
There number is growing what shall we do?
Let's kill his followers and say it's not true.
They won't go away, they frustrates our lies,
more evil plans we must plot and break their ties.
We destroyed his city and made his people scatter,
we thought it was the end of the matter.
He has new followers now, who speak of the old,
His story continues ever to be told.
His new people are a mystery we don't understand,
His old people are back in there promised land.
His followers speak of a rapture and a great tribulation.
They seem to know how we've deceived every nation.

Psalm 2 v 12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish
from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.
Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.