

## ACELDAMA (kitselman)

Judas, your Mama must have been so proud  
To see you lift that sin up with your soul  
And after the hanging when you dropped it to the ground  
The silver couldn't keep you in the fold  
It's a good thing for you  
You weren't dealing with me  
Because my heart is not the truest kind  
If I'd caught you slipping out that back door  
I would have left no doubt in your mind

Aceldama, Aceldama is a place  
Where strangers can rest when they die  
We are mysterious and carbon based  
But good things can grow from our lives....it happens all the time

Judas, forgiveness is elusive we both know  
We can never count on man for our supply  
And all the stones we carry on our souls  
Are the currency of our lives  
You're the one of twelve that's most like me  
We are flawed, we are unable to see  
But there's a deal to be struck between the two of us  
I'll forgive you if you forgive me

Aceldama, Aceldama is a place  
Where strangers can rest when they die  
Bought with the proceeds from your swan dive from grace  
It proves good things can grow from our lives....it happens all the time

Judas, I can never promise to forget  
Being human I possess that tiny flaw  
It lives in my heart like an angry little man  
Who refuses to believe what he saw  
And that deal that we struck between the two of us  
It's a mighty task to hold up either end  
We may discover when we look at each other  
We might want to break it, but it will only bend

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