Trapped by Their Own Lies

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[Verse]

Scribes and Pharisees, plotting in the night, Think they slick, but they ain't that bright, Tryna trap the King with riddles so tight, Caught in their words, can't see the light.

[Verse 2]

Coins in the pockets, questions they ask, Who to pay tribute, they thought it a mask, "Render to Caesar", left them aghast, Played themselves, simple as a flask.

[Chorus]

Trapped by their own lies, tangled in the thread, Web of deceit, thoughts in their head, Trapped by the truth, words misled, Caught in their plot, they misread.

[Verse 3]

Temple debates, every single day, Test the Messiah, games they play, "Greatest command?", they thought he'd sway, "Love's the answer", truth on display.

[Verse 4]

They gathered stones, thought they had the win, "Who without sin, cast first in this den", Silence fell, guilt pricklin' within, Dropped each stone, couldn't win.

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]

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