Trembling limbs shiver, to pain, as trickling thorny red begins the sin
Careful timestep steps, consumes, as he enters the man named ‘Great Hall’
Ecce homo, ‘Behold the man’, A glowing silent human, somehow, 10 foot tall.
Battered body cant hide the reverence. Powerful silent steps sets the stage
Of human all against hidden presence. No begging bows, no human rage.

Who are you? What are you? Say something, do you want to defend yourself?
Do you want to die?
Don’t you know I have the power to have you released or say to the priests, this
man I will crucify.
A mind empties its questions and shows it’s own fickle,
empty,
human cry.

Scarlet robe flits the hardened ground, flickering light struggle to fill the now holy room.
A voice with the force of a thousand chariots, summons the earth, stars, sun and moon.
And he answered with truth and love:

„You would have no power over me if it had not been given to you from above“