

Good Friday

Elvis Perkins

Come lay here beside me
And I'll fear no death.
I'll give you my body
And I'll breathe your breath.

No-one will harm you
Inside this song.
We will be safe here
As the light is long
That makes way for Good Friday.

Get out of your body,
For there goes your blood.
It falls on my secrets
And colours the flood.

The time of our fathers
Is not ours to kill,
Their sad-cellared wines
Are not ours to spill
And won't be passed over Good Friday.

Though this life
Is Ash Wednesday,
It's Ash Wednesday,
It forever approaches Good Friday.