

Nothing's sacred, the days are cheap
Truth is thin on the ground
Still our prophets are crucified
Nobody believes we're stumbling
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming

Someone's saying a prayer tonight
For hungry mouths to be filled
Someone kneels in the dark somewhere
And darkness is already crumbling
It's Friday, but Sunday comes

Sunday - Hallelujah - it's not so far, it's not so far away
Sunday - Hallelujah - it's not so far, it's not so far away

Broken promises, weary hearts
But one promise remains:
Crucified, he will come again
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming

Sunday...