

Gold sun rolls around
Chocolate nipple brown
Tumble from your arms
Like the ground your breasts swell
Land awake from sleep
Hares will kick and leap
Flowers climb erect
Smiling from the moist kiss of her rainbow mouth

Stage left
Enter Easter and she's dressed in yellow yolk
Stage right
Now the son has died, the father can be born
Stand up
If we'd all breathe in and blow away the smoke
New life
We'd applaud a new life

Odin mounts the tree
Bleeds for you and me
Splashing on the lamb
Gamboling with spring's step
Buds will laugh and burst
Racing to be first
Turning all the soil
As the promptress fingers through her spinning script

Stage left
Enter Easter and she's dressed in yellow yolk
Stage right
Now the son has died, the father can be born
Stand up
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Easter ... in her bonnet
Easter ... in her hair
Easter ... are the ribbons
She tied everywhere