

## 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.