Easter

Patti Smith

Easter Sunday, we were walking
Easter Sunday, we were talking
Isabel, my little one, take my hand
Time has comeIsabella, all is glowing
Isabella, all is knowing
And my heart, Isabella
And my head, IsabellaFrederick and Vitalie
Savior dwells inside of thee
Oh, the path leads to the sun
Brother, sister, time has comeIsabella, all is glowing
Isabella, all is knowing
Isabella, we are dying
Isabella, we are rising
I am the spring, the holy ground
The endless seed of mystery
The thorn, the veil, the face of grace
Brazen image, the thief of sleepThe ambassador of dreams, Prince of peace
I am the sword, the wound, the stain
Scorned, transfigured child of Cain
I rend, I end, I returnAgain, I am the salt, the bitter laugh
I am the gas in a womb of light, the evening star
The ball of sight that leads that sheds the tears of Christ
Dying and drying as I rise tonight
(Isabella, we are rising)Isabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are risingIsabella, we are rising
Isabella, we are
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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