

Easter

Matt Chandler

Easter Sunday, we were walking
Easter Sunday, we were talking
Isabel, my little one, take my hand

Time has come

Isabella, all is glowing

Isabella, all is knowing

And my heart, Isabella

And my head, Isabella

Frederick and Vitalie

Savior dwells inside of thee

Oh, the path leads to the sun

Brother, sister, time has come

Isabella, 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 sleep

The ambassador of dreams, Prince of peace

I am the sword, the wound, the stain

Scorned, transfigured child of Cain

I rend, I end, I return

Again, 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

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