

# 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 colors 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>