Easter

The Chosen Few

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 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

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