

Triptych

Edward Petersen, The Washington Winds & The Washin

(ferry)

Here the soil is barren

Here - nothing grows

But crosses

They - know not what they do

You - your forgiveness

Falls as dew

Nailed upon a wooden frame

Twisted yet unbroken

Open mounted a silent choir

Understood, unspoken

Never was there heard a sound

Until the heavens opened

Now the tide is turning

To other-wordly yearning

Through the sun's eclipse seems final

Surely he will rise again

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