

# Easter

## Noriaki Sugiyama

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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