

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

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