

Good Friday

Josh Garrels

Broken wing, forgotten dream, shattered thing

That a mans hands can't ever truly mend

Shadow land, desert sand, a man searches

For a love that'll never die

Truth be known, you're not alone

Your aching bones will find a home

In place where God he sets us free

Wake me up before you go

I will listen for the sound of your voice

Hear the wind in the trees

It goes where it please

Like the breath in me

And all who have breath can sing

When we layed your body down

In earth and in the ground

Oh child, rest your soul.

Will a hope be made good

When a word is understood

In the day, will we see you again?

Gather round, hear the sound

Of a story that's so old that it's been told

Before time

He was born in the flesh and the blood

In a world that was dark as hell, and dead in sin

Born of the spirit, and the virgin child

He's the son of God, son of man

I didn't recognize that look in his eyes

When they cried
With a sorrow that no man has ever known
Hang him high, watch him die, hear the cry
Crucified up on that God forsaken tree
And all who have breath can sing

When we layed your body down
In the earth and in the ground
Oh Lord, rest your bones
Will a hope be made good
If your words are understood
In the day, will we see you again

Oh Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani?
Oh my God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Oh Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani?
Oh my God, my God, why have you forsaken me?