

Triptych

Roxy Music

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