

Tree63, Sunday

Nothing's sacred, the days are cheap
Truth is thin on the ground
Still our prophets are crucified
Nobody believes we're stumbling
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming

Someone's saying a prayer tonight
For hungry mouths to be filled
Someone kneels in the dark somewhere
And darkness is already crumbling
It's Friday, but Sunday comes

Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away
Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away

Broken promises, weary hearts
But one promise remains:
Crucified, he will come again
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming

Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away
Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away

And darkness is already crumbling
It's Friday, but Sunday is coming
Yeah, it's Friday but Sunday is coming
Can you feel it: Here it comes

Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, it's not so far away
Sunday Hallelujah it's not so far, I'll come where Heavens stays