

Nick Cave, Avalanche

I stepped into an avalanche
It covered up my soul
When I am not this hunchback that you see
I sleep beneath the golden hill
You who wish to conquer pain
You must learn to serve me well

You strike my side by accident
As you go down to your goal
This cripple here that you clothe and feed
Is neither starved nor cold
He does not ask for your company
Not at the centre, the centre of the world

I who am on a pedestal
You did not raise me there
Your laws do not compel me now
To kneel grotesque and bare
For I myself am the pedestal
For this ugly hump at which you stare

You who wish to conquer pain
You must learn what makes me kind
The crumbs of love that you offer me
Are the crumbs I've left behind
Your pain is no credential here
It's just a shadow of my wound

I have begun to ask for you
I who have no greed
I have begun to long for you
I who have no need
You say you've gone away from me
But I can feel you when you breathe

Do not dress in those rags for me
I know you are not poor
And do not love me quite so fiercely now
When you know that you are not sure
It is your turn, my beloved one
It is your flesh that I wear