

Nick Cave, Stranger Than Kindness

Stranger than kindness
Bottled light from hotels
Spilling everything
Wet hand from the volcano
Sobers your skin
Stranger than Kindness

You caress yourself
And grind my soft cold bones below
Your map of desire
Burned in your flesh
Even a fool can come
A strange lit stair
And find a rope hanging there
Stranger than kindness

Keys rain like heaven's hair
There is no home there is no bread
We sit at the gate and scratch

The gaunt fruit of passion
Dies in the light
Stranger than kindness

Your sleeping hands journey
The loiter
Stranger than kindness
You hold me so carelessly close
Tell me I'm dirty
Stranger than kindness