

# Nick Cave, The Mercy Seat

It began when they come took me from my home  
And put me in Dead Row,  
Of which I am nearly wholly innocent, you know.  
And I'll say it again  
I.. am.. not.. afraid.. to.. die.

I began to warm and chill  
To objects and their fields,  
A ragged cup, a twisted mop  
The face of Jesus in my soup  
Those sinister dinner deals  
The meal trolley's wicked wheels  
A hooked bone rising from my food  
All things either good or ungood.

And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof.  
An eye for an eye  
A tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I told the truth  
And I'm not afraid to die.

Interpret signs and catalogue  
A blackened tooth, a scarlet fog.  
The walls are bad. Black. Bottom kind.  
They are sick breath at my hind  
They are sick breath at my hind  
They are sick breath at my hind  
They are sick breath gathering at my hind

I hear stories from the chamber  
How Christ was born into a manger  
And like some ragged stranger  
Died upon the cross  
And might I say, it seems so fitting in its way  
He was a carpenter by trade  
Or at least that's what I'm told

Like my good hand  
tattooed E.V.I.L. across it's brother's fist  
That filthy five! They did nothing to challenge or resist.

In Heaven His throne is made of gold  
The ark of his Testament is stowed  
A throne from which I'm told  
All history does unfold.  
Down here it's made of wood and wire  
And my body is on fire  
And God is never far away.

Into the mercy seat I climb  
My head is shaved, my head is wired  
And like a moth that tries  
To enter the bright eye  
So I go shuffling out of life  
Just to hide in death awhile  
And anyway I never lied.

My kill-hand is called E.V.I.L.  
Wears a wedding band that's G.O.O.D.  
'Tis a long-suffering shackle  
Collaring all that devil blood.

And the mercy seat is a-burning  
And I think my head is flowing  
And in a way I'm hoping  
To be done with all this weighing up of truth.  
An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And I've got nothing left to lose  
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof  
An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway, there was no proof  
And nor a motive why.

And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof.  
A life for a life  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway there was no proof  
And I'm not afraid to die.

Now the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is smoking  
And in a way I'm hoping  
To be done with all these looks of disbelief.  
A eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I told the truth  
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof  
An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I told the truth  
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof.  
A eye for a eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I told the truth  
But I'm not afraid to lie.

And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof  
An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I told the truth  
But I'm afraid I told a lie.