

Nick Cave, Time Jesum Transeuntum Et Non Riv

We were called to the forest,
and we went down.
A wind wind blew warm and eloquent,

We were searching for the secrets of the universe,
we rounded up demons and forced them
to tell us what it all meant.

We tied them to trees,
and broke them down, one by one.
On a scrap of paper they wrote these words:

(And as we read them, the sun broke,
through the trees.)

"Dread the passage of Jesus, for he will not return."

Then we headed back to our world,
and left the forest behind,
our hearts singing with all the knowledge of love.

But somewhere, somehow, we lost the message,
along the way,
and when we got home, we bought ourselves a house.

And we bought a car that we did not use,
And we bought a cage, and two singing birds.
And at night we'd sit and listen to the canary song.

For we'd both run right out of words.

Now the stars they are all angled wrong,
and the sun and the moon refuse to burn.

But I remember a message,
in a demon's hand,

"Dread the passage of Jesus, for he does not return."
...he does not return
...he does not return