

Nick Cave, Time Jesum Transientum Et Non Rive

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"