

Doomtree

"Little Mercy"

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CECIL (Hook)

Now the candle's in the window and it's open We watch
the flames duke it
Out with every gust and we're hoping no, it must just
burn to the bottom
Of the wick It's the bottom of the 5th and that shit is still
burning
We're still turning every table when it's needed Not
laying there
Defeated, no We draw our bows back repeatedly Then
off with the arrows,
And the Gods and the Pharaohs From the bottom of our
hearts we're from
The bottom of the barrel Now, peril knows no bounds
terror won't slow
Down but there's a whole low down of beauty to be
shown now We broke
Ground and broke our backs stacking bricks We never
broke our promises;
You'll never know just half of it We're adamant on
building every wall
And stair sturdy and when our work is done, then we'll
call our shares
Worthy In this land of milk and honey, we're too shy to
say we're thirsty
We just make a little money and we... we buy a little
mercy

CHANNY (Hook)

No more my lord No more my lord Lord I'll never turn
back no
More my lord

CECIL (Hook)

DESSA

If you welcome every trespass then every tramp's a
guest Give what they
Would take from you then every theft's a gift Hold too
tightly to
What's in your hands or in your chest and the future it
won't open, palm

Reader's can't work fists Broken bones are stronger for
the breaking
No, the danger's in the bending those concessions that
you never can take
Back Curl you round a cane you're still in tact, but now
quite lame
Better to grit your teeth, ready the cast and let it snap
We're always
First to come in we're running when we hit the ground
We never do leave
Early stand sentry at the lost and found We just make a
little money
And we start that long walk into town where we buy a
little mercy

CHANNY (Hook)

CECIL
So no more talk about the backfires this time we fire
back Light a
Match and light the past up before it catches up We'll
raise a mast and
Cast off Yeah, we'll break some legs and mend em and
then we'll take
Our casts off Now, we've had our losses We've had our
victories We've
Sat across from every victim of their misery That
pounding in our chests
Was just a symptom of our sympathy We'll lay
ourselves to rest with both
Our winnings and our injuries We're so hungry We're so
thirsty I'm
Gonna hunt until it hurts me (and it hurts me) We're
aching (aching)
We're so thirsty But, we're gonna make a little money...
and buy a
Little mercy

CHANNY (Hook)

CECIL (Hook)

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