

The Red Paintings

"Mercy Seat"

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I began to warm and chill
To objects and their fields,
A ragged cup, and a twisted mop
The face of Jesus in my soup
Those sinister dinner deals
The meal trolley's wicked wheels
And 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 weighing of the 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.

Interpret signs and catalogue
A blackened tooth, a scarlet fog.
The walls are bad. Black. Bottom kind.
They are the sick breath at my hind
They are the sick breath at my hind
They are the sick breath at my hind
They are the 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 I
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
And his 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 its 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
And I go shuffling out of life
Just to hide in death awhile
And anyway I never lied.

My kill-hand is called evil
Wears a wedding band that's good
'Tis a long-suffering shackle
Collaring all that rebel blood.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I yearn
To be done with all this weighing of truth.
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 burning
And I think my head is glowing
And in a way I hope
To be done with all this consequence of truth.
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 glowing
And I think my head is smoking
And in a way I hope
To be done with all these looks of disbelief.
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway there was no proof
And i'm not afraid,
But I'm afraid I told a lie.

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