

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "The Mercy Seat"

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And they came, took me from my home  
Put me in Dead Row  
Of which I am nearly wholly innocent  
I'll say again, I am 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  
A meal trolley's wicked wheels  
A hooked bone rising from my food  
All things either good or ungood

And the mercy seat is awaiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of truth

Of an eye for an eye  
And 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 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  
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 evil all across his brothers 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 a 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  
Like a moth that tries  
To enter the bright eye

Till I go shuffling out of life  
Just to hide in death awhile  
And anyway  
I never lied

Kill hand is called evil  
Wears a wedding band that's good  
To the long suffering shackle  
Collaring all that rebel blood

And the mercy seat is a burning  
And I think my head is glowing  
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 glowing  
And I think my head is a melting  
In a way I'm helping  
To be done with all this twisting of the truth

An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I saw no proof

And nor a motive why

The mercy seat is a melting  
And I think my blood is a boiling  
In a way I'm spoiling  
All the fun that I always consequence 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

And the mercy seat is awaiting  
And I think my head is burning  
In a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of truth

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 awaiting  
And I think my head is burning  
In a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of truth

An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I've told the truth  
And I'm not afraid to die

And the mercy seat is awaiting  
And I think my head is burning  
In a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof

A lie for a lie  
And a truth for a truth  
And anyway there was no proof  
And I'm not afraid to die

And the mercy seat is awaiting  
And I think my head is smoking  
And in a way I'm hoping  
To be done with all this looks of disbelief

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I've told the truth and I'm not afraid to die  
And the mercy seat is awaiting and I think my head is  
burning

And in a way I'm yearning to be done with all this  
measuring of proof

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