

"The Mercy Seat"

It began when they come took me from my home

And put me in Dead Row,

Of which I am nearly wholly innocent, you know.

And I'll say it again

I.. am.. not.. 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

The meal trolley's wicked wheels

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 measuring of proof.

An eye for an eye

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 sick breath at my hind
They are sick breath at my hind
They are sick breath at my hind
They are 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
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
The 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 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
And like a moth that tries
To enter the bright eye
So I go shuffling out of life
Just to hide in death awhile
And anyway I never lied.

My kill-hand is called E.V.I.L.
Wears a wedding band that's G.O.O.D.
'Tis a long-suffering shackle
Collaring all that devil blood.

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

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 waiting

And I think my head is burning

And in a way I'm yearning

To be done with all this measuring of proof.

A life for a life

And a tooth for a tooth

And anyway there was no proof

And I'm not afraid to die.

Now the mercy seat is waiting

And I think my head is smoking

And in a way I'm hoping

To be done with all these looks of disbelief.

A 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 waiting

And I think my head is burning

And in a way I'm yearning

To be done with all this measuring of proof

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 waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof.

A eye for a eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
But I'm not afraid to lie.

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 measuring of proof

An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
But I'm afraid I told a lie.