

My Blakean Year

Patti Smith

In my Blakean year I was so disposed
Toward a mission yet unclear, advancing pole by pole
Fortune breathin' into my ear mouthed a simple ode
One road is paved in gold, one road is just a road

In my Blakean year such a woeful schism
Pain of our existence was not as I envisioned
Boots that trudged from track to track worn down to the sole
One road is paved in gold, one road is just a road

Boots that tramped from track to track, worn down to the sole
One road was paved in gold, one road was just a road
In my Blakean year, temptation yet a hiss
Just a shallow spear, robed in cowardice

Brace yourself for bitter flack for a life sublime
A labyrinth of riches never shall unwind
The threads that bind the pilgrims sack
Are stitched into the Blakean back

So throw off your stupid cloak embrace all that you fear
For joy shall conquer all despair in my Blakean year
So throw off your stupid cloak embrace all that you fear
For joy shall conquer all despair in my Blakean year

Mercy has a human heart
Pity a human face
Love a human form of defy
Peace a human dress
To mercy, pity, peace and love
For praying their distress

But mercy shall embrace
Mercy shall embrace
Mercy, it is the mercy
It is the mercy

Mercy shall embrace
Mercy shall embrace
Mercy shall embrace
It's the mercy, mercy