

The Mercy

Peter Hammill

What I once thought was everlasting
all of a sudden been and gone.
It is finished, it is finished but mercy's moving us along.
What can you carry for your brother
when you can't stand up on your own?
It's hard to keep up, it's hard to keep up,
this part you have to do alone.

Each time you make a resolution (I get no sense
who knows what lies in your intent. of what you meant to
say
There goes the story, there goes the story by way of a defen
ce.)
here comes the circular descent.

If I say "good night and god bless"
I might yet confess I'm hoping to see
that when daylight breaks
I will face a fait accompli.

When the time comes I hope I'll say
this is the moment I must stay
my hand in mercy.
I don't intend to let you go,
I never meant to leave you lonely.
This is the moment I must show
my hand in mercy.

What I perceived as everlasting (I might be wrong..
. . .
now I just see as overlong. you still belong among t
hose
Beyond endurance, beyond endurance, hungry to press on.)
beyond this point you can't carry on.
But I believe what someone told me:
when we are pushed right to the edge,
right to the limit, when it is finished
it is the mercy.

So I say "Good night and god bless, sleep tight".
Counting sheep and closing my eyes
I will drift away from the livelong day,
up the wooden hill slowly climb.
So I say "Good night and god bless, sleep tight".
I must go outside and I might be some time.