

# Nick Cave, Brompton Oratory

Up those stone steps I climb  
Hail this joyful day's return  
Into its great shadowed vault I go  
Hail the Pentecostal morn

The reading is from Luke 24  
Where Christ returns to his loved ones  
I look at the stone apostles  
Think that it's alright for some

And I wish that I was made of stone  
So that I would not have to see  
A beauty impossible to define  
A beauty impossible to believe

A beauty impossible to endure  
The blood imparted in little sips  
The smell of you still on my hands  
As I bring the cup up to my lips

No God up in the sky  
No devil beneath the sea  
Could do the job that you did, baby  
Of bringing me to my knees

Outside I sit on the stone steps  
With nothing much to do  
Forlorn and exhausted, baby  
By the absence of you