

Widespread Panic, Mercy

My eyes won't pretend
I didn't know you were close
I can smell your breath
Through a freshly painted door
Stand here in your coat
While I pour three more glasses of burgundy
And you can lick the dust from the bottle

Wall's bricked with books
Pages bricked with words
Each mark has been stained in your honor
Ground shadow staggers restless
From the window cross the candle to the corner
My blood and water's warm as you near me

I'm not begging for mercy
I see no love of mercy in you
I'm not begging for mercy
I'm only waiting for the sound
Of the morning birds
To send you away

Wax is cooled, hard
Sights is going past the yard
In this house I make more shadows than you
Stand there in your hate
While I drink from the second burgundy
And you can rattle the glass cross your belly

I'm not begging for mercy
I see no love of mercy in you
I'm not begging for mercy
I'm only waiting for the sound
Of the morning birds
To send you away

I'm not begging for mercy
I'm not begging for mercy
I'm only waiting for the sound
Of the morning birds to swallow you...