

The Cult, GIVE ME MERCY

I wish it were different
It all ends the same
Your savage heart
The stolen money
In a wilderness lost
You're so hard to tame
In the tides of this world
You're a victim of fate
Give me mercy
Love will find you
Give me mercy
A new language
I don't know
Which way to turn
Other worlds with offerings of joy
Watch the butcher's knife
In his trembling hand
The end of a species
The shimmering veil
Give me mercy
Love will find you
Give me mercy
A new language
Give me mercy
Love will find you
Give me mercy
A new language
Give me mercy
Love will find you
Give me mercy
A new language
Give me mercy (hey)
Love will find you, love will find you
Give me mercy (hey)
Love will find you, love will find you