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