

Fall

"I Come And Stand At Your Door"

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I come and stand at every door
But no-one hears my silent plea
I knock and yet remain unseen
For I am dead for I am dead
I need no fruit nor even rice
I need no meat nor even bread
And I need nothing for myself
When children die they do not grow
I woke one day to ash in light
My eyes grew dim my eyes grew bright
Death came and turned my bones to dust
And scattered swirling in the wind
I need no fruit nor even spice
I need no sweet or even bread
And I need nothing for myself

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