Silent Stream Of Godless Elegy "I Come And Stand At Every Door"

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[BONUS]

[N. Hikmet - J.H. Waters]

I come and stand at every door But no one hears my silent prayer I knock and yet remain unseen For I am dead, for I am dead

I'm only seven although I died In Hiroshima long ago I'm seven now as I was then When children die they do not grow

My hair was scorched by swirling fire My eyes grew dim my eyes grew blind Death came and turned my bones to dust And that was scattered by the wind

I need no fruit I need no rice I need no sweets nor even bread I ask for nothing for myself For I am dead, for I am dead

All that I ask for is for peace You fight today, you fight to die So that the children of this world May live and grow and laugh and play

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