

Rhonda Harris

"Avalanche"

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Well I stepped into an avalanche, it covered up my
Soul;
When I am not this hunchback that you see, I sleep
Beneath the golden hill.
You who wish to conquer pain, you must learn, learn to
Serve me well.
You strike my side by accident as you go down for your
Gold.

The cripple here that you clothe and feed is neither
Starved nor cold;
He does not ask for your company, not at the centre,
The centre of the world.
When I am on a pedestal, you did not raise me there.
Your laws do not compel me to kneel grotesque and
bare.

I myself am the pedestal for this ugly hump at which
You stare.

You who wish to conquer pain, you must learn what
makes
Me kind;
The crumbs of love that you offer me, they're the
Crumbs I've left behind.

Your pain is no credential here, it's just the shadow,
Shadow of my wound.
I have begun to long for you, I who have no greed;
I have begun to ask for you, I who have no need.

You say you've gone away from me, but I can feel you
When you breathe.
Do not dress in those rags for me, I know you are not
Poor;
You don't love me quite so fiercely now when you know
That you are not sure,
It is your turn, beloved, it is your flesh that I wear.

