

Doors, The

"Newborn Awakening"

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Gently they stir, gently rise
The dead are newborn awakening
With ravaged limbs and wet souls
Gently they sigh in rapt funeral amazement
Who called these dead to dance?
Was it the young woman learning to play the ghost
song on her baby grand?
Was it the wilderness children?
Was it the ghost god himself, stuttering, cheering,
chatting blindly?
I called you up to anoint the earth
I called you to announce sadness falling like burned
skin
I called you to wish you well
To glory in self like a new monster
And now I call you to pray

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