Leonard Cohen

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And who by fire
Who by water
Who in the sunshine
Who in the night time
Who by high ordeal
Who by common trial
Who in your merry merry month of may
Who by very slow decay
And who shall I say is calling?
And who in her lonely slip
Who by barbiturate
Who in these realms of love
Who by something blunt
And who by avalanche
Who by powder
Who for his greed
Who for his hunger
And who shall I say is calling?
And who by brave assent
Who by accident
Who in solitude
Who in this mirror
Who by his lady's command
Who by his own hand
Who in mortal chains
Who in power
And who shall I say is calling?
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