

I Come and Stand at Every Door

This Mortal Coil

I come and stand at every door
But no one hears my silent dread
I knock and yet remain unseen
For I am dead, for I am dead
I'm only seven although I've 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 flame
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 sweet, nor even bread
I ask for nothing for myself
For I am dead, for I am dead
All that I ask is that for peace
You fight today you fight to die
So that the children of this world
May live and grow, and laugh and play