

The Little Match Girl

Tormentor

In the frightful cold she was frozen to the bone,
In the dark empty streets she was crawling along,
The firegiver matches squeezing in her rags,
Barefooted New Years Eve, the last celebration for the little girl.

Retreated into the corner of an approaching house,
How wonderful it would be to see just one single flame,
Finally she took the plunge and struck a match,
How merrily it crackled, how it warmed, how it glared.

She took another match and struck again,
Wonderful visions came as it glared again
It was so beautiful to see the flame,
Like sitting in front of an iron stove.

The wall became clear in the magic light,
Set table with delicious meals but it all had to go,
Next she saw a Christmas tree with millions of candles,
All ascended into the stars, but one fell down.

Somebody died, she said
As her Grandma had told her,
Granny please don't leave me here!
She cried as her shape appeared,
As they left this world behind
Only the flames stayed there,
In the twilight she was found dead
With a smile on her face.

Poor little match girl, she wanted to be warm.
Why?