

40. I Come And Stand At Every Door

I come and stand at every door
But no one hears my silent prayer
I'm knocking, yet remain unseen
For I am dead, for I am dead

I'm only seven although I've died
In Hiroshima long ago
And seven also I was then
When children die, they do not grow

My hair was scorched by swirling flames
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 food, I need no rice
I need no sleep, nor even warmth
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 day (die)
So that the children of this world
May live and grow and laugh and play