

# Story Of Isaac

## Leonard Cohen

The door it opened slowly  
My father he came in  
I was nine years old  
And he stood so tall above me  
His blue eyes they were shining  
And his voice was very coldHe said, "I've had a vision  
And you know I'm strong and holy  
I must do what I've been told"  
So he started up the mountain  
I was running, he was walking  
And his axe was made of goldWell, the trees they got much smaller  
The lake, a lady's mirror  
We stopped to drink some wine  
Then he threw the bottle over  
Broke a minute later  
And he put his hand on mineThought I saw an eagle  
But it might have been a vulture  
I never could decide  
Then my father built an altar  
He looked once behind his shoulder  
He knew I would not hideYou who build these altars now  
To sacrifice these children  
You must not do it anymore  
A scheme is not a vision  
And you never have been tempted  
By a demon or a GodYou who stand above them now  
Your hatchets blunt and bloody  
You were not there before  
When I lay upon a mountain  
And my father's hand was trembling  
With the beauty of the wordAnd if you call me brother now  
Forgive me if I inquire  
"Just according to whose plan?"  
When it all comes down to dust  
I will kill you if I must  
I will help you if I canWhen it all comes down to dust  
I will help you if I must  
I will kill you if I can  
And mercy on our uniform

Man of peace or man of war  
The peacock spreads his fan

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