

# Avalanche

Leonard Cohen

Well, I stepped into an avalanche, it covered up my soul  
When I am not this hunchback that you see, I sleep beneath the golden hill  
You who wish to conquer pain, you must learn, learn to serve me well  
You strike my side by accident as you go  
down for your gold  
The cripple here that you clothe and feed is neither starved nor cold  
He does not ask for your company, not at the center, the center of the world  
When I am on a pedestal, you did  
not raise me there  
Your laws do not compel me to kneel grotesque and bare  
I myself am the pedestal for this ugly hump at which you stare  
You who wish to conquer pain, you must learn  
what makes me kind  
The crumbs of love that you offer me, they're the crumbs I've left behind  
Your pain is no credential here, it's just the shadow, shadow of my wound  
I have begun to long for you, I who  
have no greed  
I have begun to ask for you, I who have no need  
You say you've gone away from me but I can feel you when you breathe  
Do not dress in those rags for me, I  
know you are not poor  
You don't love me quite so fiercely now when you know that you are not sure  
It is your turn, beloved, it is your flesh that I wear

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