

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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