

By the Door

Sam and I knew by October that the hard times were in store
We'd had such a sorry harvest and the baby newly born
The winter came in screaming far too bitter and too soon
The first storm took a yearling, the second might spell doom

The neighbors gave all that they could, but they hadn't much to spare
We were never free from hunger, we were never free from fear
It got cold, and it got colder, trees would shatter from inside
But the night the wind brought voices was the only night that we cried

*We all have heard the stories that the old-timers tell
Never eat the food they give you and beware the sound of bells
And you must never make a bargain, thus we've all been warned before
But I hear the baby crying and my cloak hangs by the door*

We hung on through December, but outside the snow grew deep
And the quiet words of winter whispered ever in my sleep
Sam pretended not to hear them and I tried to do the same
But they promised our salvation and asked nothing but my name

Chorus

On a silent winter's evening in this lonely churchyard ground
Twelve times over through the snowfall I can hear the old bell sound
And I shiver for a moment and my voice sounds weak and frail
As I say to what might hear me: "I have come to make a deal."

Chorus

Composed by: Alex Sturbaum

Appears on *Loomings*

How desperate must you be before you make a bargain with the Fae?