

The Room at the Top of the Stairs

The room at the top of the stairs
Is a room where no one dares go
Disturb the ghostly memories
Lingering there.

From the room at the top of the stairs,
Lights seeps under the crack of the door
Spilling down the stairs
And, on to the floor
Bathing my feet.

In the room at the top of the stairs
The room at the top
The room at the top of the stairs

In the room at the top of the stairs,
Is a fragrance so delicately sweet
Hinting of the life once lived
Until it went away.
I think it was early May '44.

In the room at the top of the stairs,
Lies a secret so silently still
Waiting to be released.
Pleading to be set free,
But, not by me.

In the room at the top of the stairs
The room at the top
The room at the top of the stairs