Rufus Wainwright

And who by fire, who by water
Who in the sunshine, who in the night time
Who by high ordeal, who by common trial
Who in your merry merry month of May
Who by very slow decay

And who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip, who by barbiturate Who in these realms of love, who by something blunt Who by avalanche, who by powder Who for his greed, who for his hunger

And who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent, who by accident Who in solitude, who in this mirror Who by his lady's command, who by his own hand Who in mortal chains, who in power

And who shall I say is calling?

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Who in the sunshine, who in the night time
Who by high ordeal, who by common trial
Who in your merry merry month of May
Who by very slow decay

And who shall I say is calling?