

Latin Quarter, Dominion

From Ramadan to Ramadan, thirty one tigers
Where shot through the heart by one hunter
And skinned with a razor blade
Stowed in the hull of an old fishing boat
To be sold as a trophy, a rug or a coat
And the hunter can't ever think twice
Because his children depend on the rice

Reptile, feline, amphibian
They suffer man's dominion
Raptor, equine, simian
They suffer man's dominion

From Belem to back again, tropical forest
Is slashed and burned by the acre
Then razed by the power saw
'Til nothing that's living is safe or remote
A lizard is slit from its tail to its throat
So the North demands from the South
Where you live direct from your hand to your mouth

But what he takes now he can never replace
Not even the Cheetah could ever keep pace
What he lives alongside is just merchandise
For those who don't know the value
But are hot on the price

From Geelong to Genoa, snake is in fashion
With birds eggs and butterfly wings
Raise to the power ten
Then Lemurs and rhinos are just some foot-note
In a forgotten study somebody wrote
But their passing is no mystery
They're being stolen
But their passing is no mystery
They're being stolen