

Shearwater, Rooks

when the rooks were laid in piles
by the sides of the road
crashing into the aerials
tangled in the laundry line
and gathered in a field
they were burned in a feathering pyre
with a cold black eye

when the swallows fell from the eaves
and the gulls from the spires
and starlings in the millions
will feed on the ground where they lie
the ambulance men said there's
nowhere to flee for your life
so we stayed inside
and we'll sleep until
the world of man is paralyzed

Oh the falcon heir awakes
to the sound of the bells
they're heading southbound
they're leaving it alive
and each empty cage just rings
and is heard like a bell
underneath these cold stars
and this troubled night
and the cries of man
let the kingdom come to nigh
let this dream be realized