

## Zookeeper "Trumpets"

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The jungle is filled with my friends  
We sleep when and where we can  
And I don't know the last weekend we saw  
Cause nobody really knows  
Which way to the river and which to the road?  
Which way is the war and which the retreat?  
Which way are the joyful tears of release?  
Been counting the days for most of our lives  
And it looks like a pattern has begun to materialize  
Looks like we're alive  
But it looks like we're all eyes  
And no ears to hear  
The trumpets so near  
The trumpets so clear  
The trumpets so near  
The jungle is filled with such life  
Creatures moving all day and all night  
Some are hunting for just her kind  
As she stands there under that streetlight  
In her visions she speaks like a sword  
And diseases aren't left to find their cures  
On 12th Street tonight  
Been counting the days for most of our lives  
And it looks like a pattern has begun to materialize  
Looks like we're alive  
But it looks like we're all eyes  
And no ears to hear  
The trumpets so near  
The trumpets so clear  
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The trumpets so near

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