

Esben And The Witch "Swans"

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The swans begin to bellow
Bellies full of pearls
Screaming down the houses
Whilst the willows start to fool

Bow their boughs and buckle
The curtains they are drawn
The cavalcade and symmetry
Commands for those to move

The mutiny procession
Somber and serene
A pageant on behalf to show
Her majesty's esteem

The lake is turning darker
It's as black as ostrich plumes
Though I paraded answers
With a noble magnitude

Nail down the mirrors
Pour the wars in the rooms
The hands of the grandfathers
Have settled on high noon

We are the ire
We are the ire
We are the ire
Here come the ire

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