

Swans

Esben and the Witch

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
Here are the ire

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>