# Rooks

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When the rooks were laid in the piles
By the sides of the road
Crashing into the aerials
Tangled in the laundry linesAnd gathered in a field
They were burned in a feathering pyre
With their cold black eyesWhen the swallows fell from the eaves
And the gulls from the spires
The starlings, in millions
Would feed on the ground where they lieThe ambulance men said
There's nowhere to flee for your life
So we stay inside
And we'll sleep until the world of man is paralyzedOh, the falconer awakes to the sound of the bells
Overhead and southbound
They are leaving his life
And each empty cage just rings in his heart like a bellUnderneath these cold stars
In this trembling light, and he cries
Amen, let their kingdom come tonight
Let this dream be realized

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