

Beautiful Creatures

Bruce Cockburn

There's a knot in my gut
As I gaze out today
On the planes of the city
All polychrome grey
When the skin is peeled of it
What is there to say?
The beautiful creatures are going away Like a dam on a river
My conscience is pressed
By the weight of hard feelings
Piled up in my breast
The callous and vicious things
Humans display
The beautiful creatures are going away Why? Why? From the stones of the fortress
To the shapes in the air
To the ache in the spirit
We label despair
We create what destroys,
Bind ourselves to betray
The beautiful creatures are going away

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