

# 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 they come the ire

Songwriters

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