

Now What (are They Doing To My Little Friends)

Anthony Phillips

I dreamed I was an Otter,
In sheltered leats I lay
The I heard a sound I feared
and the I saw their coats
all smeared in blood
I knew my fate -
Nowhere to hide.
I dreamed I was a Red Stag,
In pastures grazing
And then I heard a hunting-horn
ringing out its song -
the Song of Death
we know so well
How can I tell?
For I, I am the Sun
I am the Moon
I am the Stars up above
Now what are they doing to my little friends?
I make everything and it all dies in the end.
I dreamed I was a Big Bear,
bespectacled and brown
And the I saw to shafts of fire
shooting through the sky -
I heard no more
save drops of rain
I cannot explain...
I dreamed I was a Grey Seal,
my cubs for suckling
And then they came with sticks and clubs
and beat away my brains -
I heard no more
Save childrens' cries
helpless to die.
For I, I am the Sun
I am the Moon
I am the Stars up above
Now what are they doing to my little friends?
I make everything and it all dies in the end.
The night is quiet for Otters
in peaceful holts they lie
There is no peace for anyone
While this pest remains,
his senseless mind cannot retain
I cannot explain -
For I, I am the Sun
I am the Moon
I am the Stars up above
Now what are they doing to my little friends?
I make everything and it all dies in the end.